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1890

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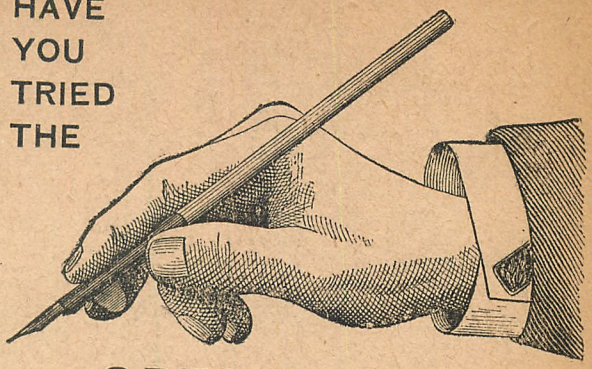
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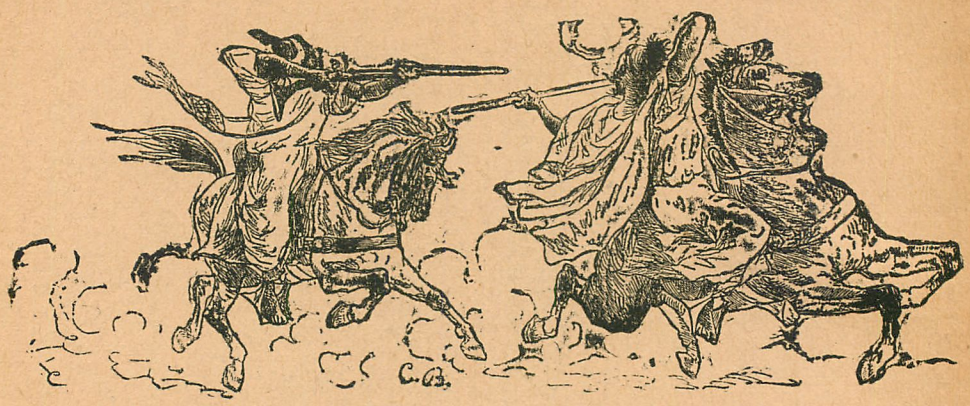
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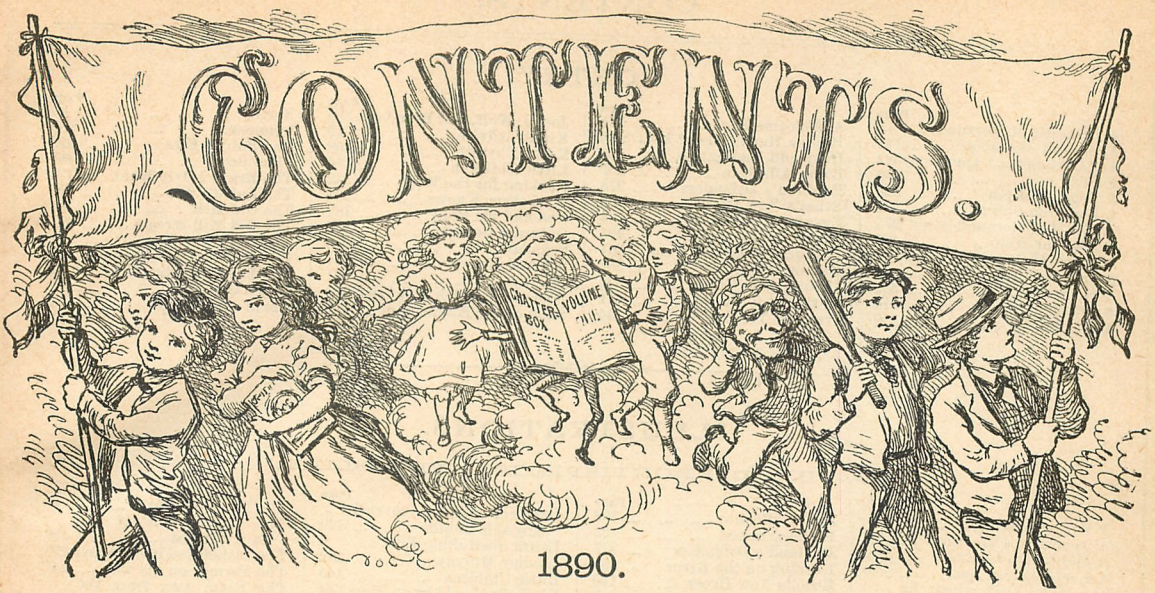
Chatterbox

EDITED BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.





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Chatterbox.



The Puppy's Education.

THE PUPPY'S EDUCATION.

SAID the Terrier to her Puppy, 'It is high time, my son,
Now you are three weeks old, and you can see, and bark, and run,
Though but a little, that your education was begun.

'The first thing for a dog to learn (pray try to learn it right)
Must be to make your little teeth both sharp, and strong, and white;
But this needs constant practice—*bite, bite, for ever bite!*'

The Puppy loved his mother, had a docile, willing mind,
To bite both morning, noon, and night, was very well inclined;
He began upon his mistress' dress, which trailed some way behind.

When he had torn the hem and braid for a full hour or more,
And made some fifty tiny holes, and jags about a score,
She said, 'This darling little dog is growing quite a bore!'

She scolded in a gentle voice, and drove him right away:
He thought this most delightful fun—a perfect game of play,
And only wished the game would last throughout the livelong day.

He bit the corners of the cloths, the cushions, stools, and chairs,
The edges of the carpets that were laid upon the stairs;
And ill befell the book or glove that dropped down unawares.

Sometimes he had the great good luck a boot or shoe to see;
Anon he scampered off with it, his heart quite full of glee,
And gnawed it all to little shreds beneath the cedar-tree.

One day his master's just washed linen, fresh and snowy white,
Was hanging at the fire to air, and to his great delight
There was no servant in the kitchen—not a soul in sight.

He dragged the linen up and down upon the kitchen floor,
And then the buttons from the collars and the wrists he tore;
He left a heap of rags and jags, now snowy white no more.

For this he was well beaten, and locked up for the day
In a large empty stable, where he had room for play;
But he felt sad and sulky, so he slumbered in the hay.

Said the Puppy to his mother, 'When I had first begun
To bite, and was not beaten, I thought it such great fun!
But now I'm sick of education—when will it be done?'

The Terrier made answer in a calm and quiet tone,
'Now that your teeth are grown so strong you can crunch any bone,
The next thing you must learn is *to leave other things alone.*'

'That is too hard! yes, much too hard!' said the Puppy in a pet;
'Leave other things alone, indeed!' I say it with regret,
He may be trying to learn this, but he has not learnt it yet. A*.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

THE quaint old ecclesiastical city of St. Andrews, Scotland, situated on a bold, rocky promontory overhanging the sea, never looked brighter than it did on a certain spring morning, many years ago, as a young girl of fourteen, with a goodly pile of school-books on her arm, walked briskly along South Street on her way to the Madras Academy. The sea, usually so wild and restless in that quarter of the world, on this particular morning lay gleaming like a mirror in the brilliant sunshine, now and then sending a tiny wavelet ashore, which broke gently against the frowning rocks on which the ruins of the old castle still stand. A few golfers were already on the links, knocking their balls about, and arranging sides for a game. Three or four students in their scarlet gowns might have been seen leisurely wending their way to college, but no one seemed to be in a hurry. Indeed, it is the fashion to take life very easily at St. Andrews; so much so, that the very dogs on this lovely morning lay stretched at full length on the sunny street, basking in the unusual luxury of a really warm day.

Our little school-maiden, however, seemed to be an exception to the universal rule of taking things easily: a bright light sparkled in her dark eyes, her cheeks glowed with excitement, and as she caught sight of a young class-mate a few paces ahead of her she quickened her steps to a run, and overtaking her school companion she linked her arm in hers with a hurried salutation.

'Good morning, Effie Moncrieff,' she cried; 'I have such news for you to-day! You could never guess what I have to tell you. This is my very last day at school! We are to leave the Priory next week and go to London.'

'To London!' exclaimed Effie, greatly astonished. 'What, all of you? Your mother, too? Why, I thought you were expecting your father home from India.'

'And so we do expect him,' said Laura Charlton, with some pride; 'and it is just because he is coming

home that we are going to London. My father would never dream of living in a poky hole like St. Andrews. We only came here during his absence for our education. But he has written to tell mother all his plans. The letter only came this morning, so you may imagine what an excitement it was. He will arrive at Southampton in about a fortnight now. Meanwhile, we are to go to London immediately, take a furnished house, and be ready for him. Oh, it is delightful! I shall like London, I know. There is so much to see, and to do, and to enjoy. But —would you believe it, Effie?—Winifred does not care to go. She likes the Priory, and I do believe she would willingly stay in St. Andrews all her life, and yet she is a year older than I am. But Winnie was always queer. Why, she goes on Saturdays, our only holiday, and visits a lot of poor people! Faugh! I hate the sight of them! But Winnie never had any common sense—she is sure to be an old maid. Oh, Effie, don't you envy me going to London?'

'Yes, I think I do,' replied Effie Moncrieff, honestly. 'Still, I like St. Andrews. We have always lived here, you know; even grandmother was born here. But, Laura, you are only fourteen; your mother will certainly send you to school in London, so you won't have so very much time for enjoyment as you seem to think.'

'Of course I must have lessons,' replied Laura, promptly, 'but I need not go to a tiresome day-school as we do here. I shall have the best masters for everything—German, music, singing, dancing; but still I shall find time for sight-seeing, you may be sure of that. Oh, I do hope my father will keep a carriage! I'll tell you what, Effie, when we have settled down a bit, I shall ask my mother to invite you up to London to pay us a visit. Now, won't you like that?'

'You are very kind,' replied Effie, 'but I fear my mother would not let me go so far from home. But here we are at school.'

'Now, look here,' cried Laura, hastily, 'don't tell any of the other girls what I have told you till the luncheon hour. I want to tell them myself, especially that spiteful creature, Maria Jones; she will be so envious of my good fortune. I do like to be envied; don't you, Effie?'

But Effie Moncrieff was undoing the strap which held her books, and did not reply. The truth was that she did not at all care about being envied, she would much rather be loved. She was a gentle, timid little thing, a full year younger than Laura, whom she greatly admired, though Winifred Charlton would have been much more to her mind as a friend; but Winnie was fifteen, and Effie two years younger, and when girls are very young two years' difference in age is almost a barrier to friendship. She followed the triumphant and excited Laura into the class-room, and opening out her books, gave as much attention as she possibly could to the French verbs. Her thoughts, however, would wander a little from the lesson to the grand prospects of her school friend, not in envy, but with regret that after next week she would most probably never see the Charltons any more. Laura's head was also bent over her exercise-book, but when questioned by the master on the subject of the lesson her replies were so wide of the mark that she was twice publicly reproved by the angry Frenchman for her carelessness and inattention. Poor Laura! her little head was fast being turned by the brilliant prospects of the future.

Mr. Charlton, father of Winifred and Laura, was a land surveyor in Upper India, with a tolerably good appointment, and at this time was about forty-five years of age. He had married very early in life, but he had seen little of his own family, Mrs. Charlton having gone home with her twin boys and her baby girls fully eight years before our story opens. But the Charltons had never been a very comfortable couple. His was a character strangely compounded of good and evil, strength and weakness. He had been badly brought up by his parents, and on their death he had run through a fortune when scarcely more than a lad; still further to add to the chagrin of his friends, he had married a young girl quite beneath him in social position, whose chief attraction in his eyes had been her pretty face (although in truth she had one or two good qualities which he had not discernment enough to discover). Such a marriage was sure to end in disappointment, as this one did. The pretty face soon faded in the trying climate of the East, bad health and peevishness followed, till Mrs. Charlton declared that she must go home with her children, and then felt vexed that her husband was so very willing to let her go. In truth he was quite wearied of her complaints. His marriage had been a disappointment to him; he had not found in it that comfort which he had expected, while the demands upon his purse had irritated and annoyed him. He had expected everything to be pleasant, with a good appointment in India, and a pretty young wife to accompany him thither; but here was disappointment indeed—an ailing wife, often peevish and unreasonable, and for whom he had not that devoted love which makes all sacrifices easy to be borne, and four children, all to be provided for out of an income which, to his extravagant ideas, was barely enough for himself. However, he was obliged to make the best of things, like other people; so when his wife insisted on going home, he allowed her to go, resolving to take up his quarters with a bachelor friend, and to fancy himself again a free man. Still, he had the heart of a father in his breast, and his eyes were just a little moist when he kissed his pretty little prattlers for the last time, and saw them all on board the steamer at Calcutta, on their way to Scotland.

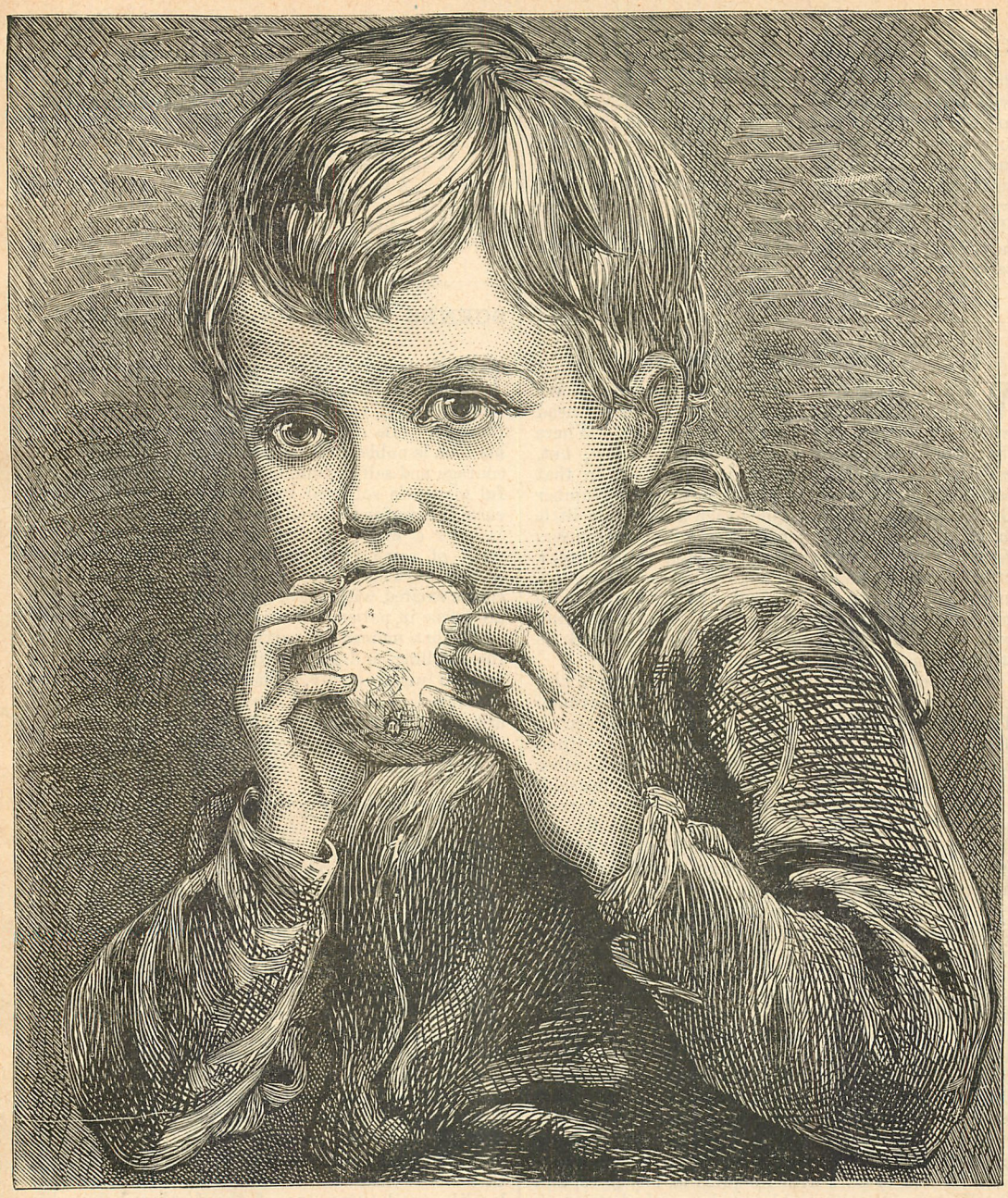
Here we may say that both Mr. and Mrs. Charlton were natives of England, the reason that St. Andrews was selected as a place of residence for the family being that in the endowed schools of that ancient city a good and very cheap education was available to every one. It was also easier to live in Scotland on moderate means than in the larger and richer country, and Mr. Charlton, who had many debts unknown to his wife, was obliged to study a strict economy, if not upon himself, at least upon the expenses of his family.

The poet has told us that 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,' and in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Charlton there really seemed to be some truth in the saying, for after a few years of separation from his



Laura overtaking Effie on her way to School.

family, Mr. Charlton had begun to long with a great longing to follow them home, and, feeling his own health to be in a somewhat precarious state, he had wound up his affairs as far as it was possible to do so with this object in view; while Mrs. Charlton, recognising a new tone of tenderness in his letters, felt her heart beat strangely as she remembered the many kind deeds and the good-natured disposition of the husband whom she had not seen for so many years. She resolved in her inmost heart to do all in her power to make him happy when they were once more reunited. But, alas, for all the schemes of poor short-sighted human beings! How often we forget that the future is not in our hands at all, that the present only is ours, and that we are responsible to God for the use we make of it! The Charltons little



Greediness ("Number One").

thought that the anticipated meeting would never take place, that the husband and father would never again clasp wife or children to his heart. But so it was.

Two days after Mrs. Charlton had received that kindly letter which had caused such joy at the Priory, that letter which told of the speedy arrival at Southampton, a telegram was placed in the hands of the poor expectant wife, 'Mr. D. Charlton died suddenly, April 5th. Buried at sea.'

How strange it seems when we think about it, that though death is the most certain of all events, the one fate which none of us by any effort can escape, it so often takes us quite by surprise! So much is this the case that it is the commonest thing in the world for men to neglect the making of any provision for wife or family in the busy days of youth or middle age, always imagining that there will be time enough for all such unpleasant duties when old age is actually upon them; yet how many never reach old age at all!

Mr. Charlton was quite a man of this kind. He was well aware that his monetary affairs were in much confusion, but he was only forty-five—

quite a young man as he thought—and he counted with unquestioning faith upon some twenty years or so of life yet to be enjoyed by him, and during that long period he intended to do wonders: to make money, to portion his daughters, to set out his sons suitably in life. Alas! to think that the poor man was thus deceiving himself; when the hour was close at hand which was to see his lifeless body cast forth into the restless ocean, while the soul was called to appear before its God.

(*To be continued.*)

NUMBER ONE.

WE had a boy at our place who must surely have been born with a very large bump on his head where the organ of selfishness is situated. Where that organ is placed I don't exactly know, but, wherever it may be, there must have been in that particular spot a swelling like a hen's egg on Number One's cranium. I never knew such a desperate little miser; no—miser is hardly the word, for misers generally starve themselves. Glutton is, perhaps, a fitter word, but he had a good deal of the miser, too, in his composition. His hand was always open to get, but never open to give—never. He liked eating good things in a quiet corner, and, when he could, he stuffed himself till he was quite ill.

But Tomkins' sermon did him good, and made him a less selfish boy. Well do I remember that sermon. Tomkins was not a parson in a gown; not even an usher. He was only a kind-hearted boy, with a droll way of putting things. One day, when Number One was standing well within earshot, Tomkins said, 'I wonder what would happen if everything turned selfish on a sudden? What would happen, Briggs, if the Sun got crusty because we noticed his spotty face, and put up his shutters, and vowed he would henceforth sell his daylight by the yard measure?'

Briggs looked thoughtful, but I fancy he was considering whether sunlight would be most profitably sold by the yard or by avoirdupois weight, and possibly he was speculating on the carpenter's bill which the Sun would have to pay for his shutters. Anyhow, long before Briggs had put off his thoughtful brow, Tomkins had shot off another of his quaint conceits, and he said, 'Suppose the Wind got sulky at being called names, and declared that he would never turn another miller's sails unless he had his day's work paid for in hard cash; what then? And,' continued Tomkins, warming to his work, and pouring his broadside into Number One, 'suppose the Sugar-cane refused to part with its juice at any price, and the Water swore it would not do man's dirty work any longer, and the Air would not be drawn into our lungs, what then? And if Sleep were to say, "I'm sick of rocking all you people to rest, and you may henceforth lie tossing all night awake"—if all these things happened, and they all would happen if those kind ministers of our wants were as selfish as some boys are—what would become of us? Now,' he went on, 'let's all learn from the grand old Sun, the jolly old Wind, the soft old Rain, to be generous. Yes, let's be generous.' And Tomkins went off to the fives' court, singing a bit of a song he had picked up, I don't know where, but I remember it to this day, and keep it sacred to his memory, for he died in saving a friend in an ice accident:—

'The old pond says I shall be poor,
Because I flash across the moor,
A wasteful little river.
But never mind—it is my way
To give my all, and I've heard say,
God loves a cheerful giver!'

SANDFORD.

SCENES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

No. I.

I SEE the interior of a poor dwelling in a lonely spot. No human being is in sight save the one who is seated beside the wood fire, lost in gloomy thought. His dress is torn and travel-stained, but his look is noble and his countenance expresses high courage and self-devotion, while his keen and watchful glance is softened by a look of benevolence and earnest care for the welfare of others.

After a while another person enters, and at the sight of some food spoiled by the neglect of the person to whose care it had been entrusted, becomes excited with anger; but the violent reproaches are borne in patient silence.

At that moment a party of soldiers hastily enter the dwelling, and greet with delight the leader they find so unexpectedly. Then the angry speaker is convinced of error, and the pardon that is humbly asked is freely and generously granted.

[*Answer at page 55.*]

ADVENTURE WITH A LEOPARD.

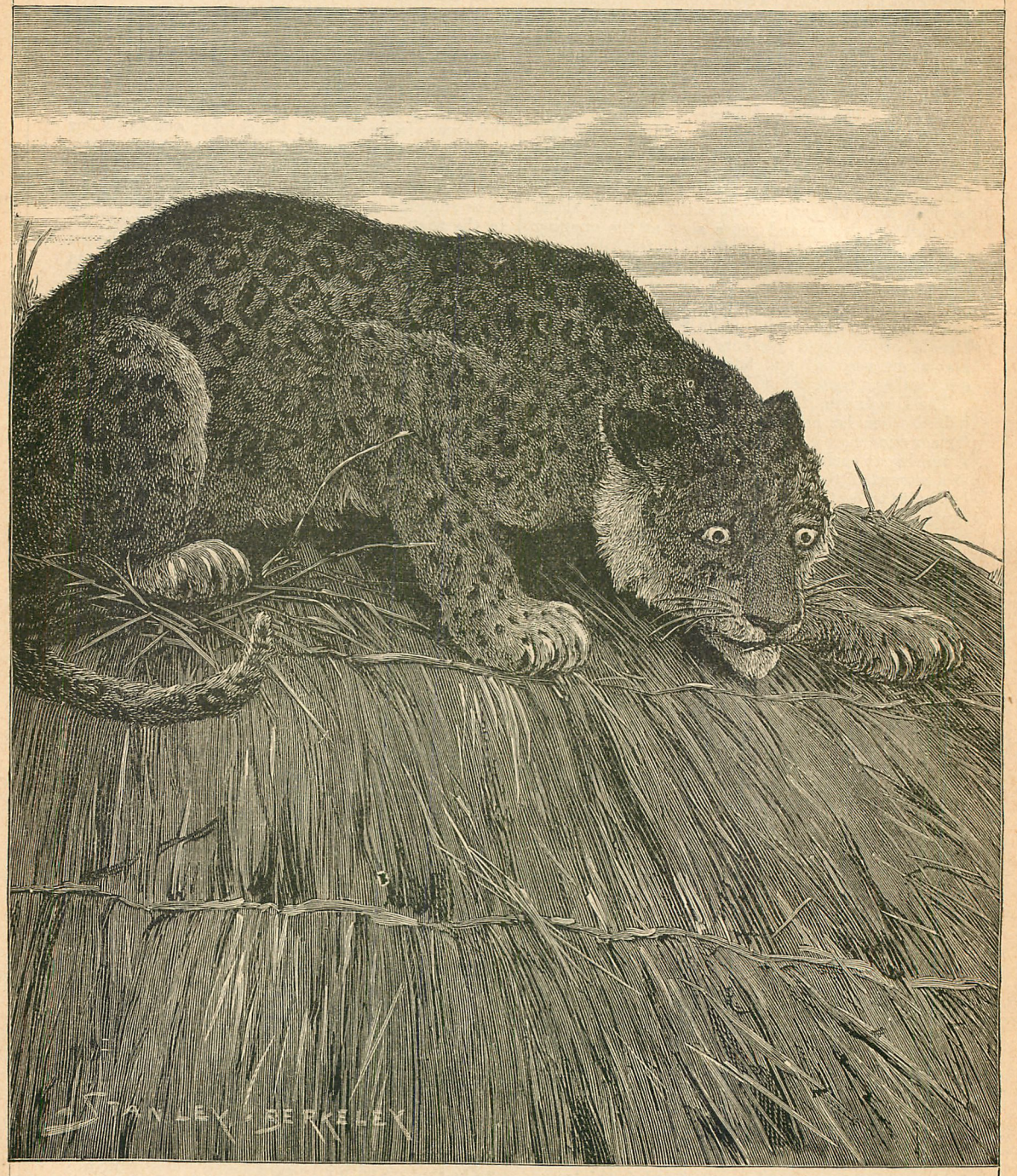
A CERTAIN Dutch Boer, who had a farm on the Umzimvubu River, South Africa, some years ago, was one day much disturbed in his mind by discovering tracks of a leopard close to his house, such an animal not having been seen in the neighbourhood for a long time past. In the dense bush quite near his farm game of all kinds abounded, and one might wonder why, when a leopard had black buck and red buck to choose from, he should have come up to a farmhouse where nothing was to be had but fowls and chickens. Ah! but in this fact lies the explanation of the mystery. Leopards are particularly fond of chickens, and if they can establish themselves near a hen-roost, they will haunt the locality until every one of the feathered flock has fallen a victim to their dainty appetite.

Now, this particular farmer had a very large stock of fowls, and having no wish to be robbed of his property he called together two or three Kaffir servants, and with their help he tried to track the marauder, and discover in what direction he had gone. A visit to the fowl-house had revealed the unpleasant fact that several plump young fowls had disappeared. The farmhouse consisted of only three rooms on one storey; close beside it was the commodious fowl-house, while about twenty paces off was a wattle-

and-daub hut, which served as a stable and shelter for a waggon; this building was two storeys high, the upper part being used as a storehouse for grain, hay, pumpkins, and the like. The whole of these buildings were surrounded by a stout stockade, so high that no creature less active than a leopard could enter the enclosure. But the strange thing was that although a leopard had undoubtedly been at the fowl-house, no traces were left on the palings to mark the point of his exit. The farmer, however, resolved to watch during the following night, being well assured that a leopard who had once supped on chickens, would certainly return for another supply of the coveted food. Well, he did try hard to keep awake, and to be ready with his gun, so that at the slightest alarm he might rush out and get a shot at the cunning brute; but in spite of all his efforts he fell asleep, and did not awake until the first faint streak of daylight peeped through the window. But it was too late now to jump up and be active, the leopard had already paid another visit to the fowl-house, as the bundle of scattered feathers too plainly showed. But where was he? and how had he escaped without leaving a trace behind?

The Dutchman, if slow to be roused, is very angry indeed when he is roused; therefore the irritated farmer once more gathered his Kaffirs together, and promising-to each of them a certain amount of grain as a reward if the enemy were found, he began in hot haste to beat the dense bush nearest to the farm, continuing in the work all day, through the burning heat of an Afric sun. But again all was vain, not a single sign of the leopard was to be found. Perplexed and disappointed the unfortunate farmer returned to his house, but on his way there he generously resolved to give his men the promised grain, as he himself had been witness to their industry, and could not blame them for want of success. Therefore, leaving his gun in the house, he went to the hut, and climbing up the inside ladder which gave access to the upper storey where the grain was kept, he passed through the small trap-door which was usually closed, but which he now found to be open. Having entered the loft, he shut down the trap-door to see if it closed all right; then he went to the grain-heap to fill some bags which were lying near. As he stooped to shovel the corn into one of the sacks, he heard a rustling noise behind him, and upon turning round there he saw, amidst a bundle of long dried grass, a head and two glowing eyes, and in one moment was aware that a large leopard was within five yards of him, and that he, all unarmed, was face to face with the very brute of which he had been in search! The extreme cunning of the animal struck him at once. Having found a secure retreat conveniently near the fowl-house, here he had concealed himself through the day, snugly sleeping amid the dry grass, and looking forward, no doubt, to another supper after sundown. But the Dutchman soon found that he had other things to think of than the leopard's cunning. What was he to do now? how was he to escape? He had left his gun in the house, not even a stout stick was at hand, and he well knew that on the first movement he made, the ferocious creature would probably fly at him. For a while he stood spell-bound, unable to move, while the leopard seemed to feel much the same; it lay still, watching him, but with such a savage look that the poor farmer felt his position to be one of extreme danger. How to escape? how to escape? was the one thought that kept surging through his brain. All at once an idea entered his head, which steadied his faculties, inasmuch as he saw at once that it held out a feasible prospect of deliverance from a terrible danger.

The roof of the hut was thatched, and in some places the grass had been laid on so badly that daylight was visible through the chinks; and as two or three beams of wood stretched across the upper part of the hut, he saw at once that if he could only succeed in drawing himself up so as to stand on one of these supports he might be able to force an opening in the thatch, and so escape. But the danger was very great, for, as we said before, when he first began to move, the leopard might spring upon him. It was worth the risk, however, for indeed no other method of escape presented itself. Slowly raising his arms, while keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the enemy, he succeeded to his delight in standing upon the beam, and found that he could reach the thatch and actually force his hand through it. Pushing and pulling at the loose material he soon widened it sufficiently to force his head through, but here he paused. Should he force his head through? This was undoubtedly the moment of greatest danger, for once his head emerged into open air, that moment he would lose sight of the leopard below; and what if it should fly at him and seize him by the legs? His heart was beating thick and heavily at the thought; yet it must be done, and the sooner the better, for already it was almost dark, and should he delay any longer, the animal in the increasing darkness would be more bold and savage. All this time it had been watching his movements, but without attempting to attack him. Indeed, the creature seems to have felt itself in a trap, in which position many wild animals, notably wolves, lose all their courage. However that might be, the leopard, though it saw the farmer's movements, did not interfere with them, and in a very few minutes he had drawn his body quite through the thatch, and knew that he was safe! Not altogether safe, however, for, of course, the hole which had been wide enough to allow of his escape would also allow of the animal's escape; therefore, shouting to his Kaffirs to bring him a pole, he speedily reached the ground, and at once grasped his trusty gun. After this the work was easy enough. The leopard finding the trap-door shut, and having no other means of egress than the hole in the thatch, at last presented itself, its body showing dark against the sky. The farmer did not wait until it had freed itself from the hole—he knew very well how nimble such velvet-footed animals are; therefore as soon as he had a good view of its forehead he drew the trigger, and with a mighty crash the leopard fell backward into the store-room, dying or dead, and there he was left until the following day, when the Dutchman stripped the carcase of its beautifully mottled skin, which was carefully dressed and laid as a rug in his tiny sitting-room. In telling the story of his adventure to sympathising friends he always ends the recital thus: 'I assure you that I never wish to be shut up with a leopard again.' M. K.



The Leopard on the Thatch.



The Old Pipe.

THE OLD PIPE.

(From the German of CONRAD PFOFFEL.)

'GOOD day, old fellow. You love your pipe!
Let's see it. A flower-pot—hey?
Red earthenware, and with rims of gold,
How much for this bauble? Say.'

'Herr Count, I cannot part with my pipe;
It came from a hero's hand
A moment ere his soldier-soul
Passed to the better land!

'Good faith, Count! that was a glorious time!
Health to our Prince, I say!
You should have seen our lads roll up
The Mussulman ranks like hay!'

'Another time for your valorous deeds:
You're not such a fool, I'll swear,
To refuse this double ducat of gold
For a bit of red earthenware!'

'Herr Count, I'm a poor old man, with naught
But my day's brown loaf and wine;
Yet all your wealth cannot buy this pipe—
This dear old pipe of mine.

'Listen, Herr Count. We saucy hussars
On the flying enemy pressed,
When a dog of a Janischer turned and shot
My captain through the breast.

'I lifted him quickly on my horse
(He'd have done as much for *me*),
And bore him out of the tussle and strife
To a half-burned hostelry.

'Dying, he whispered, "Fritz, old friend,
I've nothing to give you: take
These coins for our pillaged host, but keep
This old pipe for my sake."

'Through all the scenes of a soldier's life
I've kept it from that day;
Siege, march, or battle, chasing or chased,
Snug in my boot it lay.

'We were on scout one night by Prague,
When a round shot took my boot,
But, falling, I caught up my precious pipe
Before I looked for my foot.'

'You've almost moved me to tears, old man.
Tell me your captain's name;
A spirit at once so tender and bold
Should never be lost to fame.'

'We called him plain "Walther"—brave old Walther,
He came from the Rhine, I know;
But——' ''Twas my *father*, man! Already
My heart had told me so.

'Up! Be *my* comrade now, old friend,
Till troubles and wars are dead,
You shall drink with me of Count Walther's wine
And eat of Count Walther's bread.'

H. SPICER.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 6.)

'LAURA, you know that dear mother is coming downstairs for the first time this evening; do help me to make things cheerful for her: you look so melancholy, Laura, that I fear you will depress her sadly.'

The speaker was Winifred Charlton, a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of fifteen, whose whole heart was occupied at this time with her poor afflicted mother, whose recent bereavement, with all the sad circumstances attending it, had brought on a severe illness of several weeks' duration, from which she was only now recovering.

'Come now, dear Laura,' pursued the elder sister, 'do cheer up a little, even the boys are taking notice of your depression. I heard Dick say to Dandie last night, that he could not think what had come over you, you had not a word to say to any one.'

'And why should I have a word to say to any one?' replied Laura; 'the disappointments we have met with seem to be nothing to you. You like St. Andrews, and are content to stay here, while I hate it, and will never rest till I can leave the place. Oh, I do feel so humiliated at school! that spiteful Maria Jones, I often see her whispering to the others and looking at me. I know very well what that means: she is pitying our poverty, and I can't bear to be pitied. O Winnie, I am perfectly miserable! I can't endure poverty, and I can't bear to live on here for years to come, perhaps. Oh, I do sometimes wish that I were dead!' and Laura burst into petulant tears.

'Hush, hush, Laura,' whispered her sister, 'we will talk about this afterwards; but here comes mother, so do dry your eyes. Mother darling, welcome downstairs once more,' she said, affectionately kissing the poor, pale lady, whose once pretty face had sad traces of suffering. 'Dick and Dandie will be here in a few minutes,' pursued the elder daughter, 'and then we will have tea. The boys like St. Andrews so much, mother; they find it such a pleasant change from Dollar.'

'Ah, yes, my dear,' sighed Mrs. Charlton, 'Dollar Academy is rather a dull place, but, such as it is, I wish my poor boys could go back to it; but with our miserably reduced income such a step would be folly indeed. They must both work for a living, half educated as they are. Oh, it does seem hard! how it would have distressed your poor father!' And the widow shed a few tears, while Laura, who hated scenes unless she was the principal performer in them, crept out of the room, and betook herself to her own apartment, where, with a clouded face, she sat pondering over her own future prospects, which seemed to be poor indeed.

But we will leave the selfish girl to her own meditations, and turn our attention to the more amiable members of the family.

A few minutes after Mrs. Charlton had come down-

stairs, her twin sons, Richard and Alexander (or Dick and Dandie as they were familiarly called in the household), now lads of sixteen, entered the room, and greeted their mother affectionately. 'Glad to see you downstairs, mother dear,' said Dandie, 'and now we must take great care of you, and not allow you to be ill again. What chair will you have, mother?' he continued. 'Come and sit by me in the window, and Winnie will bring you some tea.' And he drew her gently to a comfortable couch, so placed that she could see the beautiful view from the window. And now, mother dear,' he added, with all a boy's impetuosity, 'Dick and I must soon fix upon our future course; school or no school, which is it to be, mother?'

'Which would you prefer, Dandie?' asked his mother, anxiously. 'I know you love your books, my dear boy.'

Dandie hesitated a moment. 'Yes, I do,' he said slowly; 'but I know quite well that we cannot continue at Dollar now that your income is so limited. I am willing to work, mother; indeed, I have sent an advertisement to the newspaper asking for employment; but I scarcely knew what to call myself. A clerk? A half-educated boy rather,' he added, a little bitterly. Dandie would have prized a good education.

His mother drew a letter from her work-bag. 'Alexander,' she said, in such serious tones that her son looked up almost alarmed, 'now that Dick has gone upstairs I want to speak to you very seriously, my dear boy. Don't go away, Winnie; you must be a sharer in our counsels. I can trust a great deal to your common sense, Winnie, and am thankful to God for giving me so kind a daughter.'

Winnie pressed her mother's hand, but said nothing. Young as she was, she felt very anxious about the future of her brothers, and she saw that her mother had something to tell, and she was not mistaken.

'This is a letter from your uncle,' said Mrs. Charlton. 'I received it only this morning; it is a long letter, as you see, and a kind one, too, considering everything. He offers to take entire charge of one of my two sons.'

'Our uncle!' repeated Dandie in astonishment. 'What uncle? I never heard you speak of him before. I did not know we had a relation in the world, mother.'

'No, my dear,' replied Mrs. Charlton, who seemed just a little agitated; 'I have never spoken of the past to any of my children. You were all too young, my dears; but I must tell you a little of your father's family and mine, that you may be helped to a decision as to your future in life. Dandie,' she added, looking rather nervously in her son's face, 'your father's marriage with me was in some respects a mistake for both of us.'

'A mistake, mother? How could that be?' cried both her children in one breath.

'Because,' she replied, 'he was a young man moving in good society, while I was a poor girl living in a very humble way with my widowed mother, a dressmaker in a little Devonshire village. Ah, my dears, it was a mistake. I could not make him happy when I was out in India with him, and sometimes I was not very happy myself. If God had spared him to return home to us I do believe things would have been different in future; but it was not to be. And I have told you this, my dears, because I must explain to you who your relatives are. You have two uncles; one is your father's younger brother. He lives in London; but though he has heard of your father's death, you see he takes no notice of us. He is not a very pleasant man I believe, and as there was a complete rupture between him and your father after our marriage, it is not very likely that he will ever do anything for you children. Your other uncle is my brother, Joseph Deane, and it is his letter which I received this morning. My dears, I don't know what you will say when I tell you that when I was married Joseph was only a shop-boy, a rough, clumsy, ignorant boy, though honest and good to our poor mother. From his letter I can imagine that he is much the same now as he was then, except for the difference in age. He has a shop of his own in Bristol, and he seems to be well to do. He makes a good offer, Dandie, for he says that if one of his nephews should agree to his proposal, he will take him into the business, and if satisfied with his conduct he will eventually make him his heir. He is a widower, and has one son, who has disappointed him sadly. The lad has run away from home, and his father has disinherited him, and wishes to put either Dick or you in his place. I knew you would not like this proposal, Dandie,' continued his mother, who noticed the cloud upon her son's brow; 'but I thought it best to let you know what your uncle's views were.'

'Yes, mother, of course,' replied Dandie, in a hesitating tone of voice. 'What trade is my uncle engaged in, mother?'

'He is a spice merchant, Dandie; but I know my brother of old; if you entered his shop he would expect you to do just what other shop assistants do—wear an apron, and sell spice or coffee across the counter. Joseph never could bear the idea of any one being ashamed of his business.'

'I think he was right in that, mother,' said her son, heartily. 'No one should feel ashamed of an honest trade, but I confess I had no idea of all this, and cannot just in a moment make up my mind to take such a step as to agree to my uncle's arrangement. Will you give me till to-morrow to think it over, mother?'

'Of course, Dandie,' replied Mrs. Charlton, 'and do not give your consent too hastily, or only to please me, my dear, for, indeed, I can scarcely bear to think of you entering my brother's shop, it seems quite unsuitable for your father's son; but after all what can we do? We are very sadly situated, and very helpless every one of us. Would Dick care to go to his uncle, do you suppose, Dandie?'

'Oh, no, I'm quite sure he would not!' replied her son, promptly. Dick has ideas of his own, he wants to go to sea.'

'To sea!' repeated Mrs. Charlton, sadly. 'What a life that would be! for, of course, he could not hope to enter the navy; it would be the merchant-service, and ship-boys are so terribly ill-used. Oh, what difficulties lie in the way of my children! my poor, fatherless boys and girls!'

Here Mrs. Charlton, agitated by old memories

and weak from recent illness, could not refrain from a few tears, which Winifred gently soothed away. 'Dear mother,' she said, 'you have talked too much and agitated yourself; put all this out of your mind for the present, and leave Dandie to think it over at his leisure. For my part I do not see why he should not go to Bristol for at least one year, if our uncle would agree to take him on trial; it would relieve you of a good deal of expense, mother, and do Dandie no harm; if he dislikes it very much something else might turn up for him before the year is out.'

'Really, Winifred, that is a very good idea of yours,' said Dandie, brightening up a little. 'I would not object to that at all, and I could carry on my education in the evening after the shop was shut; but I shall think it all over and write to my uncle to-morrow. Meanwhile I must tell Dick about all this; how astonished he will be!' And Dandie ran off to have a consultation with his brother.

Dick Charlton was by no means the same kind of lad as his twin brother—indeed, no brothers could well be more unlike than were these two. Unlike in appearance, temperament, and mental endowments; for whereas Dandie had a kind heart, common sense, and good abilities, Dick was never of the same mind for two days together, careless of the comfort of others if it interfered with his own, easily led to good if it involved no trouble to himself, but as easily led to wrong-doing if any enjoyment was to be got out of it. In short, Dick Charlton was his father all over again, and at this time of his life he would have required careful guidance if anything good was to be made of him for the future. He was bright-looking and handsome; much more so than Dandie, who was short of stature for his age and not particularly good-looking. Still, though mothers are said to be fonder of their handsome sons than of the others, Mrs. Charlton had always loved Dandie. Even as a little boy out in India, she had seen that the little fellow fully sympathised with her when she felt herself ill or neglected by her careless husband. And can anything be sweeter to a mother, or indeed to any one, than a tender-hearted, sympathising child, who grieves over the troubles of the grown-up folk around him, which yet his young heart can scarcely understand? Such a child had been Alexander Charlton, and as he advanced in years still further good qualities developed themselves, for he grew prompt, energetic, and trustworthy. He was fond of his brother Dick, as was very natural, although quite aware of the faults of his character.

'Hallo,' he cried on that evening when he had heard his mother's explanations of the past and his uncle's plans for the future, 'here is a fine start for us all, Dick; here is a new-found uncle offering to take either you or me to his heart, and leave us all his money: why, it sounds quite like a play, except that on the stage the uncle is generally a villain who robs the unprotected little nephews instead of enriching them!'

'What do you mean?' said Dick, lazily, as he threw aside the piece of wood which he was trying to convert into a ship. 'We have no uncles, rich or poor, that ever I heard of.'

'Don't be so sure of that, my boy,' cried Dandie, laughing. 'I assure you my story is perfectly true, only our newly-found uncle annexes some conditions to the heirship which neither you nor I would care for. What do you say, Dick, to wearing an apron, and selling spice across the counter?' and Dandie explained the whole matter to his brother.

But to his great astonishment Dick did not seem to be at all unwilling to take to trade, or, in other words, to enter his uncle's shop in Bristol. He seemed in one moment to forget all his old fancy for a sea life, and to be ready to sell sugar or tea, or even to sweep out the shop, if that duty was also annexed to the situation. Now, how was this? Was Dick, thoughtful of his mother's slender purse, earnestly desiring to relieve her of the burden of his maintenance and to provide for himself, even in a way which to a youth brought up as he had been might seem almost degrading?

Scarcely so: but Dick had inherited from his father a great aptitude for spending money (though to earn it was quite another thing), and in this proposal of his Uncle Joseph he seemed to see nothing of the duties expected of him, or of his brother, whichever of them should accept of the offer, every such consideration was swallowed up in the enticing thought of the heirship. He immediately jumped to the conclusion that his uncle would be good enough to die in a short time, say, in a few months or so, and he saw himself the fortunate possessor of an inexhaustible supply of money. Of course he would at once give up the shop, sell the goodwill of the business, buy a horse and a yacht, and one or two other pleasant little possessions, and how he would enjoy himself! Oh, what a glorious life seemed to open up before him! But in all this there was no thought of his impoverished mother, or his young sisters, left to struggle with unexpected poverty as best they could; no thought even of his twin brother Dandie, his life-long companion and friend. His only thought was of himself. Alas! Dick Charlton was not the kind of son to bring joy to a widowed mother's heart!

'And so you really think you would like the kind of life?' cried Dandie, in amazement at the rapidity with which Dick had given up his wish for a seafaring life. 'Because you know, Dick, it would be an awful relief to me if you were really willing to go. I can't bear the idea for myself, but I had made up my mind to go for mother's sake and the girls'. It never entered my head that you would be willing to go, but if you really are I shall be truly thankful I do assure you. You had better write to our uncle to-day, and make everything plain to him. I think it is awfully good of you, Dick, for it must be a good deal of a sacrifice. I know I would have felt it so.'

Dick looked down modestly, and quite accepted his brother's tribute of praise as his due. 'Well, you know,' he said, 'one of us must do something, make a move of some kind, unless we are all to starve. Yes, I will write to my uncle this very day. He must be a jolly old boy I should think. I wonder how much money he has? But I say, Dandie, it is rather awkward about this prodigal son of his. Suppose the young beggar should come home again, and his fond father should receive him with open arms? Where



Dandie and Dick concocting a Letter to their Uncle.

would I be then? Head shopman, I suppose, under the lawful heir! Not if I know it.'

'Mother seems to think that her brother is a very just man,' observed Dandie. 'A little stern, perhaps, but strictly just and reasonable. He would never turn you out without some kind of compensation. Even if his son did return and inherit his father's money, he would provide for you in some way I feel sure. But, Dick, in case you should not like the duties after undertaking them, let me advise you to arrange with our uncle for a six months' trial. It is quite reasonable, and he is sure to agree.'

To this Dick having given his consent, the two brothers sat down together to concoct a letter to the Bristol spice merchant.

(*To be continued.*)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1.—Heraldic.

S. Come, you two fellows, hold me straight!
R. And so I do, at any rate,
Though I won't answer for my mate.

S. What say you, there, on my left hand?
L. I'll hold you up, while I can stand,
As well as any in the land.

S. Now, paws off, Right, you scratch my face!
R. My paws weren't meant for gloves of lace,
But for the rough work of the chase.

S. You on the left, don't toss your head;
Your sharp point fills me full of dread.
What should I do if they were dead?

L. They! Who are they?—*S.* My kittens six:
They tremble at your awkward tricks.
But that big pup you may transfix.

L. Hurt *him?* Not I, for twenty pence.
Besides, he is a lad of sense,
Up in the art of self-defence.

R. A priggish little rampant chap;
I'd like to give his nose a tap.
S. Right, if you dare; beware the strap!

I'll have you dragged away with ropes,
And send for my white antelopes.
L. See how he hangs his head and mopes.

S. Left, if you sneer, I tell you plain,
I'll have my bull, my swan and chain,
My dragon and my doe again.

R. I wish you would.—*S.* Now, Right, be still.
If you don't do your master's will—
R. You'll tumble down, like Jack and Jill.

S. Insulting beast! What shall I do?
My hogs were civiller than you.
R. Nay, master, if I'm rough, I'm true.

L. And so am I.—*R.* and *L.* We're rough and ready:
We'll do our best to keep you steady,
In peaceful calm, or war's loud eddy.

G. S. O.

SCENES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

No. II.

WITHIN a large hall I see a number of persons assembled. One, of dignified demeanour and clad in robes of office, is engaged in an important duty; one or more of reckless and dissipated appearance are in the place rightly assigned to them; while some of the spectators appear to take a strong interest in the scene they witness.

Among these last is one whose high rank is degraded by the companionship he chooses, and whose feelings, too strongly excited by what is passing, lead him to the commission of a hasty and most blameworthy action. Some would rejoice to know that a fitting punishment falls where it is so justly merited.

[*Answers at page* 55.]

VEGETABLE GROWTH.

IT has long been known to scientific men, that the power of growth in the vegetable kingdom is something marvellous. There is no human engineering which can compare in power with the silent machinery of a forest on a spring day. The force with which the sap rises in the tree, without any apparent cause, any propelling power like the beating heart of man, is marvellous. It has been estimated that the physical energy of the sap in the plant is fourteen times that of the blood in man.

President Clark, of Massachusetts Agricultural College, succeeded by means of some interesting experiments in measuring the power of growth possessed by a squash. For this purpose he harnessed it in iron, put it in prison, and gave it a weight to lift. He prepared a bed of rich compost to give the plant every possible opportunity for growth. On one end of this bed he placed a box and in the box the squash, enclosed in an iron basket-work. The squash thus enclosed was placed in the box in such a way that it could only grow by pushing itself upward. Then, on the top of the squash, a long bar of timber was laid, in such a way that the squash, in its upward growth, must push this bar with it. Finally, on the bar were hung weights, at such distances from the squash as enormously to increase their weight power, and, consequently, the severity of the test afforded.

The result was that the squash steadily pushed its way upwards, carrying the bar and the increasing weight with it. On August 21st, 1874, it was lifting sixty pounds; on September 15th, 1400 pounds; on October 18th, 3120 pounds; on October 31st, 5000 pounds! How much more it could have carried is not known. For at this point the iron harness bent and cut into the rind of the squash, which had obtruded so far between the bands, that in order to extricate the squash it was necessary to cut the iron with a cold chisel, and draw the pieces out endwise.

There is to our imagination something grand in the thought of a force so vast exerted without noise or demonstration of any kind, and apparently far exceeding all the ordinary exigencies of the plant. In every acre of well-cultivated ground a power is silently at work which transcends man's mightiest machines by almost as much as the infinite transcends the finite. Does it not give a suggestion of the quiet power of the Almighty?

THE PARISIAN TOY FACTORIES.

IN France the industry is comparatively modern, and is concentrated in Paris, where recently 3400 persons were engaged in it, 2400 being women. For the most part they work independently, and sell their productions to wholesale houses. There are also factories of special articles, such as toy balloons, magic lanterns, dolls' heads, articles for dolls' kitchens, and the like. In Paris special factories for making children's watches employ hundreds of hands, and 30,000,000 watches are annually produced; in other words, Paris provides every year a toy watch for every child between five and ten in France, Germany, Russia, Great Britain, Italy, and Austria.

A DOMESTIC MISFORTUNE.

ONE afternoon, with gown tucked up,
And basket on her arm,
To feed her favourite geese went forth
The mistress of the farm.

Those ten fine geese for weeks had been
Her pride and her delight;
But when she reached the yard—alas!
She saw a grievous sight.

For some with ruffled plumage lay
Gasping upon the ground,
With flapping wings and strange wild cries
Tumbled the rest around.

Alarmed, she sat the basket down
And ran to seek for aid;
And quickly at her call there came
Her husband and the maid.

But when with hasty steps the three
Came to the farmyard gate,
The noise had ceased, for all the geese
Had met the selfsame fate.

The pigeons watched them from the roof,
The hens drew back afraid,
The cock, advancing cautiously,
Investigation made.

'Ah! keep him back!' the mistress cried,
'Drive him away from these!
Or we shall lose the hens as well—
It may be some disease.'

The farmer stooped to view the birds;
'Poison, it seems,' he said:
'How could it happen? Do you know
Where the poor creatures fed?'

His wife replied, 'They have not been
Beyond the yard to-day;
But come and help us carry them,
For here they must not stay.'

In sad procession were the geese
Into the house conveyed,
And tenderly, with many a sigh,
Were in the kitchen laid;

The mistress, as she turned them o'er,
Oft to herself repeating,
'Poor things! they certainly are dead;
What can they have been eating?'

As, in grave council, round the geese
The little household stood,
'It is a grievous loss,' she said,
'They are not fit for food.

'But though we cannot eat their flesh,
The feathers may be sold;
So, Gretchen, let us set to work,
Before the birds are cold.

'Go, fetch the largest tub we have;
Run, Hans, our neighbour's borrow;
And we will pluck them all to-night,
And bury them to-morrow.'

At once they tied their aprons on,
Their task was soon begun;
So steadily they worked away,
That evening it was done.

The tubs were filled with downy heaps,
The geese lay on the floor:
'Now, Gretchen, we may go to bed,
For we can do no more.'

The maiden, after all her toils,
Slept heavily in peace;
The mistress heard, in troubled dreams,
The cackling of her geese.

At last the cock informed the hens
That sleeping hours were ended:
And, light in hand, the thrifty dame
To daily cares descended.

But, oh, surprise! with outstretched neck,
The gander came to meet her;
And the poor shivering birds behind
Began again to greet her.

'My poor plucked geese!' she wildly cried,
'Oh, what a sad disaster!'
And at her voice the maid ran down,
Fast followed by her master.

'Poor things! we served you very ill,'
Their pitying mistress said;
'To put your feathers back, I'd give
The hair from off my head.

'It is a most mysterious case—
I wish I knew the cause,
And what they could have found to eat.'—
There was a moment's pause,

When Gretchen suddenly exclaimed,
With face of dire dismay,
'Those brandied cherries that were spoiled
You bade me throw away.

'I took them, and without a thought
Into the yard I tossed them;
And the poor geese have found them there,
And much the feast has cost them.'

'Ah, Gretchen, 'twas a careless thing,
And you were much to blame;
Yet at your age I might perhaps
Have done the very same.

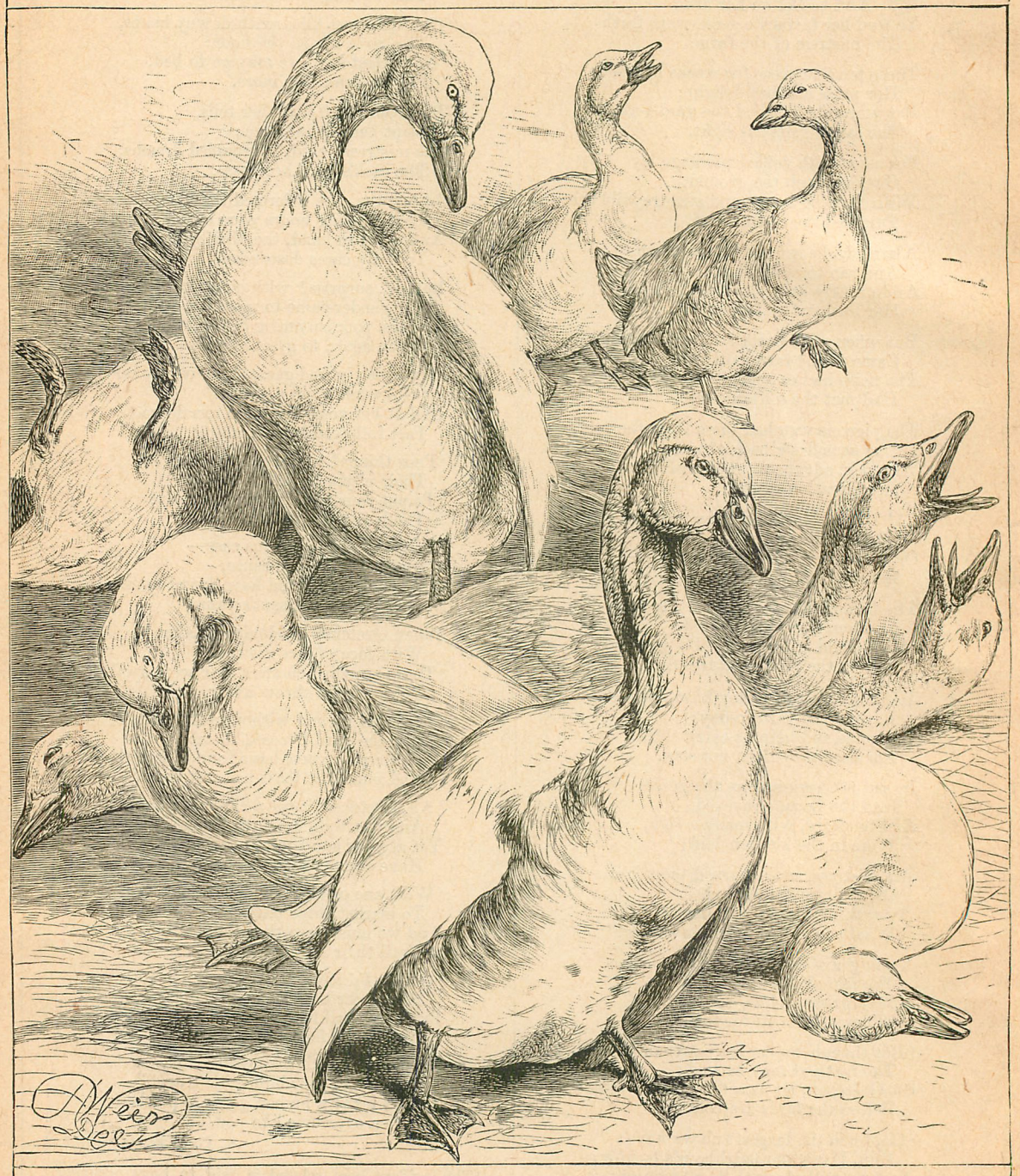
'Well, one of them we'll eat ourselves,
To market three must go;
And we must keep the others warm,
Until their feathers grow.

'Gladly I'd make them woollen coats,
Their poor bare backs to hide;
But they shall have a good straw bed,
And ample food beside.'

The farmer, with a knowing look,
Said, 'Ah, poor birds! 'tis true,
There's many a human goose is plucked
When overcome like you.'

A. L. WESTCOMBE.

[The incident here related is said to have occurred near Mayence.]



"For some with ruffled plumage lay
Gasping upon the ground,

With flapping wings and strange wild cries
Tumbled the rest around."



Androcles and the Lion.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

THE story of Androcles and the lion is told by Dion Cassius, a Roman historian of undoubted veracity. Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman who was pro-consul of Afric, or Africa. He had been found guilty of a fault for which his master was going to put him to death, but he found an opportunity to escape, and fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and thirst, he saw a cave in a rock. Finding just at the entrance a stone to sit upon, which was shaded from the fierce heat of the sun, he rested for some time.

At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion stood before him, and seeing him, immediately walked towards him. Androcles gave himself up for lost; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his right paw on his lap, and with a low moan of pain licked his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from his fright, plucked up courage enough to look at the paw which was laid on his lap, and observed a large thorn in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing it very gently made a great deal of poisonous blood and matter run out, which probably freed the lion from the great pain he was in. The lion again licked his hand, and with a brighter look in his eyes left him, soon returning, however, with a fawn he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of more prey, not limping now as he did when Androcles first saw him, but bounding along as if his paw had never had anything the matter with it.

Androcles, after having subsisted upon the fawn and other food which the lion brought him for several days, at length got tired of this frightful solitude and savage companionship, expecting that at any moment the lion might forget his act of kindness and devour him. So he resolved to deliver himself into his master's hands and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure.

Now his master, as was customary for the pro-consul of Africa, was at that time collecting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish a show for the Roman people, and upon Androcles his slave surrendering himself, he ordered him to be carried to Rome as soon as the lions were sent there, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight one of the lions in the amphitheatre, for the pleasure of the people.

This was all carried into effect. Androcles, after having been all alone in the wilderness, with the probability of being torn to pieces by lions, was now before a multitude of people, in the arena, looking forward to the same dreadful death.

At length a huge lion bounded out from the place where it had been kept hungry for the show. He was in great rage, and in one or two great leaps he advanced towards Androcles, who was in the centre of the arena, with a short sword in his hand. But suddenly the lion stopped, regarded him with a wistful look, and letting his tail droop, crept quietly towards him, and licked and caressed his feet. Androcles, after a short pause of great surprise, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him.

Their friendship was very surprising to the excited beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole affair from Androcles, prayed the Emperor to pardon him. The Emperor did so, and gave into his possession the lion, who, though having been once kindly treated, had saved his benefactor's life.

Androcles kept the lion and treated him well in return for the food the faithful animal had obtained for him in the desert, and for having saved his life.

Dion Cassius, the great historian, says that he himself saw Androcles leading the lion through the streets of Rome (and his word is not to be doubted), the people gathering about them and saying to one another, 'This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician.'

H. S. H.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

2.—Topographical.

Now, can you tell me where is
A thing called Milliaris?
On which they say Jack Cade
Once struck his ringing blade,
And spake his boastful word,
'Now Mortimer is lord!'

Still by an old church side
This ancient yet doth hide
His head, much hacked and hew'd
By mischief-mongers rude,
By sun, and rain, and rime,
And by the touch of time.

The business man goes by,
And turns away his eye:
A railway underground,
A hansom homeward bound,
His tailor's or his hatter's
Are more congenial matters.

But days there were, it's true,
When what is old was new;
And Wren for it divined
Some grandeur in his mind;
It gave, he thought, decorum
To the old Roman forum.

And, though so chipp'd and wreckt,
It had an architect,
Proud of his work, no doubt,
As with a Latin shout,
Some big-nosed Prætor came
To give the thing a name.

The great man's smooth oration
Was all about his nation:
Rome always had the best of it,
In war, and all the rest of it;
Just as we often brag
About the British flag.

And trophies we have built,
All richly carved and gilt,
To show forth England's power,
In this her day and hour;
When England's power takes wing,
May look like this old thing. G. S. O.

[*Answer at page 55.*]

PERSEVERING.

THE following story is one of the traditions of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow, Scotland. Thirty years ago, a barefoot, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner and asked for work as errand-boy.

'There's a deal of rinning to be done,' said Mr. Blank, jestingly, affecting a broad Scotch accent. 'The first thing you need wud be a pair of shoon.'

The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he saved enough money to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning, and held out a package.

'I hae the shoon, sir,' he said, quietly.

'Oh!' Mr. Blank with difficulty recalling the circumstances. 'You want a place? Not in those rags, my lad; you would disgrace the house.'

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was roused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food for months in order to buy these clothes. The manufacturer now questioned the boy closely, and found, to his regret, that he could neither read nor write.

'It is necessary that you should do both before we employ you in carrying home packages,' he said. 'We have no place for you.'

The lad's face grew paler, but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He now went fifteen miles into the country and found work in stables near to a night school. At the end of a year he again presented himself before Mr. Blank.

'I can read and write,' he said, briefly.

'I gave him the place,' the employer said, years afterwards, 'with the conviction that in process of time he would take mine if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is now our chief foreman.'

INDIANS.

HAVING lived for some time among the Indians, I think that it may interest the readers of *Chatterbox* to hear something about them.

The Indians have a large tract of land allotted to them in the south-west of North America, called 'Indian Territory,' where a great many different tribes live. Nearly every tribe has a language of its own. The most notable tribe is the Cherokee, who number about fifteen thousand. They have intermarried greatly with the whites and are the most civilised of all the Indians, and profess the Christian religion. They have numerous places of worship and schools. They also print and publish a newspaper.

Living with the Cherokees are the Delaware and Shownee tribes, both of which are small in numbers.

West of the Cherokees live the Osage tribe; they marry very little with the whites, and are far behind the Cherokees in civilisation. They mostly live in wigwams made of sticks and long grass; their clothing consists of red blankets wrapped around them, under which they sometimes wear a shirt, and have moccasins on their feet. They live mostly on beef, doing their cooking on the ground; they use no knives, forks, chairs, or tables. The Osage are a rich tribe, and of large stature. They have prayer meetings, when they meet in a large wigwam. They paint their faces red, with blue marks drawn across, put feathers in their hair, and wear all the jewelry they can put on. Their prayers consist of chanting, dancing, and whooping, which they keep up for seven hours at a time. The men when they mourn for their dead go into the woods alone, and fast all day, coming home at sundown, chanting very solemnly, first softly, and louder and louder as they get nearer home. The women when they mourn put a patch of mud on the right side of the head, and just before daylight they sit up on their bed, which consists of a blanket laid on the ground, and moan and sob very pitifully for about twenty minutes, commencing very softly and getting louder and louder until they finish. They are remarkably fond of their children, of which they have but few. Their mode of carrying their babies is to strap them on a board, and carry the board on their backs suspended by a strap placed around their foreheads; the children carry their dolls the same way.

South of the Cherokees and Osages live the Muskogee or Creek tribe. They are numerous. They live chiefly by farming cotton and corn—maize. Each family generally owns a few ponies and cattle. They have intermarried to some extent with the negroes, whom they formerly owned as slaves. The Creeks are the tribe who fought with the English against the Americans many years ago. They were led by their own general, who was slain in battle as predicted by himself the day before.

The Choctaw and Chickasaw tribes come next to the Cherokee with regard to civilisation. They marry considerably with the whites, and own fine farms and cattle ranches.

There are several other tribes about which I may write another time. SEEKOINKEER.

KINDLY ADVICE.

YES, uncle, what you say is true,
You have been very kind;
But never can I like the work,
It is not to my mind.

'I hate the shop with all my heart,
The city ways to me
Are quite distasteful—rather far
I'd go where men are free!

'I'd go far off to the wild West,
I'd build my log-hut there!
'Twould be to me a happier life,
Oh, far beyond compare!'



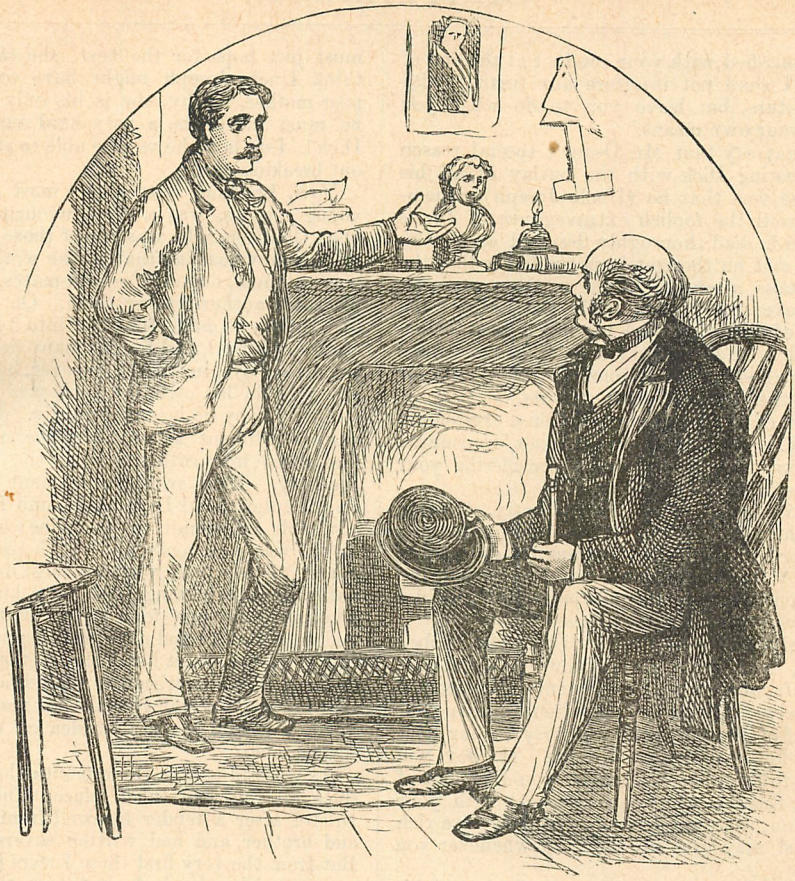
Indian mourning for the Dead.

'Well, nephew, go; I won't oppose,
But mark me when I say,
You're sure to come to grief out there,
You'll never make it pay.

'You'll scarcely earn your daily bread,
You'll never have a wife,
You'll work like any navvy there,
And lead a hard, hard life.

'While look at me! two thousand pounds
Of cheese are in my store,
Of butter I have fifty kegs,
Of hams full many a score!

'You'll be my heir, dear Jack, if you
At home will only stay!'
But, Jack he slowly shook his head,
And soon he sailed away.



Long years have passed and gone since then,
And Jack has prospered too;
He has a home, a darling wife,
And children not a few!

And he is happy! Still, at times,
His loving thoughts will roam
To the good uncle of his youth,
And to the dear old home! D. B.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 13.)

THREE months had passed away since the conversation took place between Dick and Dandie which had resulted in the former making up his mind to try his fortune as a shop-assistant, or, to put it more truthfully, making up his mind to be his uncle's heir. The letter to Mr. Joseph Deane had been written, sent off, and duly acknowledged, the merchant formally accepting his nephew's services in the shop on the following terms:—

The contract was to be binding for six months, at the end of which time, if Mr. Deane was satisfied with his nephew's conduct, a more lasting agreement would be arranged. Dick was to live in his uncle's house, never to be absent from meals without permission asked and obtained, never to be out of the house after nine o'clock p.m. on any pretext whatever, to do in the shop exactly and promptly whatever his uncle desired of him, his remuneration being comfortable board and lodging with twenty shillings weekly, half of which sum was to be retained in Mr. Deane's own hand, and paid monthly to Mrs. Charlton as her son's contribution to the family expenditure at the Priory. The other ten shillings Dick was to handle himself, no account of its disbursement being exacted from him; his uncle, however, stipulating that it must cover every outlay, clothing, boots, &c., down to note-paper and postage-stamps. Dick was never to incur debt, even to the small extent of sixpence. If he wanted new clothing at any time, he must patiently accumulate week by week the necessary money before the purchase was made. He was to attend church regularly, enjoy a half-holiday every Wednesday, and if medical attendance was ever necessary Mr. Deane would pay for it himself. 'You may think these restrictions on your liberty hard,' wrote Uncle Joseph, in his letter to Dick, 'but they do not seem so to me, and I am a better judge than you can be of what is good for a young man not yet seventeen years of age. Besides, I have a special reason for not permitting you to handle all your weekly wages until you have a little more experience of the value of money than you can possibly have now. This reason I need not specify,

but if I am satisfied with your conduct at the end of six months, I shall not interfere any further with your expenditure, but leave you to do what you please with your own means.'

Here we may say that Mr. Deane's special reason for not entrusting Dick with the outlay of all his weekly wages was that he (Uncle Joseph) remembered very well the foolish extravagance of Dick's father, whom he had thoroughly despised as a vain, selfish man, and he thought it not unlikely that the boy might take after his father in these respects, which we have seen was precisely the state of the case. This, of course, he had too much good feeling to tell to Dick in so many words, it being always painful to right-minded persons to tell a son or daughter of the faults of their parents.

The arrival of this letter caused intense excitement at the Priory. 'So like my poor brother,' murmured Mrs Charlton: 'severe, yet really considering your best interests, Dick, I do believe.'

'My best interests!' cried her son hotly. 'Mean, stingy, selfish old cur, rolling in wealth himself, and only allowing me ten shillings a-week for everything I require! Why, mother, how can I dress like my father's son on twenty-six pounds per annum, besides paying for everything else that I need?'

Mrs. Charlton took to tears. 'Dick,' she sobbed out at last, 'you must forget your poor father's position in life, at least for the present. My brother had only twelve shillings a-week when he was your age, and half of that he paid regularly to our poor mother, and he never incurred debts. My boy, you need not go to Bristol at all unless you like, but if you do go, I beseech you do not quarrel with your uncle. If you please my brother, you may be a rich man yet, and may give up the shop whenever you please!'

During this conversation between Dick and his mother, Dandie had said nothing, though he thought a great deal. He felt that Dick, with his pleasure-loving nature, would never get on at Bristol. The two boys had been talking over things, as was very natural, and Dick had expatiated on all the fun he was to have after the shop was shut at night, the theatre at least twice a-week being one of the items. Uncle Joseph evidently would not permit of that, and to be kept within doors every night after nine o'clock seemed hard lines even to Dandie, for his uncle had no family, and how could poor Dick amuse himself? He did not care for reading; even novels had no attraction for him—poor old Dick. Dandie shook his head privately as he thought of all this, and almost made up his mind to try Uncle Joseph himself, and leave his brother free for some other chance in life; but on giving Dick a hint as to this, he found, to his great relief, that the prospect of the heirship still influenced his brother sufficiently to induce him to give Mr. Deane a trial.

'But it will never do,' whispered Dandie to Winifred, as brother and sister took a turn together in the garden; 'it will never do. Dick has no patience, and very little common sense, poor old chap, and my uncle seems to be as hard as nails.'

Winifred sighed. Young as she was life was beginning to seem a vexatious problem to the gentle sister, who dearly loved both her brothers. 'We must just hope for the best,' she said. 'But I do think Uncle Joseph might have come here to see poor mother. Why, she is his only sister! I fear he must indeed be a very hard man. Poor dear Dick! I do hope he will be able to stand it all without breaking out.'

Now, breaking out, as we must explain to our young readers, was a very favourite practice with Dick Charlton, who was one of those peculiar young gentlemen who think that all the world ought to give way to them, not only school-mates, but even those placed in authority over them. On account of this disposition, he had often got into tremendous difficulties at school, had fought many fierce battles with the other boys, in which, however, he had been quite able to hold his own, for Dick was a strong young fellow, and by no means cowardly. But it had been quite a different affair when the overbearing boy had come into collision with the masters at the academy. Then swift punishment had descended on the culprit, and Dick had found it, on the whole, advisable to submit to discipline; at least, so long as he was a schoolboy. At home, of course, he got it all his own way, as most lads do who are naturally overbearing, not very kind-hearted, and who have no one to interfere with them save a widowed mother and an admiring young sister, who, though in her secret heart she preferred Dandie, yet thought Dick's overbearing disposition to be a sign that he would certainly make his mark in the world. Well, we shall see if this idea of Winifred's was a correct one.

As we said before, three months had passed away since all this had taken place. Dick had gone to Bristol after a tender farewell from mother, sisters, and brother, and had written several letters home. But from the very first these letters had betrayed an uneasy spirit: he had chafed at the gloom of his uncle's house, the short dry manner of the old man, the wearisome nature of his duties, and the sour temper of the old housekeeper, his uncle's only domestic servant. In short, it was quite evident that Dick was so miserable that his mother feared, and with good reason, that he would never be able to hold out till the six months had expired. Then a change had come over the position of things. Dick's letters, gloomy as they were, ceased all at once. Three weeks passed away without any communication with his home, though his last letter had been written to beg his mother to lend him some money, which we need scarcely say he received at once, though the family at the Priory had to pinch terribly in consequence.

'What can be wrong now, Dandie, with our poor Dick?' said the anxious mother one day. 'Three long weeks and no letter! Why, he has not even acknowledged the money I sent him! Can the poor boy be ill, do you think? Do advise me, Dandie. I have no one to speak to but you and Winifred, and she, poor girl, can do nothing but cry, she feels so sorry for Dick.'

'Perhaps you should write to my uncle, mother, replied Dandie. 'You have written to Dick over and over again, and so have I, yet there is no answer to either of us. I think you should write to my uncle, and let us know the worst at once.'

Mrs. Charlton then sat down to compose a letter which might draw forth all the information required from Uncle Joseph, without in the least degree compromising her son. But, alas! while the pen was still in the poor lady's hand, she received a letter from her brother, which caused her to utter a cry of dismay and to sink back, almost fainting, on the sofa. But we may as well give Uncle Joseph's letter in full:—

'Dear Sister,—This letter, I hope, will find you in good health, as it leaves me at present—thank God for all His mercies! Your son Richard, since he came to me three months ago, has caused much disturbance both in the shop and in my household, so that long ere this I had made up my mind that he was quite unsuited for the position which I had intended for him after my death. But I would have kept him in my service till the stipulated six months had expired, and would then have placed him in some situation more suited to his disposition, but he has chosen to throw off all control, and, I grieve to say, has left my house without stating what he intends to do. One evening I discovered that he had left my house after nine o'clock (a distinct breach of contract), and had been seen in the theatre, my informant being a person upon whose word I can depend. He returned home at one o'clock in the morning, and entered my house as he had left it—by his bedroom window. When I spoke to him about this most unworthy conduct, his language was insolent in the extreme: he refused to make any promise of amendment, and finally returned to his bedroom and locked the door. Believing that it would be best to leave him to himself for a little, I went to my shop and attended to my usual business till a late hour at night. On entering my house again I was informed by my housekeeper that Richard was still in his bedroom, that he had asked her for some food, and she had taken him some coffee with cold meat and bread at seven o'clock in the evening. Being thus satisfied that his wants had been attended to, I did not disturb him that night, but resolved to have a thorough explanation with him the following morning, when his insolent temper would probably have cooled down. Next morning, I grieve to say, Richard was gone. The bed had not been occupied, and some of his clothing had been taken away in a small carpet-bag. No letter or communication of any kind was left behind. I thought it best, before writing to you, to make every possible inquiry as to his movements, so as not to needlessly distress you. I have done so, and I have learned that he has sailed in a vessel trading between this port and Melbourne.

'He is, therefore, engaged in honest and respectable employment, though he will probably find that he has entered upon a much harder life than he has any idea of. If you will take my advice, sister, you will leave Richard alone in the meantime; he will come to no harm, and the hardships he is certain to meet with will probably have a good effect upon his unstable character. I tried to do my duty by your son while he was with me, but the result has been disappointing. I regret this very much, and if I can serve you in any other way I will gladly do so. Meanwhile, please accept the enclosed cheque as a contribution to your family expenditure.—From your affectionate brother, 'Joseph Deane.

'*Bristol, July 14th.*'

The distress caused to the Charlton family by this letter from Uncle Joseph was indeed very great. Oh, to think that Dick had actually gone to the other side of the globe without a word of farewell to the friends at home, the mother and sister who loved him so much! It was heart-rending! And to think of him going on board a trading vessel as a shipboy, herding with common sailors. What hardships he would have to endure, and what a long, weary time must elapse ere they could hope to hear from him!

Mrs. Charlton was almost prostrated by this terrible blow, while Winnie, though feeling it deeply herself, was compelled to assume a cheerfulness which she did not feel, to prevent the whole family from sinking into gloomy despondency. But Uncle Joseph had spoken the truth when he said that poor Dick must be left to himself for a time; nothing could be done till they heard of the arrival of the *Shooting Star* at Melbourne. Whatever we may think of Uncle Joseph, and however much we may feel for a lively lad like Dick Charlton, compelled to live in such a dull home, we cannot but see how very foolishly he had behaved. He had thrown himself out of a home and an employment which he had learned to hate; he had given up all prospects of the future heirship to fall back upon his old idea of a seafaring life.

But, alas! for poor Dick. Well might his uncle call him an unstable character, for, long before the *Shooting Star* had reached the far-off port for which she was bound, he felt thoroughly disgusted with the new life which he had chosen. The hard work which fell to his share as a ship's-boy, the coarse food doled out to him and his messmates, and the hard blows he often received while attempting to learn the duties of a seaman—all these helped to convince him that, if he was unfitted for a mercantile life, he was equally unfit for the much rougher employment upon which he had now entered. He had been most unfortunate in his choice of a ship; it was a bad, ill-found vessel, with a wicked master and a reckless crew, and poor Dick did not improve in his new circumstances. We have said that he was easily led to evil, and there were men on board who were quite ready to tempt him to sin. It was a miserable voyage altogether, and long ere it was ended his thoughts were running upon this question, 'What was he now to do?' He had signed the ship's articles, and was bound for a certain length of time to remain with the *Shooting Star*. But what of that? The lad who had broken the agreement with his uncle would not scruple to break his engagement with the captain of the *Shooting Star*. The life was utterly distasteful to him, and he was fully resolved to escape from it if he could. The opportunity soon presented itself. When his vessel arrived in port, and all was bustle and confusion, Dick Charlton, along with three comrades like-minded, contrived to get on shore without suspicion, and, diving into the slums of Melbourne, they contrived to hide themselves until the *Shooting Star* had again sailed for the old country.

(*To be continued.*)



Richard entering the House by the Bedroom Window.



Strange Friendship.

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

MR. ALFRED AINGER sends to the *Spectator* the following history, to which he can bear personal testimony:—'At the delightful house in Perthshire where I am on a visit, there is a well-bred pointer, named "Fop," who, when not engaged in his professional pursuits on the moor, lives chiefly in a kennel placed in a loose-box adjoining the other stables attached to the house. Nearly a year ago there were a pair of pigeons who lived in and about the stable-yard. One of the birds died, and its bereaved mate at once attached itself for society and protection to the dog, and has been its constant companion ever since. On the days when the sportsmen are not seeking grouse, the dog is in his kennel, and the pigeon is always his close attendant. She roosts on a rack over the manger of the stable, and in the daytime is either strutting about preening her feathers, taking her meals from the dog's biscuit and water tin, or quite as often sitting in the kennel by his side, nestling close to him. "Fop," who is an amiable and rather sentimental dog, takes no apparent notice of his companion, except that we observe him, in jumping into or out of his kennel while the pigeon is there, to take obvious care not to crush or disturb her in any way. The only other symptom "Fop" has shown of being jealous for the pigeon's comfort and convenience is that when of late two chickens from the stable-yard wandered into the apartment where the dog and pigeon reside, he very promptly bit their heads off, as if in mute intimation that one bird is company, and two (or rather three) are none. The story is rather one of a pigeon than a dog, for it is quite evident that she is the devoted friend, and that he acquiesces in the friendship. On the days when "Fop" is taken, to his infinite delight, on to the moor, the pigeon is much concerned. She follows him as far as she dare, taking a series of short flights over his head, until a little wood is reached, through which the keeper and dogs have to take their way. At this point her courage fails her, and she returns to the stable, to wait hopefully for her comrade's return. This singular alliance is a great interest to the keepers, coachmen, and grooms of the establishment, and as the keeper gave me a strong hint that the story ought to be told in print, adding that he had seen much less noteworthy incidents of animal life promoted to such honour, I have ventured to send it to you. I may add that the pigeon is of the kind called "Jacobin," and is white, with a black wing.'

A BAR OF IRON.

A BAR of iron worth 20*s.* is worth 2*l.* after it is made into horse-shoes; made into needles, it is worth 70*l.*; made into penknife blades, it is worth 657*l.*; made into balance-springs of watches, it is worth 50,000*l.*

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 23.)

POOR Dick Charlton! all his young life he had spurned the idea of being under the control of any one; he had longed to be his own master, and to be free to do as he pleased. He was free now, but what was he going to do with his freedom? Alas! before our story has been told, we shall see how terribly Dick fell, and how great were his sufferings.

But all this time we have nearly forgotten our school-girl, Laura Charlton, with whom this story began. To say that this girl, though the youngest member of the family, felt her father's death, with all the sad circumstances which attended it, more than did any of the others, would be quite true; but it must not therefore be supposed that Laura was a more affectionate child than the others, and was grieving over the sad thought that she would never see her father again in this world, for this was not at all Laura's disposition. In truth she was a very strange girl, and, for her age, a very ambitious one. She knew that she was very pretty, and thought that she was very clever, and with her beauty and her talent she had been most anxious for her father's return from India, so that she might secure all the advantages which a residence in London would afford.

She despised the old-fashioned little Scottish town where her lot had been cast; she had no great love for her sister Winifred, whose self-denying, kindly disposition seemed to her to be positive weakness. Being the youngest of the family she had been greatly indulged, and, as usually happens in such cases, she had lost much of the respect for her mother which children ought certainly to feel for a parent. Since her father's sad and sudden death, Laura had suffered from a feeling of mortification little suspected by the rest of the family. She remembered how she had boasted at school of her father's return home, of the removal to London, of the possible gay doings there, and school had, for a time at least, become quite distasteful to her, as she imagined she saw in the faces of her young companions a compassionate pity which to the proud girl was hateful indeed. But after a few weeks a change had come over her feelings, and she began to study with a diligence which surprised every one. The truth was that Laura had formed a plan for her future life. She knew that the family were now poor, so very poor that possibly on her mother's death there would be no provision for her or her sister. What a terrible position to be in!

But Laura was resolved to avoid any such trouble. She made up her mind that, since she must remain at St. Andrews for the present, she would study hard, secure as good an education as she could, and then, as soon as possible, turn her back upon the hateful place, and secure a position for herself as governess in some high family, where she might see a little of the gay world. This was Laura's plan for her future life; not a bad plan by any means, if her motive had been to earn independence for herself, relieve her mother of the cost of her maintenance,

and perhaps be able to add a little to her mother's comforts as she grew older, and became less able to bear the burden of poverty. But thoughts such as these never occurred to Laura. Like her brother Dick, her first thought had always been for self. Between her and her brother Dandie there was almost continual war, the lad, who loved his mother fondly, being vexed and almost shocked by his sister's petulance and indifference to the poor lady's comfort; while Laura, after rudely telling him to mind his own concerns and leave her alone, had sent a shaft flying at him one day which had deeply wounded his feelings.

'If you are so much concerned about mother,' she had said, 'why do you not get some situation for yourself, instead of living on here and adding to her expenses?' Nothing could have been more unkind, or, indeed, more unjust, than a question such as this: for Laura knew quite well that Dandie had been doing his very best to get remunerative employment for himself, although he had not yet succeeded. She knew, too, that his distress at his enforced idleness had been so great that he had actually begun to dispense with many things which hitherto had seemed almost necessaries of life to him. He would eat no butter with his bread; he refused even an egg at breakfast, saying, when his mother expostulated with him on the subject, 'No, no, mother; I am strong and healthy. Many men, who have made their mark in the world, have lived in their youth upon little more than bread and water. I shall eat both eggs and butter with a very good appetite, I do assure you, whenever I can earn them for myself, but not till then.' And with this answer his mother was forced to be content.

But not so Winifred. She could not bear to see her favourite brother actually stinting himself of food. It grieved her more than Dandie knew, though brother and sister kept very few secrets from each other. Some things, of course, Winnie could not tell him if she valued his happiness, which she most truly did. She could not tell him how much she regretted that she had no time to attend school, or even to study at home, and how often she felt the responsibility of household matters almost too much for her, while at the same time she could not cast them upon her mother, whose nervous, anxious constitution quite unfitted her for any burden which her loving daughter could keep from her. On that day, however, when Laura had made the unkind and unsisterly attack upon Dandie which has already been recorded, Winnie and her brother had a long conversation, which resulted in drawing them still nearer in affection the one to the other, and making the burdens of life seem less hard to bear. Dandie, while wandering aimlessly about the house and garden, had opened the door of the morning-room, where he found Winifred seated at the table darning the household linen. 'Winnie,' he said, 'it is a lovely morning, and I am sure a long walk would be good for you. Come with me to the Eagle's Cliff; I want to consult you about something very important. Do come, dear Winnie, as a favour to me.'

And Winnie, hearing these words, immediately laid aside her self-imposed task, and in a very few minutes was ready to accompany her brother to the Eagle's Cliff. But Dandie did not seem to be very ready to speak. He walked along in moody silence, which Winifred did not attempt to break, feeling that it would be best to let him say what he had to say in his own time and way.

At last Dandie spoke, and rather abruptly, too.

'Winnie,' he said, 'I hate to see you so overtaxed as you are. Why does Laura not help you with the needlework? She is surely a very selfish girl. And why does she sit so seldom in the room with the rest of us? Why, we scarcely see her except at meals.'

'Laura is studying very hard, Dandie,' replied Winifred, gently. 'She has begun German, and I am sure you must hear her at the piano before seven in the morning; she practises two hours every day. I wish I could do so too,' she added with a sigh; 'but it is quite impossible, I have so much to do. But please do not look so sorrowful, dear, for I have quite made up my mind that, for the present at least, patching and darning, helping in the store-room and kitchen, is my duty; and, Dandie, the thought that I am relieving poor dear mother of these things makes them easy to me. Now that we have only one servant, we could never get along unless I gave her some assistance. Perhaps you do not know,' she added, laughing a little by way of cheering him up, for she saw a cloud upon his brow; 'perhaps you do not know that those delicious puddings which mother likes so much are all made by me? and that veal pie which you condescended to praise, do you suppose that Sally could have made it? No, Mr. Dandie, the artist is beside you,' and she linked her arm affectionately in his. 'Oh, you don't know what a genius you have for a sister!' she added, as he did not answer, but continued to look gloomily out to the ocean, whose turbulent waters seemed as restless as his own heart.

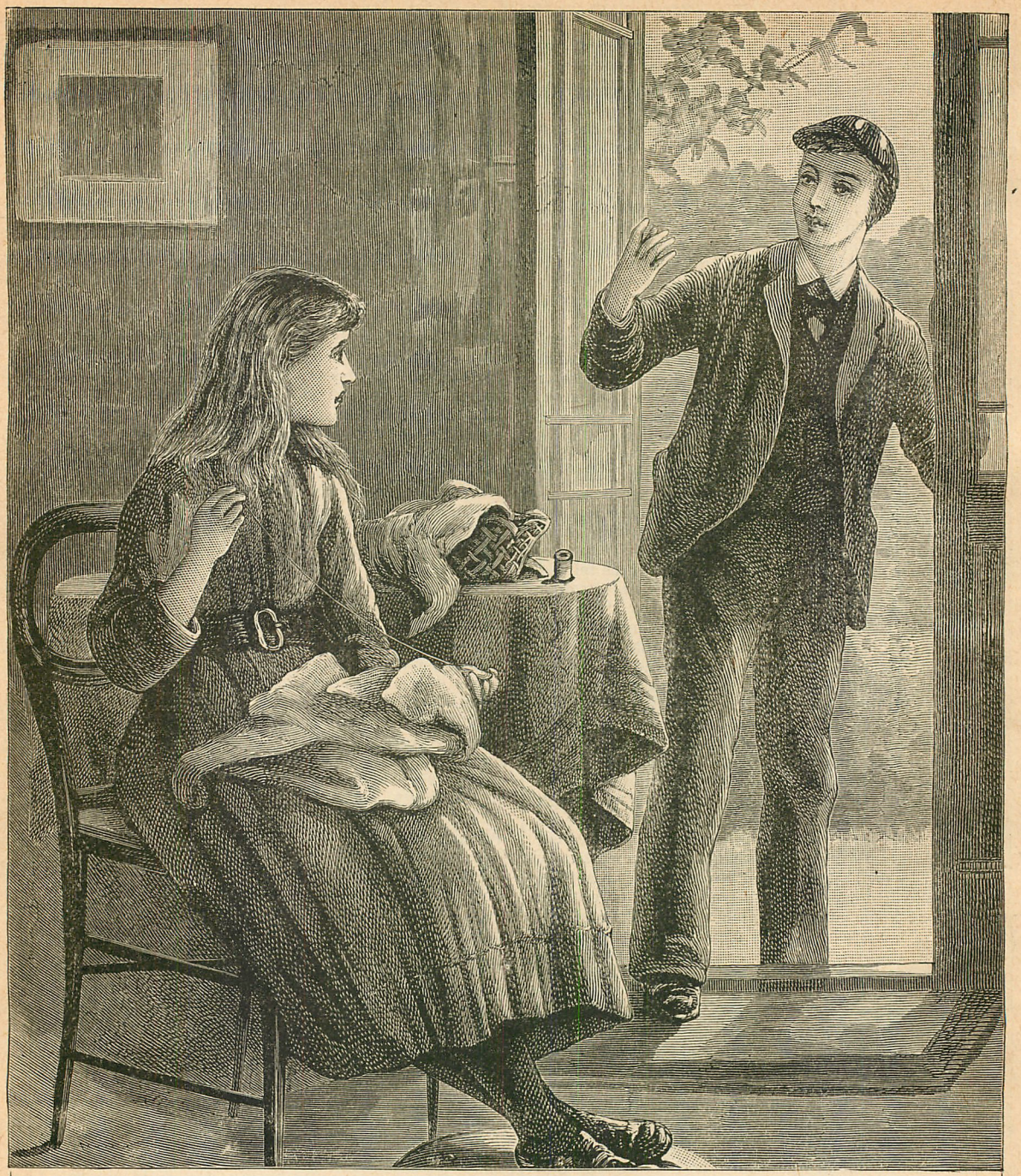
'I don't know whether you are a genius or not, Winnie,' he said at length (and if Winifred had looked very closely in his face she might have seen bright tears in his eyes), 'but I know that I have a very kind, unselfish girl for my sister,' replied Dandie; 'and I know that if it were not for you, Winnie, I think I would ——' Here he paused for a minute or two.

'You would do what?' inquired his sister, with an anxious look in her eyes. 'Don't do anything rash, Dandie dear,' she added. 'Remember poor Dick.'

'Yes, Dick has behaved foolishly enough,' said the lad, bitterly, 'and badly enough too; but at least he is not living idly at home, and eating bread which he has not earned. Winifred, if it were not for you I believe I should enlist as a common soldier.'

But Winifred uttered a cry of dismay. 'Oh, Dandie, brother! and break mother's heart and mine too! But you are not in earnest, you could not be so cruel. Why cannot you have a little patience, dear? Something will certainly turn up for you yet.'

'Winnie, I should not have said what I did,' replied Dandie, 'for in truth I have no thought of enlisting. I will tell you what I mean to do, and I hope you will think my plan is a good one. We have another uncle, Winnie, our father's brother. Don't



Dandie inviting Winnie to take a Walk.

you remember that mother told us so? Well, I mean to write to him and ask him if he will help me to some employment.'

'And why not?' said Winnie, in an encouraging tone of voice. 'I would not have liked you to ask him for money; but even though he was estranged from our father, he will surely not refuse to do some small kindness to his children. Is he a married man, Dandie?'

'I don't remember that mother said anything as to that. But why do you ask, Winifred?'

'Because,' she replied, 'if he has a family of his own to place out in the world he might not be able to do anything for you—his own sons would have to be considered first. But are you going to tell mother about this?'

'No,' said Dandie; 'she might see difficulties, and my mind is quite made up to try my uncle. I have



A Speedy Messenger.

failed in every other application I have made, and something else must be tried, or I shall become quite desperate.'

Winnie pressed his hand. 'Never despair, Dandie. Both you and I should remember the motto, "Trust in God, and do the right." Come home now, and I will help you to compose the letter.'

Oh, what a weight was lifted off Dandie's heart by this loving converse with his sister! how much brighter he felt, and how much more able to begin with vigour his efforts after success in life! And yet Winnie could not know any better than he did what was the best plan for him to pursue. She could not really assist him in any one thing, or advance his prospects in the smallest degree; but he felt that her fullest sympathies were his, he felt that whether his new venture was to be a success or a failure he could equally count upon her affectionate interest and friendship. And do our young readers, whether boys or girls, think that this was a small matter, that it would not signify whether a sister or a brother sympathised with them or not? Then let such young people wait for a few years, till the difficulties of life begin to thicken around them, and they will then discover that nothing (save the consolations of religion) helps us more at such sad times than the thought that one human heart beats truly for us, and can love us equally well whether we sink or swim in the struggle that one way or another comes to every one of us. And if it should happen that this dear sympathiser is one who shared the same nursery with us, and looked up into the same kind mother's face, surely the happiness which we experience in their loving friendship must be all the greater! Assuredly Dandie found it to be so as he sat writing the important letter to his Uncle Charlton, with Winnie looking over his shoulder, and adding now and again her gentle word of advice. And did not the kind sister feel rewarded when she saw how her brother, older and wiser than she was, yet leant upon her for counsel and sympathy? Young girls—you who are so much occupied with your own petty affairs that you have no thought to give to a brother and his troubles—oh, take care lest you thoughtlessly let slip that priceless affection which, if you be able to retain it, may prove the solace of your whole after-life! (*To be continued.*)

A SPEEDY MESSENGER.

'WHAT! back already, James?
You surely must have run,
And running is not good for you
Beneath the burning sun!'

'Yes, master, I did run,
Because the mistress said
That if I made good speed to-day
She'd give me meat and bread!

And I be hungry, sure!
And mistress she be kind,
So, master, do forgive it now,
And puti t from your mind.'

'All right, James; now then, go
And get some wholesome food:
I hope the mistress will be kind,
And give you something good.' B. M.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. I.—THE SOIL OF THE WORLD.

ONE soil differs from another very much, both in colour and in the matters of which it is composed. But all soils are made up of sand, clay, and chalk, in differing quantities of each, together with a few salts, some decaying vegetable matter, and what we call the rust of iron. Sand, which is a mountain of granite ground to powder, is the most abundant, and it is well that it is so, for if it were not freely mixed with the soil, the fine roots of plants could never penetrate. If the soil were all chalk or all clay nothing could grow, and, in like manner, if it were all sand it would be equally unfit for the production of vegetables. It is by a happy blending of the three that fruitful earth is produced. Sand, or as chemists call it 'silica,' is found in plants. It gives the wheat straw its strength, and rushes also, some of which are so full of sand that they will polish metals. From silica, too, glass is chiefly made. Clay is useful in our fields because it retains moisture, and it is very largely used in the potteries.

Chalk is a third main ingredient in the soil of the world. It is lime mixed with carbonic acid. Phosphate of lime is very good for wheat, and sulphate of lime makes clover and such-like grow abundantly. These thrive best in a chalky district. From lime combined with other things we get marble and mortar and cement; but mortar, to harden, requires sand: it would never harden without it.

From these three, then, sand, clay, and chalk, the soils of the world are composed. Some plants live best in a soil where sand abounds. The sea-grasses, which may be seen on the Lincolnshire coast, grow on those old sand-banks where few other plants would be able to pick up a living. Those grasses have very long and widely travelling roots, and have their use in binding together the sands which would otherwise be constantly shifting. As there is not much food in the sandy soil, the plant is wisely furnished with very long roots, which can creep far away to obtain nourishment. The orchids, such as our lady's slipper, love a chalky soil, and may often be found in such localities. As we have said, the clover delights in a chalky soil also, and it will never do well where sulphate of lime (or gypsum) is wanting. Other plants will not flourish without a good supply of salt. A gravelly or sandy soil is warmer than a chalky one, and crops are never so forward on a chalk soil as on one more mixed with sand. Light-coloured earth is warmed much more slowly than that which is of a darker colour. Every plant obtains its food from the soil by means of the tiny mouths which the microscope shows us at the end of each fine rootlet. And before the food can enter this little mouth, it must be dissolved in water and then sucked in. Sand may be dissolved in water if there is a little ammonia in it, and this ammonia is found wherever there is decaying matter. Clay is easily dissolved, as we may see, for a lump of clay makes water muddy directly it is put in. So is lime readily dissolved. It is found in all soils and in every known plant, except one. Iron, too, is present in all water and in all plants. The best soil is one which has enough, yet not too much, decaying matter in it. It must not retain too much moisture, neither must it part with its moisture too easily. Clay gives tenacity, sand diminishes it, and lime is useful to both, making a sandy soil to retain moisture, and a heavy clay soil more easily to be ploughed. The more minutely divided a soil is, the more fertile it will be.

Some soils, we have seen, acquire heat sooner than others. A rich, black soil, full of manure, was raised, in an hour of summer sunshine, from sixty-five to eighty-eight degrees, while a chalk soil was raised up to sixty-nine only in the same time. But the first lost its heat sooner than the other. Therefore crops on a light-coloured soil are backward in the spring, but as they retain their summer warmth longer than those on dark soils, they look green longer in the autumn. Oaks grow well on clay soils, barley on those abounding in sand and chalk, while hops do best where phosphate of lime is plentiful. The health of mankind is affected by the soil. Where it is rich, low, and moist, there we find bowel complaints and ague. Where it is high, cool, and dry, there we find people more liable to rheumatism and fevers. Dwellers on chalk hills never suffer from cholera.

The soil is a great purifier. As water passes through it the putrefying matter is left behind, to be stored up as food for plants. The soil then, be it remembered, is a compound of lime, clay, and sand, and while no plant will grow in pure lime, pure clay, or pure sand, all will grow in them when properly blended together. This mixture must have been made from the beginning, or else no vegetable could ever have flourished on the face of this richly mantled world in which we live. G. S. O.

THE TOY INDUSTRY IN GERMANY.

THE history of the toy industry in Germany reaches back to the middle ages. In the thirteenth century Nuremberg toys were celebrated, and to this day it is the centre of the German production. Berlin and Stuttgart also manufacture large quantities, and, in addition, in the thickly wooded districts, where the people are poor and the agriculture bad, toy-making has become a household industry. Indeed, the industry all over Germany is essentially a domestic one, in which every member of the family takes a part, and it is carried on side by side with the work of the house and the field. The large factories are mainly for special articles, such as transfer pictures, picture-books, metal soldiers, and the like.

MIND YOUR STOPS.

THE following specimens of curious punctuation are given by the *Printers' Register:*—A man who was suddenly taken sick 'hastened home while every means for his recovery were resorted to. In spite of all their efforts, he died in the triumphs of the Christian religion.' 'A man was killed by a railroad car running into Boston, supposed to be deaf.' A man writes: 'We have decided to erect a school-house large enough to accommodate 500 scholars five storeys high.' An old edition of a geography has this:—'Albany has 400 inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street.' On a certain railway the following luminous direction was printed: 'Hereafter, when trains in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be requested to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other.' A steamboat captain, advertising an excursion, says:—'Tickets, twenty-five cents; children half-price to be had at the office.' Over a bridge at Athens, Ga., is the following:—'Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk, shall, if a white man, be fined five dollars, and if a negro receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer.' A newspaper contained this:—'We have two schoolrooms sufficiently large to accommodate 300 pupils one above another.' Another newspaper, describing the doings of a convention at Cleveland, said:—'The procession was very fine and nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain.'

SCRUB.

IT was upon a beautiful autumn day, now many years ago, that several well-mounted men rode gaily across the region which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the cascades. They belonged to the train of the United States Commissioners, and had been assisting at a palaver with the Red men, framing laws and rules which were sure to be broken as soon as a favourable opportunity presented itself. To return to the delights of civilisation was a pleasant prospect, and our travellers were well contented with their position. Besides, the weather was beautiful, they were in the country of friendly Indians, therefore there was nothing to fear, and as abundance of game was to be had, the expedition had more the flavour of a picnic party than of serious business. How pleasant it was to camp down for the night beside a fire of sage-brush, smoke their pipes, and talk over the events of the day or the prospects of the morrow, and then to roll themselves up, each man in his blanket, and enjoy that dreamless repose which falls to those who spend much of their time in the open air.

On one of these occasions they were startled by the sudden appearance of an unexpected visitor. He was an Indian mounted on a shabby-looking horse, and in ragged and scanty garments. None of the party could understand much of his speech, yet he made himself very much at home, and without waiting for an invitation, finished the remains of their supper with the greatest avidity. That the poor creature was half starving was very evident to all.

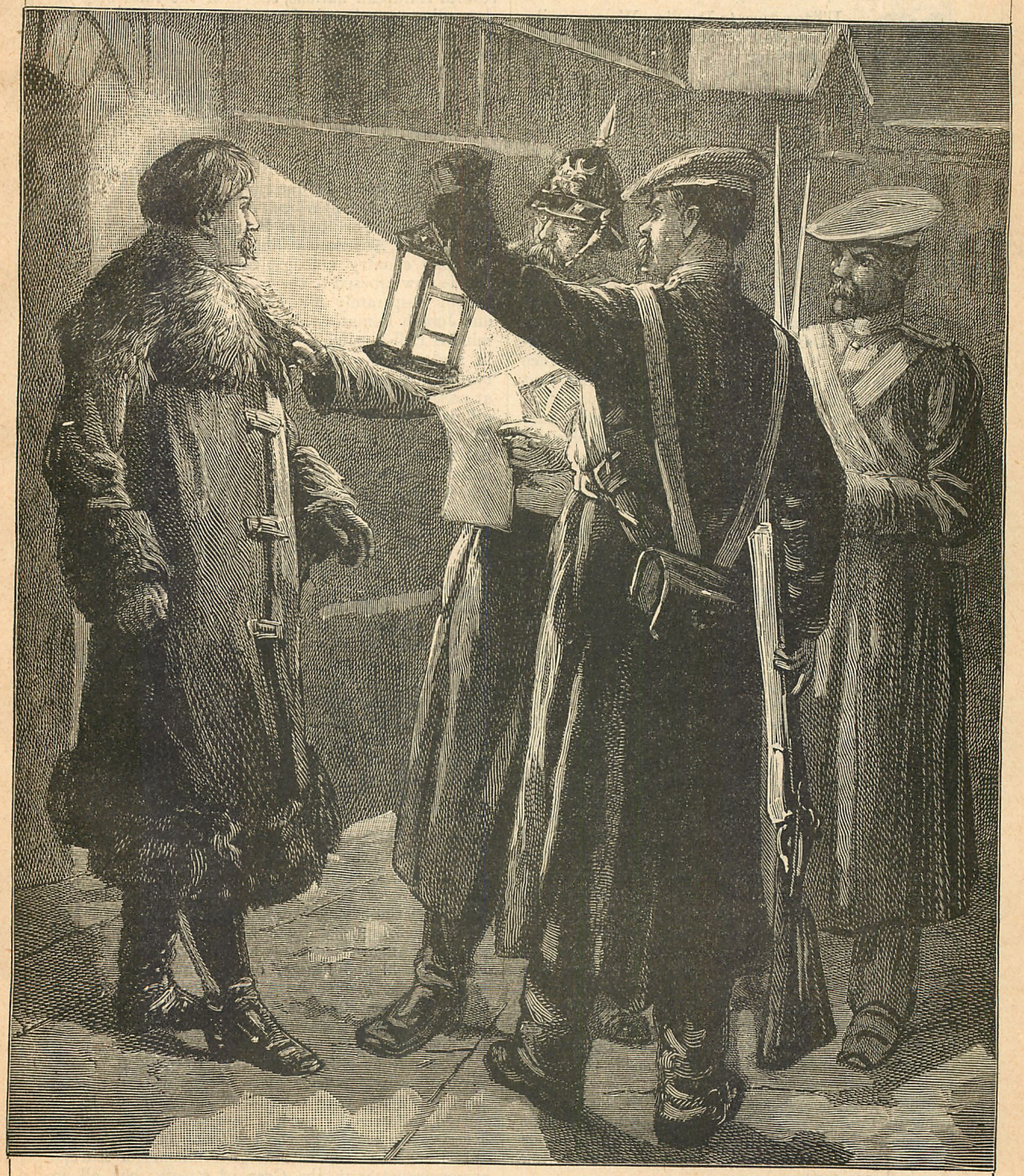
Upon being questioned he said that he had fled from his own tribe, having committed some grave offence; his enemies were upon his track, and seeing the camp-fire of the strangers, he had resolved to put himself under their protection—in short, he intended to remain with them. But this was not at all to their mind; they had no desire to embroil themselves with his tribe, or, indeed, with any of the Red men. They accordingly desired him to be off, but he altogether declined to entertain the idea, and coolly lay down by the fire and was presently fast asleep. Next morning he made himself so useful in catching the horses, and begged so piteously to be allowed to travel with the party, that humanity prevailed, and he was recognised as a member of the party, Scrub being the name by which with one consent he was called, probably from the very ragged and scrubby appearance of his outer man. Ere three days had passed this poor Indian had so ingratiated himself with his protectors that he had received sundry presents—a butcher's knife from one, a shirt from another, and an old blanket from a third. The knife he apparently set a great value on, probably as a weapon of offence against the enemies whom he so much dreaded.

One morning, after travelling about two miles on their way, Scrub suddenly remembered that he had left his precious knife at the camp-fire, and lightening his horse of all superfluous weight, including his blanket, he rode back, declaring that he would overtake the party very soon. Slowly they jogged along, still he never overtook them; they camped down very early that night, but no Scrub ever appeared. Being now seriously uneasy about the poor fellow, they all remounted and rode back under the light of a beautiful moon. As they cantered along a silence seemed to fall over the party, each man, however, looking well to the loading of his revolver, and of the trusty rifle which lay across the saddle-bow. Soon they reached the prairie which they had left in the morning; then they suddenly drew up. Something was stirring among the bushes, apparently coming in their direction. More than one revolver was levelled in that direction ere they discovered that the noise proceeded from Scrub's poor old horse who was grazing about, and who joined himself to the other horses with great apparent pleasure. That some calamity had happened to the poor Indian was now apparent to all, and, indeed, they had not far to go ere they came upon a sorry sight. In a wooded hollow lay the body of poor Scrub, dead and pierced with three Indian arrows. The avengers of blood had been tracking him day after day, but had feared to attack him as long as the white man's rifle was near. Alas! poor Scrub, his butcher's knife has cost him dear! After a few minutes' pause the party of white men silently gathered together stones and brushwood to heap over the dead man; there was no attempt at burial or any more solemnity than pulling the arrows out of his body and straightening the distorted limbs, and there poor Scrub was left.

D. B.



Death of Scrub.



Emile arrested by Russian Soldiers.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from p.* 29.)

BUT to return to Dandie. We can easily imagine how anxiously both brother and sister watched for an answer to the letter which had been sent to Mr. Charlton. But the answer did come at last, and meanwhile we shall take a peep at Uncle Charlton, and find out why he was so unkind as to leave poor Dandie's letter unanswered for three long weeks.

Mr. Frederick Charlton was a bachelor uncle, with no fixed place of residence, though generally to be found at his club in one of West-end streets of London. He was seated there one morning in the merry month of May eating his breakfast and looking over a newspaper, when a servant placed in his hands the letter which had caused so much anxious consideration to Dandie and his sister. Uncle Charlton read it with a perplexed expression of face as he gathered from its perusal the terrible fact that his unknown nephew intended leaning upon him for advice or assistance of some kind to enable him to fight the battle of life. This was not a pleasant idea to him; he was a selfish, careless fellow; here was a boy of seventeen writing to plague and torment him with his trumpery affairs! It really seemed too bad to Mr. Fred Charlton.

He folded up the letter and began to consider matters. 'Well,' said he to himself, 'the young dog at least does not ask for money; just as well, perhaps, as I can scarcely find enough for myself! What a fool my brother was to make such a marriage, or, indeed, to marry at all! Thank heaven I never tied myself to any woman!' Then as a kindlier thought passed through his mind, a thought of the olden time when he and his brother were boys together, he again took up the letter. 'Not badly expressed,' thought he, 'and after all the poor lad only asks for work; but why ask me for it? I never found any employment for myself, but stay!' . . . . Here a bright thought seemed to strike him; he opened his pocket-book, and taking from it another letter written on thin foreign paper, he read it attentively. 'Just the very thing,' said he to himself, 'it will suit my nephew amazingly well; but perhaps I should write to the Count first, and hear all particulars about the situation, before answering the young fellow's letter.'

Well, Uncle Charlton wrote to the Count, and after a few days' delay the Count replied to him.

And now would our young readers like to hear all about it? would they like to know who the Count was, and what connexion there could be between a Polish nobleman and Dandie Charlton? Well, to understand this we must, as the children say, 'begin at the very beginning,' say a few words first about Poland, and then about Count Demetrius Slavonski, the correspondent of Uncle Charlton.

Most young people are familiar with the story of unhappy Poland, which is far too long to be written here, but still a little of it must be told if we are to understand the position of the Poles at the time of which we write.

It will be enough, however, to say that when Poland, once strong and powerful, had become from various causes too weak to hold her own among the several European nations, she took the fatal step of depending upon Russia for assistance. As well might a lamb ask a wolf for help. From this time began her decline and fall. This was about the year 1717, when Peter the Great occupied the throne of Russia. The Czar Peter sent troops to Poland by way of assisting her against her enemies, but he refused to remove these troops again when they were no longer wanted. By his scheming also the Polish army was greatly reduced, and the country further weakened by internal dissensions. Things went on from bad to worse till 1772, when what was called the first partition of Poland took place, Russia, Prussia, and Austria dividing a large portion of the unhappy country amongst themselves. The Polish people now aroused to a sense of their terrible position fought desperately for freedom under 'Kosciusko' and Joseph Poniatowski, the two great and noble-minded Polish patriots whose names should be held in reverence by all who value freedom. Of these two men we shall have something to say further on, at present it is enough to tell that their efforts were all in vain. A second partition of that unhappy country took place (1793), when Russia and Prussia again wrenched away large portions of the country, and two years later a third and last partition took place, the Poles being left without a country, and forced to submit to the iron rule of those who had conquered them. But they did not submit quietly; who could expect it of them? From time to time they rose in rebellion, especially those of them who were under the thraldom of Russia, but never being strong enough to hold their own these rebellions only brought down sorer suffering upon themselves. They were massacred by the Russian troops, often in cold blood, while many of them who were merely suspected of favouring revolution were torn away from their homes and families, and sent to linger out their lives in the frozen wilds of Siberia. Early in the present century the hopes of the Polish people were greatly revived by the successes of the French against Russia, and Napoleon having proposed to reconstitute their country (1800), a Polish army joined the French and did good service against Russia in many a hardly contested battle; but Napoleon, instead of keeping his promise to the Poles (which, perhaps, he was not able to do), handed them over to their enemies by the treaty of Tilsit, 1807. Notwithstanding all this, when the French Emperor invaded Russia (1812), he was accompanied by a large army of Poles, and among the many thousands of poor soldiers who perished of cold and hunger during the disastrous retreat of the French were many brave and gallant Poles, who, perhaps, were happier dying thus than living as unwilling slaves to Russia in a land which had once been their own.

It would be a long task even to name the many revolutions which took place after this. We must pass on to the year 1862, when a fresh revolt occurred, followed by terrible reprisals on the part of Russia. So cruel was the treatment of the Poles at this time, that the various governments of Europe remonstrated with the Czar of Russia, but all in

vain. Tumult and murder was everywhere; the wealthier Poles were ruined by fires and confiscations of their property, and of some villages the whole population was put to the sword. It was, indeed, a reign of terror; but at length the exhausted Poles could do no more; the Czar succeeded in trampling out the last embers of insurrection. Men, women, and even children, were executed in great numbers, while crowds were transported to Siberia. After this tranquility reigned, but it was the tranquility of the desert. During this sad period, Count Demetrius Slavonski, the correspondent of Uncle Charlton, was living quietly upon his own estates with the Countess and his only son—a very fine and promising young man. On account of advancing years and infirmities the old Count had taken no part in the insurrection of his countrymen, though his sympathies had been with them, and he had secretly aided them with money to the extent of his power. But though the old man had remained quietly at home during all these troubles, his son, Count Emile, had not done so. Burning with indignation at the tyranny of Russia and the sufferings of his countrymen, the young man had so compromised himself, that he was seized by the Russians, and, by way of punishment, had been forced into the ranks of the army, and sent to serve as a private in the Caucasus with the regiment of Astrachan. For twenty miserable months he had been there, enduring the utmost misery that a cruel despotism could inflict upon him. But it is not with the young Count that we have to do just now; we shall narrate his sufferings afterwards, and his marvellous escape from the hands of his enemies. At present we must return to the old, sombre, gloomy mansion-house, near Warsaw, where Count Demetrius lived, with the beautiful and stately lady his wife, who, under a quiet and composed manner, concealed a brave and resolute heart, which, alas! was almost broken by the sad fate of her only son.

During his young days, Count Demetrius had spent twelve happy months in England—the land of the free—and had been greatly impressed with all that he had seen there: the cheerful bearing especially of the people, so unlike the down-trodden looks of his unhappy countrymen. During this happy visit to England he had made the acquaintance of Uncle Charlton, and though the two men were singularly unlike in character, they met often, and became mutually attached to each other, so much so, that when the Count returned to Poland, many letters passed between him and his English friend, who, on his part (selfish as we have seen him to be), retained a warm regard for the Polish Count who had visited him in London many years before. After the sad banishment of his only son Emile to the Caucasus, Count Demetrius had fallen into a condition of profound melancholy, from which no one seemed able to rouse him; he wandered aimlessly about the gloomy, neglected gardens and shrubberies which surrounded his mansion, thinking always of the dear absent son who had been as the very light of his eyes when he had lived in his ancestral home with the father and mother who loved him so well.

At length, unable any longer to bear the quiet and desolation of his home, the Count fell upon a somewhat strange plan to create an interest in life for himself; he resolved to take into his family some young man—English if possible—of good birth and education, who could assist him with his books, act as secretary, and read aloud in the evening. All this would help to pass away the time which often hung heavily on the old Count's hands. The more he thought of this the brighter seemed the idea, till at length, with the full concurrence of the Countess, who rejoiced to see her husband taking a cheerful view of anything, a letter was written to Mr. Charlton, asking him to look out for some youth who would be contented to live in the gloomy seclusion of the Count's country house, where he would be well treated and receive a moderate salary; he would also get plenty of fishing and shooting. 'Indeed,' added the poor Count, in his letter to Mr. Charlton, 'I shall feel so glad to see a young face once more beneath my roof, that I shall treat the young man, whoever he may be, quite as well as if he were my own son.'

When Uncle Charlton received this letter from his old friend it rather worried him; he knew no young man whom he could venture to send to Poland, it was a commission quite out of his line; but when the Count's letter was followed in a few days by the earnest appeal from poor Dandie, then Uncle Charlton began to see his way. He would offer the post to his nephew. If he accepted it, as he surely would be glad to do, then the lad was provided for! while at the same time he knew that the Count would be more than pleased to receive into his family the nephew of his old English friend. And now our readers will clearly see the bright prospects which were opening up for Dandie; perhaps we should not exactly call them very bright, for he could not be the Count's secretary for ever, and what was this temporary engagement to lead to? But at all events, it was a provision for the present, it offered an amusing and interesting variety in his young life; and what lad would not hail with pleasure the prospect of easy occupation, kind treatment, and leisure for fishing and shooting in a new and interesting country? Certainly these things were not without their charms for our young hero, and it was with a heart beating high with pleasurable expectation, that, after receiving the long-expected letter from Uncle Charlton, he went to lay it before his mother and Winnie, who, though deeply distressed at the idea of parting with him for such an unknown world as Poland seemed to be, yet could not in their present straitened circumstances advise him to remain at home.

'But oh, dear Dandie!' said the loving Winnie, when she thoroughly realised that she must let her brother go, 'do not run into any danger, remember it is a disturbed country, give no offence to any one, and do write often, for how much we shall miss you I can never tell, especially now when so much uncertainty hangs over poor Dick, dear boy! Shall we ever hear of him again?'

Yes, dear, kind Winnie, you shall hear of the thoughtless prodigal again, though not for a long time yet. Meanwhile our readers must be taken into our confidence, and told what had become of Dandie's twin brother.

(*Continued at page* 42.)



DUTY AND INCLINATION.

'STAY at home,' said Inclination,
'Let the errand wait.'
'Go at once,' said Duty, sternly,
'Or you'll be too late.'

'But it snows,' said Inclination,
'And the wind is keen.'
'Never mind all that,' said Duty,
'Go and brave it, Jean.'

Jean stepped out into the garden,
Looked up at the sky;
Clouded, shrouded, dreary, sunless,
Snow unceasingly.

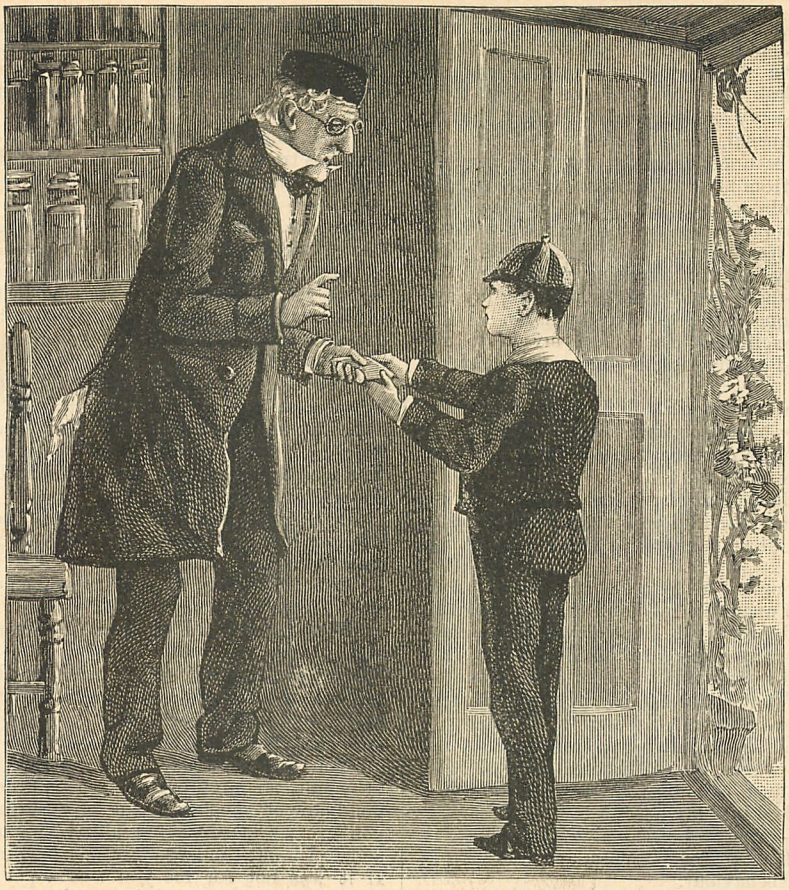
'Stay,' again said Inclination.
'Go,' said Duty, 'go.'
Forth went Jean with no more waiting,
Forth into the snow.

You will smile if now I tell you
That this quiet strife,
Duty conquering Inclination,
Strengthened all her life.

Sometimes on a little skirmish
Hangs a nation's fate.
Very much hung on that skirmish
At the garden-gate.

CORAL AND SPONGES.

THE gathering of coral and sponges is an important industry on the Florida reefs. Both are frequently found in the same locality. The sponges are found wherever the bottom is rocky, generally from ten to thirty feet beneath the surface. Two or three dozen schooners are now engaged in the work of gathering the sponges, each schooner carrying two small boats, manned by a crew of two. When the reef is reached the small boats put off, and while one sculls the other keeps a look-out for sponges. A simple contrivance enables the watchman to see sponges on the reef twenty feet or more under the water. On the side of the small boat a long barrel sort of arrangement is built, the lower end of which is under the water, and closed up by a glass head. By placing his head in this barrel the watchman can see through the clear water to the bottom of the sea with remarkable distinctness. When a good sponge is detected it is brought up with an iron hook on a long pole.



Harry in the Surgery.

HOW JENKINS WAS 'SCORED OFF.'

By M. Russell Day, Author of 'A Schoolboy's Ambition,' 'Dulce Domum.'

JENKINS was the fattest, laziest, greediest boy in the whole school. He was a great lumbering fellow of about fifteen, with pasty, puffy cheeks like half baked dumplings, a wide, thick-lipped mouth, little, deep-set, pig-like eyes, and large ears standing out on each side of his head.

He never looked quite awake, and yet he was cunning as a fox. His sleepy appearance suited his purpose well, for, till one knew him and his sly ways from experience, one never thought of suspecting such an apparently stupid, spiritless creature.

He had one peculiarly strong feature in his character. No one, after a few days' acquaintance with him, could fail to observe it. He was a glutton. If such a transaction had been possible, I am sure he would willingly have sold the very clothes off his back to procure some dainty morsel. To my certain knowledge he pawned his watch and chain, and some gold shirt studs (he dared not sell them), and with the money thus gained he supplied himself with a huge pork pie daily for a long time. And it was not quality only that he loved, it was quantity. He would stuff and stuff and gorge himself until it seemed as if he must burst if he ate another mouthful. It would have been all very well if he had been content with consuming what was his own legal property, but this was far from being the case. He pilfered right and left. Nothing that commended itself to his taste was safe from him. And yet, so cunning was the rogue, nobody had ever been able to catch him in the act.

On my thirteenth birthday, I was presented by my mother with a large box of chocolate cream drops of the finest quality. I was exceedingly partial to these sweetmeats. So also was Jenkins. In an unfortunate fit of generosity I gave him a few, and the flavour of the delicate morsels must have been like the taste of blood to a tiger.

I kept the box in my desk, and refreshed myself with them by stealth during school hours. The day after they came into my possession, Jenkins was kept in during the 'break' in the middle of the morning, when all the rest went out into the playground.

Next day he was again kept in during the 'break.'

On the third day it occurred to me that my chocolates had disappeared with astonishing rapidity. I was convinced some other hand than mine had been at them.

'Jenkins,' I mentally observed, and resolved to watch him closely.

On the fourth day, at eleven o'clock, it was as I had expected, Jenkins was all behindhand in his work, received a reprimand, and was ordered to remain at his desk while we went out to play. I looked at him keenly as I passed, but his face told no tales; it was, as usual, dull and sleepy.

After he had been left alone for about ten minutes, I walked away from my companions and stole quietly under the schoolroom window. The window was high, and the lower panes frosted, but a few little patches of the frosting had been rubbed off from time to time by boys of inquiring minds, and by standing on tip-toe I could manage to bring my eye on a level with one of these small peep holes.

In no small excitement I stretched myself to my full height, stood on my toes, and craned my neck up to the window.

One glance was enough. I dropped down instantly, with my breath coming thick and fast, and my heart beating in my breast like a sledge-hammer. I had caught the thief.

That hasty glance had shown me Jenkins leaning over my desk, the raised lid on his head, and popping my sweets into his wide mouth as fast as a horse can gallop.

'Revenge!' I muttered, fiercely. 'Revenge!' And I longed to rush upon him then and there, and thrash him till he yelled for mercy! But that was far too common a mode of vengeance; Jenkins deserved worse; Jenkins should have a punishment specially invented for himself! What could I devise that should be a terrible, never-to-be-forgotten lesson to the thief?

I brooded on the subject for the remainder of the morning, and when the afternoon came I still brooded. And just before my class was dismissed a bright idea flashed into my head.

'The—very—thing!' I cried aloud, bringing my hand down with a bang on my desk, and was sharply reproved for misbehaviour.

The moment we were let out I rushed home, bearing with me my box of chocolates.

My father was a doctor, and adjoining his house was his surgery, where the dispenser sat all day making up prescriptions. I dashed into the surgery hot and panting. It was a long, low room paved with red bricks, the only furniture being a table and chair at the far end under the window. The walls all round from floor to ceiling were lined with shelves containing bottles of drugs. The dispenser sat at the table, his scales before him, weighing out different powders. I clattered over the bricks and up to his side, and said breathlessly, 'Oh, Mr. Dobson, can you give me a strong emetic?'

'Oh, dear!' he cried, starting up and staring at me wildly over his spectacles. 'You want an emetic, Master Harry! Oh, whatever for? What poison have you been meddling with? Tell me quick. Your poor father! Speak at once or it may be too late—some poisons work so quick! What was it, Master Harry? prussic acid—or——'

I put my hands over my face and sank against the shelf, shaking with suppressed laughter.

'Oh, my dear boy, I implore you not to give way like that!' the good old man cried piteously. 'It will be all right. Just tell me what poison it was, for until I know that, I cannot give you a counteractant.'

'I—I am not poisoned!' I managed at last to gasp out. 'Calm your fears. The emetic is not for myself.'

'Ah, how glad I am!' the man cried fervently, and with almost a sob of relief. 'How you did frighten me!'

'Well, now to business. I want to play a little harmless trick on some one, and I shall be glad if you will provide me with a powerful emetic, one that will make a fellow as sick as a dog; and I should prefer one that would cause frightful griping pains. Come, look sharp. I want it in a powder.'

'No, no,' Dobson said, shaking his head very solemnly, 'I could not give you such a thing. Wait till your father comes home and ask him.' This was an unexpected check, but I was determined not to be baffled.

'You are such a capital fellow,' I said, pleasantly; 'always so ready to do one a good turn. Just oblige me in this, and I shall be eternally grateful. There, I know you will, I see your eye relenting. You would never refuse me such a little favour, you are much too good natured!'

He laughed, but still shook his head decidedly. 'Master Harry, I dare not. It is as much as my place is worth.'

'Rubbish! Nobody shall ever know you gave it me. Come, now.'

'No, no. Ask me no more, for I cannot give you such a thing.'

My heart began to faint, but I resolved to make one strong final effort before retreating from the field. I cudgelled my brains desperately to find an argument that would have weight with him.

'You might as well do it,' I said, pathetically. 'I would do anything for you; I do more than you know of as it is. Think of the turkey we send you every Christmas! I always go and choose it, and I pick out the largest, fattest bird in the market! If it was not for me you would get such a poor, skinny little thing. Christmas is very nearly here, only a few weeks to it. Now, do give me what I want. One good turn deserves another.'

This must have been a stroke of genius, for it hit the nail right on the head. Dobson stepped to the other end of the room, and returned with a bottle in his hand.

'Master Harry, how your tongue does get over an old body!' he said, smiling. 'I suppose I must humour you for just this once. But you must never let out that I did it.'

'All right,' I said, cheerfully, as I watched him measuring and mixing different powders. 'I promise you shall never be suspected. Thanks; you are a brick! And is this strong?'

'Strong? I should rather think so. I am sorry for whoever takes it. I would not myself for a good deal.'

'Capital!' I cried. 'You can warrant it to make a man as sick as a dog?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'and terrible griping pains. Oh, Master Harry! I——'

But I was out of the surgery before he could finish his sentence. I flew up to my bedroom holding the little packet tightly as if it contained a priceless jewel. I lighted the gas, locked the door, swept my table clear of books and papers, placed my packet and my box of sweets upon it, and sat down before

them. Next I took my knife from my pocket, opened the finest, sharpest blade, and proceeded to neatly cut off the heads of the remainder of my chocolate cream drops. I then untied the small paper parcel and sniffed its contents. No smell. I was thankful for that.

Next I scooped out about a third part of the soft, white cream from each drop, and filled up the hollows with my powder. This done, I carefully fitted on the heads again.

It was a lengthy business, but it was finished at last, and I flattered myself it was done skilfully enough to escape detection.

Next day I fell in with Jenkins as I was on my way to school. I addressed him.

'Hullo, Jenkins! how are you? You do not look over well. There is a great deal of illness in the town this winter. My father is out on his rounds all day long, and called up nearly every night. This fever that is going about is dreadful; people dying by the dozen; truth, I assure you! They are taken ill so unexpectedly too; turn sick all of a sudden!'

'Poor things,' Jenkins said, sleepily, 'if they feel sick they can't eat. That is very bad. I hope I shall not get the fever, and Christmas so close.'

'I hope not, indeed,' I answered, earnestly. 'You do not feel ill?'

'Oh, no, not at all!'

It was with the greatest difficulty I could fix my attention on any task that morning, and I was very nearly kept in. I only just averted this calamity.

My fear was lest Jenkins should have grown tired of his plan of remaining in the schoolroom; but I need not have troubled myself on that head. We all went out, and he sat stolidly in his place scratching away at an exercise.

After a few minutes I crept under the window as I had done before, raised myself on tip-toe and looked in. There he was, gobbling. He was throwing the drops down his throat, and swallowing them as though they were pills.

'Revenge is sweet,' thought I. 'Oh, wretched Jenkins!'

I had not long to wait. We all went back into the schoolroom and settled ourselves to work, and I kept my eye on Jenkins.

Presently I saw his face change from its usual pale tint to one more sickly, and he opened his mouth and breathed heavily. Then he suddenly dropped the pen he was using, let it roll down his exercise, clapped his hand to his head, and uttered a faint groan. The next instant he laid his head down on his desk, and I saw that his face had turned to a ghastly green colour. He groaned heavily.

Every one's attention was now attracted, and he was soon surrounded by a crowd of boys and masters.

'Oh, I am so deadly sick!' he moaned. 'I am going to die, I know I am!'

'No, no,' said one of the masters. 'Come out into the air;' and he put his arm round him to raise him up; 'you will be better in the air.'

But Jenkins, instead of getting up, uttered a great cry, and fell down on the ground, writhing and twisting his body, and dashing himself about as if he were in a fit.

I was frightened.

'Oh, the pain!' he shrieked. 'I am in agonies! Fetch a doctor, some one, can't you? and don't all stand staring there. I shall die before help can be brought!'

'Are you in much pain?' I asked, quaking.

'Dreadful, terrible!' he panted. 'I am being torn in pieces by wild beasts!'

Everybody was very frightened. Jenkins was borne from the room screaming and struggling, and the reports of his condition were anything but reassuring. A doctor came (not my father) and said the symptoms were most alarming. Such extreme nausea accompanied by sharp, griping pains indicated something seriously wrong with the system; he was afraid his patient was going to be very ill. He must be taken home in a cab and put to bed immediately.

I saw him again as they carried him out at the door; he looked all limp and powerless, and his face was deathly white.

'Good-bye, Jenkins,' I said; 'I may never——'

'Be quiet!' said the doctor, sharply. 'He is utterly exhausted, as it is.'

'I am dying,' Jenkins said, feebly; 'I have taken the fever you spoke of this morning. You said it began with sudden sickness, and that was how it was with me. It came over me all at once, and I knew what was the matter with me.'

'If you want to ease your conscience by confessing anything, you can send for me,' I said. 'Good-bye.'

For a moment a gleam of alarm shone in his little eyes, but he did not speak. He was lifted into the cab and driven off.

Two days later found Jenkins in his usual place, as well as ever!

'A word with you, Jenkins,' I said. 'That was a curious attack you had. Pray, how did the doctor account for it?'

'My dear fellow, it is an utter mystery,' he replied, with great interest. 'The doctor confessed he was quite at a loss to explain it. It really was most extraordinary, an unheard-of case! I thought my end had come. But it passed off, and here I am as you see, none the worse for it!'

'Ha! had you been eating anything that could have disagreed with you, just before you were seized?'

'Nothing. I may have eaten a few lollipops just before, but they could not have hurt me.'

'Don't be too sure of that. It depends on where the lollipops came from. Were they your own, or some one else's? Stolen goods, you know, are apt to bring trouble. Ah! what is the matter?'

He was wide awake for once, his eyes staring, his face scarlet.

'What do you mean?' he shouted. 'You brute, it was you, then, who——'

'Certainly,' I answered, coolly. 'Every one has a perfect right to do what he likes with his own property.'

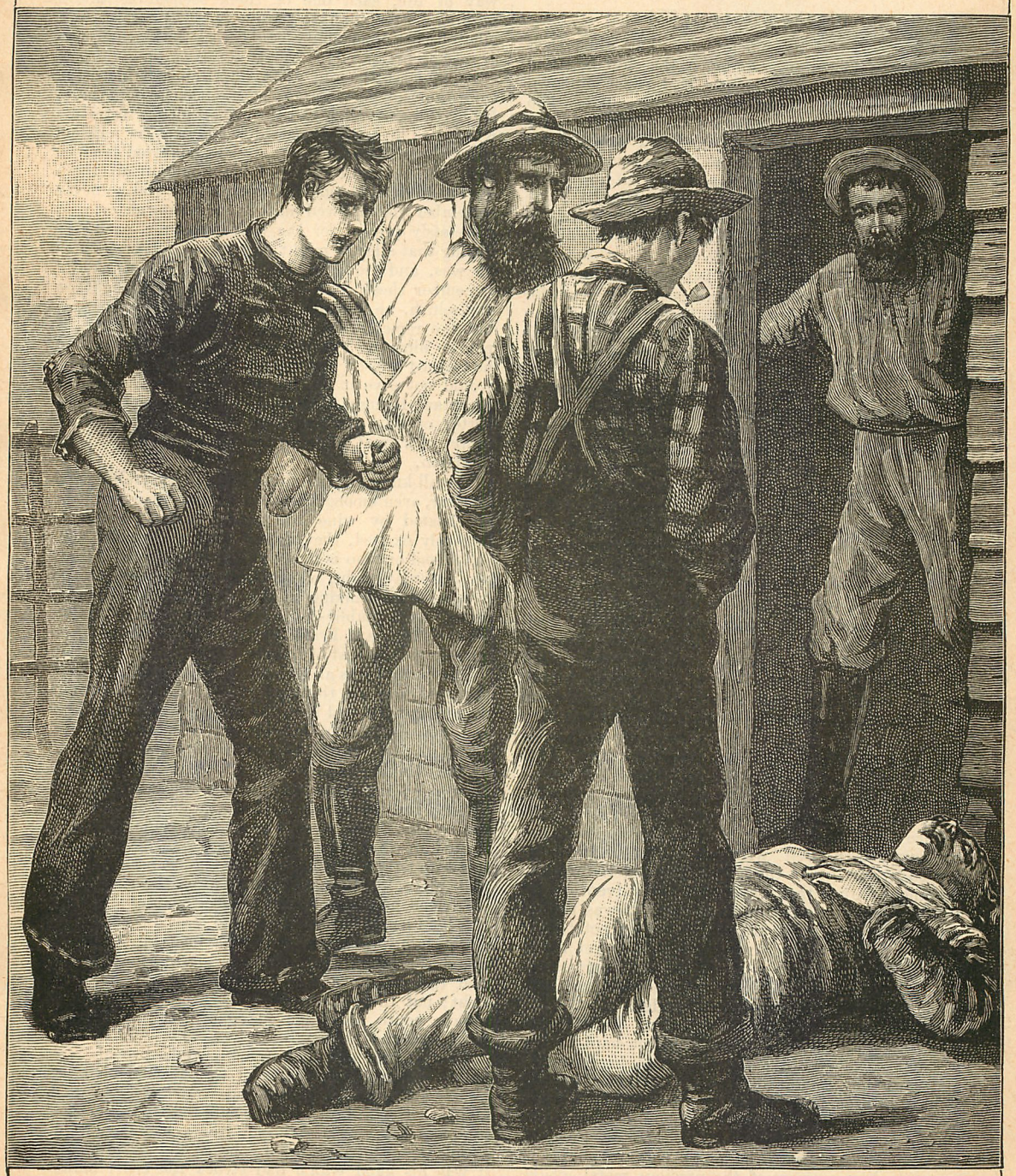
He was now purple, and nearly choking with passion.

'You—you shall pay dearly for this!' he said, hoarsely.

But from that day to this I have heard no more of the matter, and Jenkins was never after known to supply his wants from the stores of his schoolfellows.



Jenkins overlooked.



"Dick knocked his assailant down."

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 35.)

IT will be remembered that when Dick Charlton abandoned the ship *Shooting Star* at Melbourne, he was accompanied in his flight by three messmates, who also had made up their minds to try their fortune on land and in a strange country, being all of a roving disposition and sick of a seafaring life, with its hard work, and poor pay. Two of these young men were brothers named William and Samuel Turton; but what had attracted Dick to such companions it would be hard to say, for they were both very rough and ignorant lads; but his fancy for the third young seaman is more easily explained, for Frank Devon was a quiet lad, better educated than the others, and therefore more of a companion. He had also been very helpful to Dick, whose arm had been broken at an early period of the voyage, a misfortune which the captain and mate had resented by unlimited bad language and hard blows.

Such were the four young men, who, having abandoned their ship, were now hanging about Melbourne, without any money or any certain employment. Finding that this state of matters could not last long, Dick and his companions resolved to travel on foot towards the Kajunga diggings, which at this time were beginning to attract attention, trusting to chance to supply them with food and the necessary outfit of diggers for the precious metal. And they were more fortunate than they deserved to be, for having reached a bush station whose owner had been deserted by most of his men during the first days of harvest, they found ample and well-paid employment for nearly three weeks; indeed the settler, highly pleased with Dick and Frank Devon, would fain have engaged these two to remain with him had they been willing to do so, but the fever of restlessness was upon them both, and they would not stay. Had poor Dick accepted this offer and begun an honest and industrious life, all might yet have been well with him; but thoughtless and perverse as ever he put the chance away from him, and with the wages earned he supplied himself with an outfit, and accompanied by the other three lads pursued the road to Kajunga. Upon their experience and adventures at the diggings we do not mean to enter, it was that of many other men, who, arriving in full expectation of making a fortune in a very short time, yet found themselves after a month or two as penniless as when they first stepped upon the gold-field, and with many another bitter experience besides.

It was a life of great excitement and feverish exhaustion, and such a life men find it hard to live without some stimulus for their flagging energies, and this they sought in drink. Therefore as soon as half-a-dozen men had settled themselves down in any particular locality, immediately a grog-shop was started by some one, who left others to dig the gold, being well aware that if he kept a plentiful supply of tempting liquors, most of the precious metal would, sooner or later, flow into his till. And so it was; for the recklessness of the poor gold-diggers was almost beyond belief; instead of saving up what they obtained so as to enable them to start in some better way of life, each one of them seemed to desire nothing better than to throw it away again, and what better opportunity could they have than the grog-shop presented?

So at least thought Dick Charlton and his three companions, who were very constant customers there, for by this time Dick had thrown off all the restraints which had hitherto bound him, and was as reckless of consequences as any of his less educated friends. And did he never think of his home in all these terrible months of riot and dissipation? did he never remember his widowed mother and young sister, who ceaselessly prayed for the poor wanderer, each day hoping that a letter might come to tell them where he was, and how he was living? Yes, Dick did remember these dear ones, for, though thoughtless and selfish, he was not entirely bad—few men are; but the remembrance of his home was a constant pain to him; he felt how sadly he had fallen, and he loathed himself for the life he was leading, yet he would not give it up, he put away from him the repentant thought, and plunged yet deeper into the vortex of sin. At length an event took place which exercised a great influence over the future life of Dick Charlton.

We all know that drinking leads to quarrelling and fighting, even among friends, for when men and lads are heated by wine or spirits, when passion is furiously excited, they do not wait to consider who is a friend or who is a foe, and so it came about that one Saturday night, when Dick and his companions were as usual drinking in the wooden shanty which served as a public-house, a fierce quarrel arose between Dick and Frank Devon, who in their sober hours were the best of friends.

The quarrel was about such a trifling matter that the next day on thinking it over Dick could not remember what had been the difficulty between him and his companion, but it had been attended by awful results. In the heat of dispute and maddened by the drink he had swallowed, Frank had struck a blow at his friend, an insult which Dick had resented by knocking his assailant down, amid the cheers of the revellers who were seated beside them, and who started up that they might form a ring for a regular stand-up fight. But happily the stand-up fight never took place, for Frank Devon, who by the blow from his friend had been hurled amid a heap of old iron, still lay upon the ground, pale and insensible. Immediately all the others, on perceiving this, gathered round the fallen man, endeavouring to rouse him, so that they might not be defrauded of the expected fight; but their every effort was in vain, the unfortunate youth never moved again, his neck having been broken by the fall.

That awful night Dick Charlton retired to his tent feeling as though the curse of Cain was upon him; he had slain his friend, the lad who had been kind and attentive to him when he suffered from a broken limb and the taunts and blows of a brutal captain. Frank Devon was dead and gone to his account, and it was his hand which had struck the cruel blow! What did it matter to Dick Charlton that his reck-

less companions all assured him that no blame could possibly attach to him in the matter, he had only done what most men would do, given blow for blow? The death was an unfortunate accident, nothing more; he was certainly not to blame, especially as he had not been the aggressor, poor Frank having struck the first blow.

This was all very true, and doubtless even in an English Court of Justice such a case could never be considered as a murder; but do our young readers suppose that such thoughts could clear Dick Charlton's conscience from the horrible weight of guilt? No! as he lay that night in his tent, his heart bounding as though it would burst from his bosom, his temples throbbing, and his whole heart filled with the anguish of remorse, poor Dick might have been a warning to other thoughtless lads and men. For would this miserable death have taken place if Dick had been sober? No; he well knew that drink had been the cause of the fatal blow, and oh, how he now loathed the very idea of it! yet had there been any spirits beside him at this moment he would certainly have drunk all that he could lay his hands on in order to drown the horrible pangs of remorse. Such slaves to the demon of drink can men become.

This terrible affair, and the consequent anguish of mind endured by Dick Charlton, brought on a terrible illness, during which time he was roughly nursed by the storekeeper, who threw down a bundle of wood shavings in a corner as a bed for him, and gave him a can of tea morning and evening, leaving him in other respects to struggle back to life as he best could. And poor Dick, being young and strong, did struggle back to life after a few weeks, and sat, thin and shivering, by the camp fire, with bloodshot eyes, and a heart as heavy as lead. Ah! could his mother and Winnie have seen their poor prodigal then!

It was a dismal and depressing story that the storekeeper had to tell him on his recovery from the fever which had prostrated him. There had been a change of luck, so he said. The greater part of the gold seemed to have been worked out, and many of the men had gone away to try some other diggings. One of his two remaining shipmates, Samuel Turton, had been drowned in attempting to cross the creek during a freshet on the river, while his brother, William Turton, had gone off with the others, leaving all his debts unpaid, and without so much as asking how Dick was getting on, or if he was likely to recover or die. 'More fools they to leave,' continued the storekeeper, grumbling. 'There's plenty of gold here yet, as time will show. Meanwhile, I'll not move a step myself, as long as customers come to my bar.'

It is sometimes said that wicked men are at least kind to each other. Well, so far, perhaps, as long as it suits, but it is a friendship scarcely to be relied on, as poor Dick Charlton felt while sitting in the storekeeper's shanty, penniless, weak, and forsaken, and, worse than all, with a conscience which goaded him with his evil doings till he almost wished he was dead. All his gold had been seized by the storekeeper, who declared that he had been put to great expense by Dick's unfortunate illness.

'Indeed, you owe me more than your gold is worth,' continued the man, whose naturally hard disposition had not been improved by his occupation; 'but as you are cleaned out, and not quite up to the mark yet, you may stay here a day or two longer; but next week you must tramp, well or ill, mind that.'

'Tramp!' echoed poor Dick, bitterly. 'Where to, I wonder?'

'To the devil, if you like,' said the man indifferently; 'it is all one to me; but out of my place you must go.'

That night Dick Charlton lay in his miserable bed pondering over the bitter past. Oh, how bitter it was! he could scarcely bear to think of it, scarcely bear to think of his mother and Winnie, whose sad and reproachful faces seemed to haunt his pillow. And yet he knew that even with all his follies and his sins known to them he would be received with open arms if he could only make up his mind to return. But that was what he could not do. He could not go home, penniless and in rags, to live upon his widowed mother. No, he must redeem the past first if ever he was to see those dear ones again. But would he have fortitude and energy enough to redeem the past? would it not be almost better, at least easier, to carry on in future as he had been doing in the past, live a reckless life, swear, fight, and drown his conscience in drink? Which was it to be?

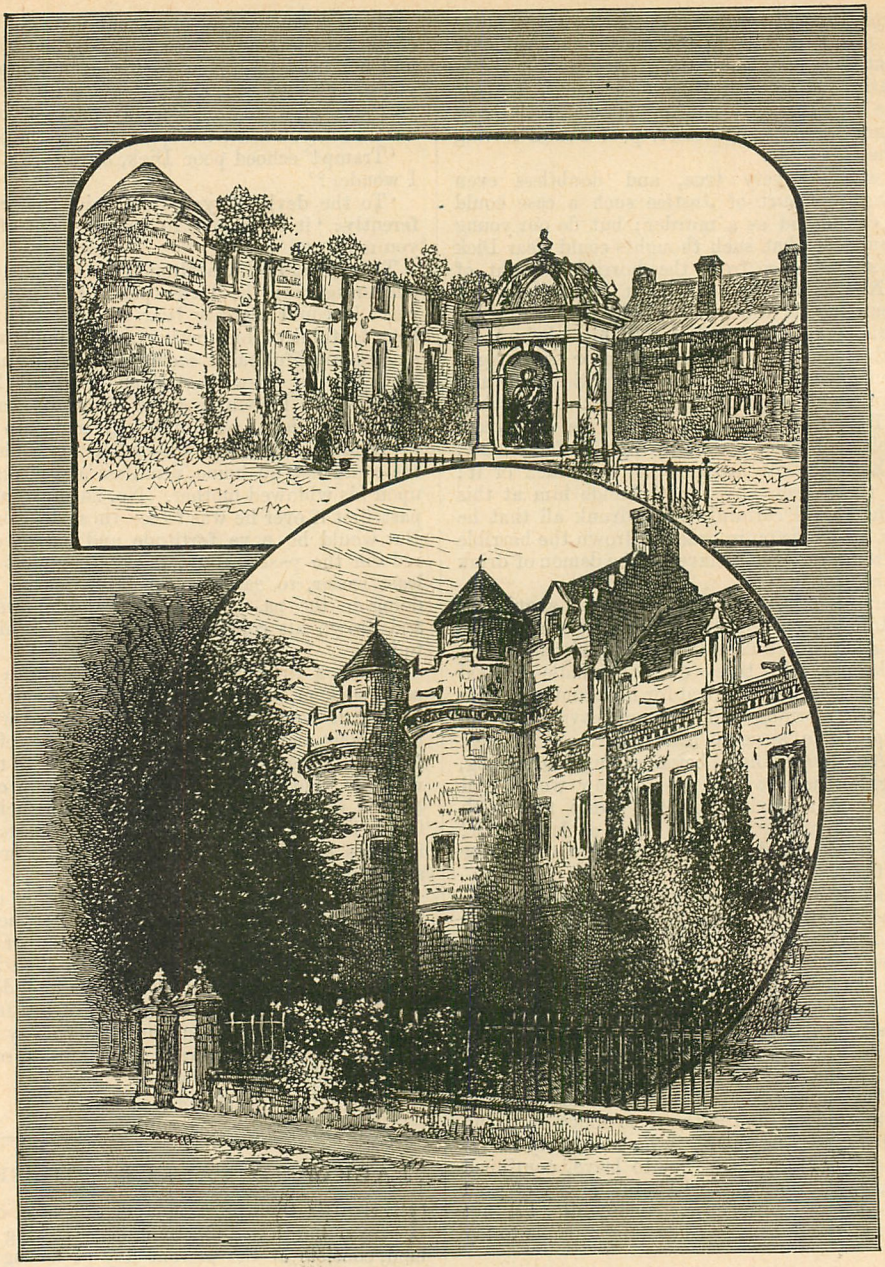
It was a turning-point in Dick's life, a turning-point such as we all have at various times and in a variety of ways, when we seem to stand where two roads meet and must choose one or other of the two. It is sometimes said that there is a fate in the choice we make, and that we really cannot help ourselves; but we must not delude ourselves with such an idea. Our wills are free, and on ourselves rests the momentous burden of making a choice between good and evil.

Dick, after much pondering, made his choice on that eventful night, although we do not mean to tell our readers whether he chose the good or the evil. All we shall say at present is this, that his mind being fully made up as to the life he intended to live in the future, he cautiously got out of bed in the dim grey of the early morning, and stole away from the creek where he had endured such misery, once more to try his fortune in the world.

(*Continued at page* 50.)

FALKLAND PALACE, FIFESHIRE.

THE little town of Falkland, Fifeshire, created a royal burgh in 1458 by James II., king of Scotland, consists at the present day of a single street, with a few cross lanes, many of the houses being of an antique and most primitive appearance. At a very early period the Earls of Fife had a residence here, known as the Castle of Falkland, but not a vestige of this building now remains. In its stead the building known as the Palace of Falkland was erected. It was completed by James V., 1537, and with him and his reign the history of the Palace is closely associated. It was from hence that the royal lad escaped from the control of the ambitious Earl of Angus, disguised



Falkland Palace, Fifeshire.

as a stable-boy, and reached Stirling in safety. To Falkland Palace he came after his defeat by the English at Solway Moss. It was in the Palace of Falkland that Mary of Guise took up her abode. Here, too, the lovely and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, after her return from France, sought relief in field sports and archery from the perplexities and sorrows of her short and unhappy reign.

Her son James, while he remained in Scotland, resided often at Falkland Palace. In 1617, by which time he was King of Great Britain, James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, he paid his last visit to the home of his ancestors. But the old Palace was yet to see other Royal visitors, for in 1633 Charles I., while visiting Scotland, slept there for one night; and Charles II., in 1650, having come over from Holland, resided several days at Falkland Palace, receiving the homage of that part of his subjects who were desirous of his restoration to the crown of his ancestors.



THE BEGINNING OF IRISH DISAFFECTION.

WHEN King Henry II. landed in Ireland, in 1171, to take formal possession of it, after Earl Strongbow had conquered a portion of the country, many of the Irish kings and chiefs made their submission to him; and even the monarch, Roderic O'Connor, entered into a treaty and acknowledged him as his liege lord. During his short stay of six months the King made laws for the English settlement, and regulation of the government of the country; and though he created animosity by giving whole territories to his chief nobles, he managed matters so well that for a short period the country enjoyed peace such as it had not known for centuries. But any advantage the English gained by his stay was lost by their arrogance to the native chiefs, and, on his departure, war was resumed; and even those chiefs who were living quietly under English rule were alienated when he sent his son, Prince John, to govern the country.

King Henry had appointed this young prince Earl

of Moreton and Lord of Ireland when he was only an infant, and he sent him to take possession of his government whilst he was still a youth; and though he had with him as his adviser Ranulph de Glanville, great justiciary of England, and as his tutor, Giraldus Cambrensis, the historian to whom we are indebted for the account of Ireland at this period, the train of dissolute young nobles who accompanied him were ill-calculated to conciliate the Irish chiefs.

The young prince set sail from Milford Haven with a fleet of sixty ships, that carried a large body of cavalry, of whom four hundred were knights, and a considerable force of infantry, and he landed at Waterford on the 1st of April, 1185. The native chiefs came immediately to offer their homage to him, dressed in the garb of their country—in large mantles and linen vests, and wearing long bushy beards, and their hair hanging down their backs in thick locks. Now, the young nobles of the prince had never seen such a costume as this before, and as they themselves were clean shaven, and gaily dressed in the Norman fashion, it appeared ridiculous to them, and they laughed at it. The Irish chiefs advanced to give the young prince the kiss of peace, according to their custom; but this the nobles resented as a familiarity, and, pushing them away, they pulled the proud chiefs by their long beards, and mimicking their gestures, they thrust them from the prince's presence.

This gross insult the Irish chiefs could not forgive; and withdrawing with their whole tribes to the territories of those who were in arms against the English, they laid aside for a time their feuds with one another, to unite against the common enemy; and thus began that bitter feeling against the English that has lasted down to our time.

H. M. STANLEY, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

HENRY M. STANLEY, in whose adventures in Africa the civilised world is so deeply interested, was born in Wales, near the little town of Denbigh, and his parents were so poor that when he was about three years old he was sent to the poor-house of St. Asaph to be brought up and educated. When he was thirteen years old he was turned loose to take care of himself. Young though he was, he was ambitious and well-informed. As a lad he taught school in the village of Mold, Flintshire, North Wales. Getting tired of this, he made his way to Liverpool, England, when he was about fourteen years of age, and there he shipped as cabin-boy on board a sailing vessel, bound to New Orleans, in the promised land to which so many British-born youths ever turn their eyes. In New Orleans he fell in with a kindly merchant, a Mr. Stanley, who adopted him and gave him his name; for our young hero's real name was John Rowlands, and he was not Stanley until he became an American, as you see. Mr. Stanley died before Henry came of age, leaving no will, and the lad was again left to shift for himself. Young Stanley lived in New Orleans until 1861, when he was twenty-one years old, having been born in 1840. Then the great Civil War broke out, and Stanley went into the Confederate Army.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

3.—Zoological.

I am what's called a quadruped,
In northern regions born and bred;
I am not active, but I'm strong,
And slow because my legs arn't long.

I'm persevering, and pursue
The coming breakfast all night through;
And, as I'm slow, I say of game,
I much prefer it weak and lame.

Though such a duffer on my feet,
I'm good at slyness and deceit,
I'm like the thing you call a snare,
Which has you ere you are aware.

Fleet-footed creatures, it were vain
To hunt, by subtilty I've slain;
I need not tell you how it's done,
You'd do the like and spoil my fun.

But sometimes, when I've my mishaps,
I go and rob the hunter's traps;
I do not think it wrong to steal,
And always thank him for the meal.

Now, if I find a marten caught,
I tear him up as good for nought;
The torn-up bits the foxes eat,
I never envy them their treat.

And sometimes in my rounds I scan
A heap of logs, piled up by man;
And if there's something good inside,
The scent of which he cannot hide,

I set to work, with legs and snout,
And knock the wooden props about;
And then I feast on what is hidden,
A guest unwelcome and unbidden.

So, though I often meet with rubs
In feeding self and yellow cubs
(Because I'm of an ursine breed,
And travel at a tortoise speed),

Yet I contrive, week out, week in,
To put a polish on my skin;
Which can't be done, I'm sure, unless
A fellow has a goodish mess! G. S. O.

Scenes from English History.—No. III.

BESIDE the water I see a group of persons, whose dress and manner denote high rank and courtly way of life. They surround their sovereign, whose countenance expresses a feeling of incredulity not unmixed with scorn of their words. Soon the sovereign is seated, and all await the wonderful event that has been predicted. A short time passes, the powers of nature pursue their usual course, and all retire, convinced that even royal power has its limits, and that a wise and truthful mind will never be misled by falsehood, however gratifying to human pride.

[*Answers at page* 111.]

ADVENTURE IN THE JUNGLE.

SEVERAL years ago a party of young civilians in India, while in pursuit of large game, experienced a strange and most disagreeable adventure in the jungle, the particulars of which are as follows:—

The party, consisting of four friends and an experienced native hunter, were mounted on two elephants, each animal having, of course, a mahout or driver seated on its neck. They had reached, one day, a dense cane brake, and were pushing their way through long grass some twenty feet in height, and as the stems and reeds through which the elephants had to force themselves were of extraordinary thickness, their progress was necessarily very slow. They did not expect to find game in this part of the jungle, still to their astonishment the two elephants began to show unaccountable signs of fear. This kept the whole party on the alert, as some wild animal was evidently close at hand, while they could not see an inch in front of them, the reeds towering far above their heads, and the dust and fluff of the grass seeds almost suffocating them. The position was certainly dangerous and disagreeable, still there was nothing for it but to push on as fast as possible, which they did, going single file on account of the narrowness of the path.

Some five minutes more having passed without any untoward event, they were hoping to escape from the jungle altogether without seeing the face of a foe, when suddenly, without the least warning, there was a shrill scream, a frightful rush, and the foremost elephant was knocked over sideways, sending his two riders and the mahout flying in the air. The second elephant no sooner heard the commotion in front of him, than he turned and fled so suddenly that the native hunter and one of the civilians were thrown off, the other sportsman only saving himself by clinging to the mahout who had been able to keep his seat. This elephant in its panic crashed through the jungle grass for nearly a quarter of a mile before it could be stopped, and even then neither persuasion nor force could induce it to return.

Meanwhile, its rider, the only one of the four friends left, was in a pitiable state of suspense and even agony, as he had good reason to fear that all his companions were killed, the noise of a savage fight between two animals being distinctly heard in the jungle behind them. In his anxiety to render help, Mr. Forrester scrambled off the elephant, and rifle in hand attempted to retrace his steps to the scene of warfare, but so dense was the cane brake that he could scarcely move at all. Still he persevered, and with feet and hands bleeding, clothes torn, and panting with heat and excitement he had proceeded a little on his way when he was horrified to see in front of him the elephant which had been knocked over, now on its feet, and being driven stern foremost in his direction by some unseen monster with whom it was engaged in deadly fight. It was certainly a terrible position for Mr. Forrester, as it seemed almost impossible to avoid being crushed to death by the unwieldy animal, the reeds on each side being as impenetrable as a wall, while it was backing with such force that it was within a few feet of touching him. But the moment of extremest danger was the moment of deliverance, for at that crisis a shot was fired from the rear, and some huge creature fell with a great thud to the ground. The elephant now changed its tactics, no longer continuing to retreat, it viciously attacked its fallen foe, trumpeting and screaming in the wildest manner.

Mr. Forrester, still in extreme danger from its proximity and its excitement, now called out to know who had fired the shot, and where were all his companions. He was answered by one of his friends, who entreated him to send forward the other mahout to secure the elephant in order that they might escape from the jungle. Explanations soon followed, and it turned out that the wild animal which had so suddenly and savagely attacked their party was an enormous rogue elephant, one separated from his herd, always a very dangerous animal to meet with from its propensity to attack at once any man or beast that may fall in its way. The fight between it and the tame elephant (a fine tusker) had been very severe, so much so that had Mr. Scott not succeeded in shooting it behind the ear (the only vulnerable spot) there can be no doubt that it would have fought on till it had destroyed the whole party As it was the only one injured severely was the mahout, who in falling from the elephant had broken his thigh. This poor man, who had lain in agony during all this unpleasant adventure, was made as comfortable as circumstances admitted of in the howdah, and conveyed to camp, where he speedily recovered. This disagreeable experience in the jungle proved, however, to be advantageous to the sportsmen, as it was the means of bringing game of a high class within their reach, for on the following day two fine tigers came stealing up to the carcase of the rogue elephant, and fell victims to the rifle of the native hunter, who was on the watch expecting that such a thing might take place. M. K.

SCREWS.

IT is asserted that the smallest screws in the world are those used in the production of watches. Thus, the fourth jewel-wheel screw is the next thing to being invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust; with a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 260 threads to the inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen quite clearly. These minute screws are 4-1000ths of an inch in diameter and the heads are double; it is also estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold 100,000 of these screws. No attempt is ever made to count them, the method pursued in determining the number being to place 100 of them on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is determined by the weight of these. After being cut the screws are hardened and put in frames, about 100 to the frame, heads up, this being done very rapidly by sense of touch instead of by sight, and the heads are then polished in an automatic machine, 10,000 at a time. The plate on which the polishing is performed is covered with oil and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them rapidly by reversing motion.



The Deadly Fight.



Dandie discovering Wolf-tracks in the newly-fallen Snow.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 43.)

WE must suppose, before resuming our story, that two long years have passed away, bringing with them some changes to the Charlton family. Our first interest is with our friend Dandie, who after a two years' residence with Count Demetrius Slavonski had become such an admirer of Poland, and felt such warm sympathy for its unfortunate yet heroic people, that he could willingly have spent his whole life among them. This feeling of friendship was shared by the Count, who loved the frank and perfectly trustworthy young Englishman.

Dandie had been, after a time, introduced to several of the Count's personal friends, especially to one, Count Stanislas Praga, an old man who had not been involved in the late insurrection, believing as he did that it was ill-judged and hopeless, and would only serve as a pretext to the Russians to bring down more suffering upon the Polish peasantry. This opinion proved to be a correct one, though it is hard for men while suffering from horrible oppression to be always guided by calmness and common sense in their natural attempts to resist it. Count Praga had been in his younger days an ardent sportsman, and it was to him an intense enjoyment to revive these recollections by taking Dandie under his guidance, and conducting him to the depths of the wild Polish forests where lurked many a wolf, fox, martin, and polecat, the pursuit of which had been one of his chief youthful pleasures.

On one occasion the hospitable old Count invited Dandie to visit him and remain for a week, that he might take part in a projected wolf-hunt, which he had arranged partly to divert the minds of his people from the political troubles in which they had been involved, and partly because one of these animals had been prowling about the mansion, terrifying the peasant women and their children. Dandie had looked forward to this wolf-hunt with great delight, though when the time came he did not find it quite so pleasant an adventure as he had expected. It was mid-winter, and very cold, while a snowstorm was evidently impending. The party engaged in the hunt did not, however, give up their expedition on account of the weather. Rather did they press forward until they were in the heart of the forest. Not having as yet met with any signs of wolves, the party scattered here and there, pursuing any small game which they could find, Dandie and Count Praga remaining together, talking about England, a country in which the Count took the deepest interest. After a time a loud whoop was heard, then the clash of arms, and a loud call for the Count by name.

Count Praga listened attentively for a few minutes, then turned to his companion.

'It is the change of guard,' he said. 'These are the relieving sentries returning to their posts. The insolent curs will be questioning my people, and giving them trouble; I must go to explain matters. Pray wait here till I return.' And so saying, the Count turned into a by-path and quickly disappeared.

Dandie, thus left to himself, began idly to look about him, peering into the brushwood, and starting a polecat, which, however, he did not pursue, the Count having asked him to remain where he was. Presently, however, the long-expected snow began to fall; it grew ominously dark, and a low, moaning wind began to sweep through the forest. Dandie regarded these changes with some anxiety, especially as he observed that the thickly-falling snow was speedily obliterating all traces of the footpath by which they had entered the forest. And where could the Count be? No sound was to be heard from the direction in which he had gone: silence reigned all around. It was not a pleasant position for one who was quite ignorant of forest work, and very naturally afraid of losing himself in such a desolate region. After some thought Dandie resolved to retrace his steps without waiting for the Count, and get back to the mansion as quickly as possible. Easier said than done; the path had now become quite covered, and Dandie had not gone far before he found that he had hopelessly lost himself. But the sky was clearing; through the leafless boughs of the forest he could discern the stars, and he knew from them how he should direct his course. He therefore pushed on steadily, and tried to keep up his courage.

'I shall find my way now,' he said to himself, 'path or no path. Patience is all that is wanted, so here goes.'

But what is this that he sees on the ground right in front of him—a something that makes his heart leap into his mouth? Wolf-tracks, fresh trodden, were printed on the newly-fallen snow. Dandie had been following up the trail; the animal might be, nay, must be, lurking in one of the surrounding thick bushy coverts, and might at any moment spring out upon him unawares. Poor Dandie! he felt that his life at that moment was not worth a groat. A rustling in the thicket behind him now alarmed him dreadfully, and he swung himself up into the branches of a tree, and crouched there unhurt at a safe distance from the ground. And not a moment too soon, for the wolf was already prowling about below, a gaunt, strong, savage animal, looking up at him, and howling round and round the tree. Dandie was in a trap. He soon began to feel how small was the chance of the creature tiring of its watch or abandoning it before daylight. There might be a pack of them hanging about, which might come and imprison him there till—when?

All at once a new danger presented itself. The drifted snow was falling upon him from the boughs above, and he felt a chill numbness creeping through his veins, and a strange drowsiness overpowering him. Then he knew that the worst had come. If he fell from the tree he would fall into the very jaws of the wolf below. At this moment, however, he heard, to his inexpressible relief of mind, the hum of voices and the crackling of brushwood—his friends were returning. And in less time than it takes to write about it the monstrous grey wolf lay dead at the feet of Count Praga, who was assisting his young English friend to descend from the tree,

while half-a-dozen sturdy peasants dressed in sheepskin were already skinning the monster and cutting off its paws.

'How can I sufficiently apologise for my prolonged absence?' said the Count, kindly, as he observed how much Dandie must have felt his late trying position; 'but if you could know all the annoyance I have had at the hands of those dogs of Russians! However, let it pass. After a change of clothing and a good dinner you will feel all right again. So come along, my young friend, our next wolf-hunt I hope may be a pleasanter one.'

Dandie Charlton at this time stood a great chance of being fairly spoiled by kindness; the servants one and all were ready to do his pleasure, while Count Demetrius himself seemed only to be happy when he had the young Englishman at hand. His duties were very light, indeed almost nominal; he acted as librarian (the Count loved reading, and possessed many valuable books in various European languages), he wrote letters for his patron, walked out with him through the rather gloomy and neglected grounds that surrounded the mansion, and read aloud to him in the evenings. Long before the end of the two years he had been made acquainted with many details of the Polish insurrection, and with much of the Count's own family history, and that of his son, the young Count Emile, who seemed never to be entirely absent from his father's thoughts for a single hour. He had also read with the Count much of the history of Poland during the trying period when it had been partitioned among its enemies, and he could sympathise with the old man in his indignation at Russia and Prussia. What interested Dandie most during these readings and conversations with the old Count was the character and the prowess of Kosciusko and Joseph Poniatowski, the two celebrated Polish patriots. A few scraps of information about these men may perhaps be interesting.

Kosciusko, who was descended from an ancient and honourable though poor family, had been born about the middle of last century. He had gone to America, and served in the War of Independence there, but he returned to Poland while still a young man, and in the terrible conflicts with Russia, which preceded the second partition of the country, he soon showed his own nation and Russia, too, what stuff he was made of. One instance may be given. It was necessary to hold a certain position against the Russians for as long a time as possible, and to Kosciusko was appointed this duty It was not an easy task, the place was in a ruinous condition, and he had only twenty-four hours in which to fortify it; then he had only 4000 men, while the Russians numbered no less than 16,000; yet he held the position for five days, long enough to do great damage to the Russians, who were thus detained from further advance, while the Poles had a breathing time in which to assemble themselves in numbers. This brilliant feat of arms laid the foundation of Kosciusko's military reputation, but it was of no avail to save his country from its fate, for this insurrection of the Poles was almost immediately followed by the second partition of their country of which we have already written. Again in 1794, shortly before the third and last partition of the country, Kosciusko put himself at the head of a new rebellion, and with only 20,000 regular troops and about as many ill-armed peasants, he resisted for months the united Russian and Prussian army of 150,000 men. Many tempting proposals were made to him by the Prussian King, but the patriot resented them all. At last he was overpowered in battle, and fell from his horse covered with wounds, only uttering these sad and foreboding words, *Finis Poloniæ*. Happy would it have been for Kosciusko had he died on that battlefield, for he would have been spared all knowledge of the final partition of his country; but he recovered from his terrible wounds, and languished in a Russian prison till the accession of the Emperor Paul, who restored him to freedom, and handed to him his sword. But Kosciusko refused to receive it, saying, 'I do not need a sword when I have no longer a country.' He then retired to France, where he spent the remainder of his days, his body being carried back to his beloved Poland, and buried at Cracow, where so many patriots lie.

Joseph Poniatowski was a man of the same stamp as Kosciusko, and lived during the same terrible times, but his career was even more glorious and eventful than that of his friend. We have not space here to enter into details as to his life. It was full of patriotic endeavours for the benefit of his countrymen, and when these all failed, then, burning with hatred of the Russians, he joined Napoleon with a large army of Poles in the attempted invasion of Russia. We all know how this failed, and how Napoleon (who left thousands of his poor soldiers dead of cold and hunger on the frozen plains of Russia) once more gathered an army and attempted to regain his lost position. Then followed the battle of Leipsic, where Poniatowski once more took his place on the side of France. Again Napoleon was defeated, and Poniatowski, being compelled to retreat, was drowned in attempting to cross a river. His body was recovered six days later, embalmed, and sent to Cracow, where it was placed beside the body of Kosciusko his friend.

(*Continued at page* 58.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE SCHOLAR.

IN the days of Queen Elizabeth a scholar happened to be in disgrace with Her Majesty; but he managed to secure the good offices of one who was in high favour at court, with a view to regaining his position. The time arrived when he was to be again presented to the Queen.

'Well,' said Queen Bess, 'I understand you are a great scholar. Shall I ask you one question? How many vowels are there?

'That, your Majesty,' replied the scholar, 'is easily known; but as you have asked me I must needs answer. Five.'

'Which of those five could best be spared?' said the Queen.

'Not any of them, madam,' replied he, 'without seriously interfering with and damaging the language.'

'Then,' replied Her Majesty, 'I will tell you differently. We, for our part, can very comfortably spare U (you).'

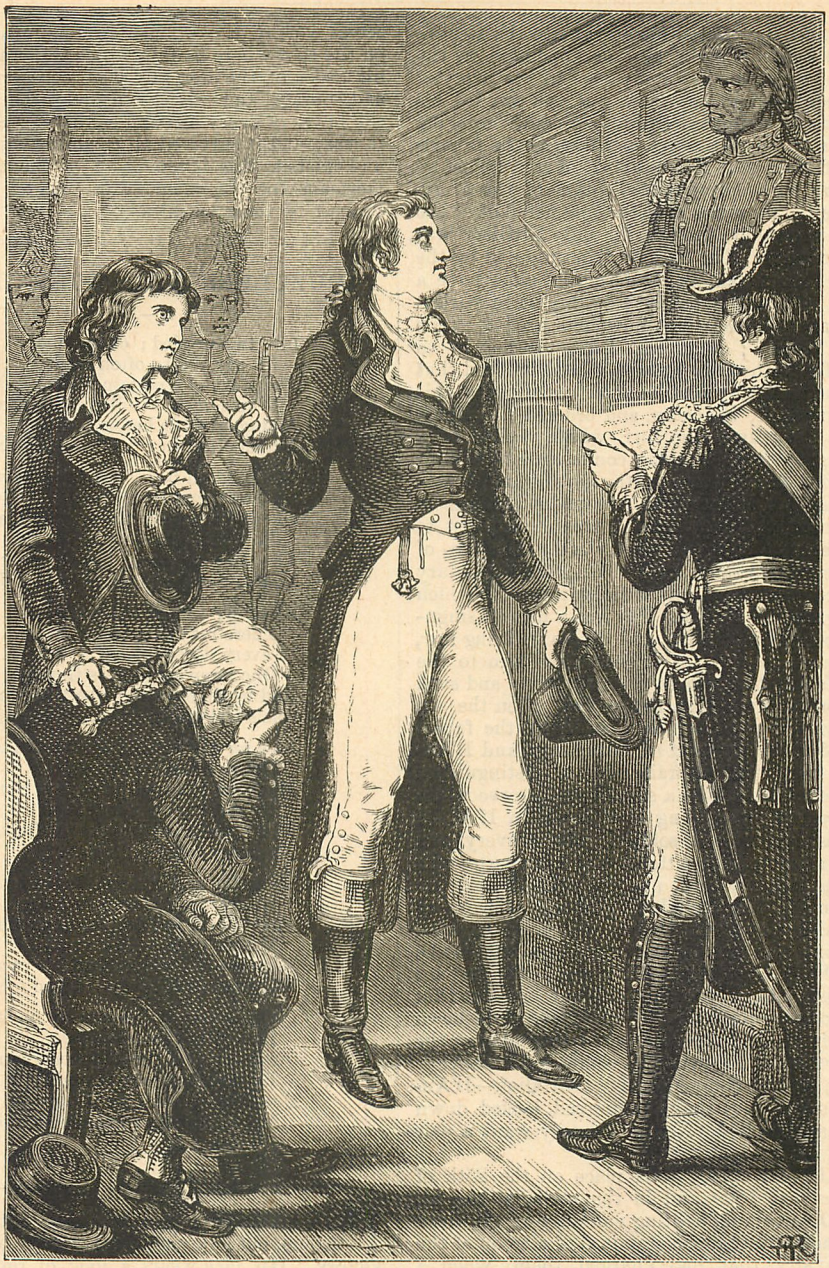


OUTWARD BOUND.

HOW seldom we dream of the mariners' graves,
  Far down by the coral strand!
How little we think of the winds and waves,
  When all we love are on land!

The hurricane comes, and the hurricane goes,
  And little the heed we take,
Though the tree may snap as the tempest blows,
  And the walls of our homestead shake.

But the north-east gale tells a different tale,
  With a voice of fearful sound,
When a loved one is under a close-reefed sail
  On the deck of an outward bound.



'THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.'

THE well-known saying of Napoleon, that 'Every private soldier carried a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack,' was perfectly true of his own generals, for they had risen from the humblest position to the highest ranks in the army; but there was one soldier, not inferior to any of them in military talents, and much their superior in character, who refused the field-marshal's baton when it was offered him. This was Latour d'Auvergne.

Born at Carhaix, in Brittany, in the year 1743, he entered the army at an early age, and soon distinguished himself by his courage and military ardour. Leaving France with the troops that were sent to assist the Americans in their war against the English, he fought in every engagement, and displayed the greatest bravery and heroism; and at the conclusion of the war he returned to his native country, and, living in retirement on his half-pay, devoted himself to literary studies until the outbreak of the Revolution. Thinking it his duty to devote himself to the

cause of France, he offered his services to the Republic, and, as senior captain, he was appointed to the command of the grenadier companies in the army of the Pyrenees; and in the course of the war led his column across the mountains into Spain, besieging towns and storming fortresses, and forcing the famous redoubts of Irun and Fontarabia. Arriving before St. Sebastian with the advanced guard of the army, D'Auvergne boldly summoned the commandant of the fortress to surrender, though his only artillery was one eight-pounder. The Spaniard, intimidated by the tone of the Frenchman, and thinking he must have a whole park of artillery behind him, began to parley. 'But, Captain,' said he, 'you have not fired a single gun at my citadel; do me, at least, the honour to salute me, for without it you must be convinced that I cannot surrender.' D'Auvergne, acceding to this request, returned to his camp, and ordered the eight-pounder to play upon the fort, which replied by a shower of grapeshot; and the commandant's honour being satisfied, he delivered up the keys of his fortress.

Soon after this D'Auvergne was taken prisoner in an engagement with the British troops, and sent to England; but regaining his liberty after the Peace of Basle, returned to France, and retiring from military life, occupied himself entirely with literature, in which he gained great distinction. He was a man of singular modesty and frugal life; and his wants being few, he gave a small pension that was allowed him to the relief of a family that was in great distress; and such was his noble and unselfish nature that when the son of an old friend was drawn as a conscript, the father was in grief at the prospect of losing him, and D'Auvergne, a renowned captain and a distinguished scholar, offered himself as a substitute to serve in the ranks instead of the young man; and, in 1799, he resumed his career as a soldier. His bravery and intrepidity attracted the attention of Bonaparte, who offered him military rank and dignities, but he rejected them all, and would only accept a sword of honour which the First Consul presented to him, accompanying the gift by the announcement that he was the 'First Grenadier of France.' The gallant soldier cared nothing for the brilliant honours that have so strong an attraction for most men; he seemed to think only of his duty; and when a member of the Government asked him what he would like to have—a regiment or the command of a battalion—D'Auvergne, who was very shabbily dressed, looked down at his feet, and replied, 'Neither; I only want a pair of shoes.'

The battle of Neuberg took place on the 25th of June in the year 1800, and in the midst of the engagement D'Auvergne, fighting valiantly at the head of his grenadiers, seized the standard of a troop of the enemy's cavalry that had charged them, when a lancer, taking him unawares, pierced him through the heart, and he expired with the exclamation, 'I die contented; thus I desired to end my life.'

The whole army went into mourning for three days for him. The heart of the hero was inclosed in a small leaden case, and was attached to the standard of the 46th demi-brigade, and carried by them through many a field of battle; and the words, 'Latour D'Auvergne died on the field of honour,' were an appeal that ever excited the grenadiers to show themselves worthy of his fame. A monument was erected on the spot where he fell, which General Dessolles, in his order of the day, said was 'consecrated to virtue and courage, and was placed under the protection of the brave of every age and country.' And protected it was; and it survived all the disasters of Napoleon, and exists to this day, a proof of the respect of the Germans for the memory of one of the best and bravest of their enemies.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

4.—Local.

I am two-worded; of the one
I'll say you've often read,
The story of a certain John,
Who somehow killed them dead,
And got, by his heroic tricks,
A name that in the language sticks.

You modern boys, you never saw
One of that fearful race;
Did one but show his grinning jaw
You'd fly, my lads, apace;
The stranger would but see your back;
You've not the pluck of honest Jack.

As to my second—It is plain
There may be counted two,
In every decent street or lane
One happens to pass through,
And be there rain, or be there snow,
One's feet are thankful as they go.

Now for my whole: I'm on a shore,
Not in a lane or street,
Made, as I'm told, in days of yore,
By some tremendous heat:
There, the chief wonder of the land,
My many-sided pillars stand.

Sides five and six, yea, seven and eight,
In my strong legs you see;
They'll bear my first, at any rate,
Whene'er he walks on me;
Nor should I wince if all his race
Were waltzing on my rugged face.

Perhaps they do, in stormy nights,
Lamenting their decease,
Since Jack set this old world to rights,
By making them to cease;*
But, if they don't, or if they do,
My riddle now remains with you. G. S. O.

Scenes from English History.—No. IV.

I SEE before me a powerful king, not seated on his throne, but enjoying the triumph of a hard-won victory. His face wears a look of impatient anger and cruel resolve. Near him stands a group of his conquered enemies, brave men who, as we may see, are prepared for the most heroic self-sacrifice. But at the king's feet is a figure kneeling in earnest supplication, and great is the rejoicing when, in answer to that prayer, the conqueror's power is exercised, not in tyranny but in mercy.

[*Answers at page* 111.]

* Or, And gave our children peace.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1.—The Royal Arms, supported by the lion on the right, and the unicorn on the left. The hogs, bull, swan, &c., were once supporters. The unicorn came in with James I.

2.—London Stone, Cannon Street.

ANSWERS TO SCENES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

I.—King Alfred and the cakes.

II.—Prince Henry (Henry V.) striking Judge Gascoigne.

TWELFTH DAY.

TRADITION says that the twelfth day from Christmas Day was remarkable for having been that upon which the visit of the Magi took place, upon which Christ was baptized, the water at Cana turned into wine, and the five thousand fed. For three hundred years it was kept by Eastern Christians as the day upon which Christ was born, and amongst ourselves it was long observed with great festivities. We are told that in the reign of King Alfred a law was passed, 'by virtue of which the twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour were made festivals.' The last day was accounted the greatest of the twelve, and especially given up to 'Christmas gambols' and the visiting of friends. This custom seems long to have continued in force, for in the sixteenth century Twelfth Day seems to have been kept with as much zeal as Christmas. The Royal Family at Court led the way, the Universities and the Inns of Court following them in the extent of their festivities. At the Temple the whole twelve days were kept with great care, and many of the country gentlemen followed the same custom. In some parts of England the very poorest people contrived to keep these twelve days with such good cheer for themselves and their neighbours as their means would allow. A. R. B.

HE HAD NOT COUNTED THE COST.

THAT others besides boys and girls sometimes make mistakes as to the things they can or cannot do, is shown by an anecdote told as happening to a young man who thought he should like to work with the late Bishop Patteson in the Islands of the Pacific. The story runs as follows:—

Mr. A. came from England to be ordained by Bishop Patteson, when the headquarters of the Mission were at Kohimarama, a few miles from Auckland, on the coast of the land-locked harbour. Soon after his arrival in Auckland he hired a boat to take him to the Mission Station; there, to his surprise, he found no wharf, no imposing row of buildings, no pier, and he had to wait in the boat until some one could be got to carry him ashore through the water. In response to his shouts a man in a flannel shirt and trousers waded out at last from the shore, and 'gave a back' to the newcomer, landing him dry on the beach. In answer to inquiries for the Bishop's Palace, a small building close by was pointed out, and to a further question of 'Where is the Bishop?' the man in tucked-up flannels said, 'I am the Bishop!'

This experience was somewhat disconcerting, but worse followed. Next morning the members of the Mission staff went to their several duties, some of them being engaged in putting up a post and rail fence round a paddock. To this employment the newcomer was told off, and he soon discovered that it did not agree with the softness of his hands. Thereupon he had an interview with Bishop Patteson, and asked to be told what his ordinary duties would be if he remained with the Mission.

The Bishop said, 'All I can promise you is that I will not ask you to do what I do not do myself.'

This answer being unsatisfactory the newcomer decided that he had better give up at once all idea of becoming a Melanesian missionary, a decision in which the great and good Bishop concurred.

A TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER.

IT is a well-known fact that monkeys have a great dislike to the presence of a tiger in their haunts, and will follow his movements in the forest, and annoy him in every possible way. Peacocks do the same, screaming and fluttering in the trees overhead, so that sportsmen and others in dangerous localities are put on their guard against the common enemy.

On one occasion it happened that two sportsmen in Upper India, after a fair day's shooting, were returning to camp, when a troop of monkeys overhead began bounding about in great agitation, chattering and making hideous grimaces as though half enraged, or terrified at the sight of some object beneath them.

'What can be the matter with these monkeys?' asked one of the sportsmen of the native guide who attended them.

'I suppose they see a tiger!' replied the native with perfect coolness, as though it were quite a matter of course to meet one of these striped beauties during an afternoon walk in the jungle.

This was very alarming, but there was nothing for it but to walk on as quickly as possible. Scarcely, however, had they proceeded another fifty yards when they found themselves face to face with an enormous tiger engaged in tearing up the carcase of a wild hog which he had just destroyed. The creature seemed somewhat to be taken aback at the sudden encounter; he drew slightly back and glared at them with his malignant eyes, the guide meanwhile remaining motionless as a statue, with his keen glance steadily fixed upon the enemy, while with a low voice he warned his companions not to fire, but to stand as steadily as possible. After a minute or two the tiger growled, showed its teeth, crouched together, but, apparently confounded by the silence, slunk away into the long grass.

No sooner was his back turned than the native, clapping his hands to his mouth, sent forth a wild, ear-piercing yell which appeared to strike terror to the heart of the savage animal, whose stealthy tread was immediately changed to a bounding gallop, as he fled in dismay from that unearthly cry. Then the three men set off towards camp at a round trot, for the short twilight of the tropics was fading rapidly, and though a tiger might flee in a panic during the light of day, after nightfall he is certainly not to be trifled with. D. B.



"The Tiger slunk away into the long grass."



In Search of Slavonski

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from p.* 51.)

BUT we must now return to Dandie Charlton. During the first few months that he spent at the house of Count Demetrius Slavonski, he had often observed that the Countess looked fixedly and almost anxiously in his face, while her husband talked so freely as he did of Poland and of his absent son. The poor lady seemed anxious to stop these revelations; she evidently half-distrusted the young foreigner, English though he might be, and would like to persuade the Count to greater reticence of speech. But Count Demetrius was a man of a naturally open and kindly disposition, greatly beloved by the peasantry on his estates, to whom he was always considerate and kind. But he was imprudent, even to rashness, and it was well for him that Dandie was not only trustworthy, but so discreet and so thoroughly interested in the family that every communication made to him was a secret faithfully kept in his own bosom. Not even to his mother or to Winnie did he retail a single piece of the information received from the Count. To them he merely narrated his impressions of the country, his fishing and shooting expeditions, and the pleasure he felt in being useful to such kind and good friends. His letters, when they arrived at the Priory, were a great source of delight to Mrs. Charlton and Winnie, and to Laura also, for she, poor girl, now took a deep interest in Dandie and his affairs; and it was an affliction of a severe kind which had proved a blessing in disguise to Laura, had taught her the evil of selfishness, and brought her into friendlier relations with the other members of the family.

Poor Laura for nearly a year had been shut up a prisoner in her own room, and with but small prospect of ever being able to leave it again. She had fallen on the ice during a severe winter, the first after Dandie left home, and had so seriously injured her back that she had ever since been unable to put her foot to the ground. How terrible seemed this affliction to the proud and ambitious young girl we can easily imagine. What days of fretting and nights of weeping ere she became a little reconciled to the sad position in which she found herself, and could appreciate in some small degree the loving patience of Winnie, who waited upon her sick and suffering sister with the utmost devotion. It was during these sad days that Dandie's amusing and interesting letters became such a delight to Laura and a pleasant variety in her sad life.

But we must return to Poland, and we must bear in mind that two years have passed away, two years which had thoroughly established Dandie in the good graces not only of the master of the household, but of the lady Countess, his wife. It was winter-time, the long, cold winter of Poland, when on one occasion the Count, who seemed nervous and oppressed since morning, thus addressed his young secretary, 'We shall not have any reading this evening,' he said. 'I feel restless and ill at ease; it is stormy too, and snow seems to be impending. Ah, it is on such gloomy days as this that my mind invariably turns to my unhappy son! Where is he now? What is he doing? What is he enduring among the enemies of his country? Ah, if I could but lift the veil which conceals him from me! Could I but assure myself that he is well, that he does not suffer! but how could that be? Could my Emile be an enforced soldier in the ranks of the Czar and not suffer? Impossible!' And the poor father rose and walked to the window, where he watched rather disconsolately the great flakes of snow which were already beginning to fall.

Ah, Count Demetrius little knew what an eventful day this was to be; he little knew that his poor Emile had already fled from the misery of his position, and was at this very minute struggling through terrible difficulties in the almost hopeless attempt to reach once more his happy childhood's home! But before narrating the events of that evening we must go back a little, and see a little of Emile's life in the Caucasus in the midst of his country's enemies.

For nearly three years now this unhappy youth had been enduring the utmost misery which a cruel despotism could inflict upon him. It was not merely privation which he had to suffer, but studied insults and unjust punishments, inflicted with a deliberate intention to break his spirit and crush his heart. He had fought and marched with his half savage comrades in arms, had endured the hardest details of a hard life with uncomplaining courage and noble pride, upheld by the stern resolution that he would not allow his bitter enemies to know how much they made him suffer. But another humiliation was in store for him: he was made a servant to a Russian major.

This man, who was a cruel coward, detested by all his subordinates, treated the young exile in the most barbarous manner, mocking his country and his creed, and making every duty he had to perform as bitter and odious as a petty despot could do. Still the young Pole suffered in silence, till one day, when the Russian struck him across the face with a cane, and the next moment lay grovelling in the dust screaming for help, having been struck down by a blow from the outraged youth, who immediately turned and fled. But where could he go? A Pole, a deserter, penniless, and on foot, with hundreds of miles of dreary morass and gloomy forest between him and his home, surely he might as well give himself up to his enemies and die. But no, life was precious, and worth an effort. Youth, courage, and hope were all his, and to that dear though far distant home he resolved to fly, or perish in the attempt.

It would occupy too much space to detail all that he suffered during the terrible wanderings that he now had to endure, hiding in the woods day by day, and travelling by night, at times fed and sheltered by some poor serf who pitied his forlorn condition, at other times hunted down by the peasantry in hopes of reward. He had succeeded in changing clothes with a peasant, who gave him a sheepskin cloak for his uniform, but this did not save him from being pursued by a troop of Cossacks, who had nearly overtaken him, when he leaped into a river and swam

across. But, alas! a rifle-ball wounded him in the arm as he was scrambling up the bank on the other side. Had the soldiers followed him at this dreadful moment he must inevitably have fallen into their hands, but they followed him no further, and faint, drenched, and bleeding, he pursued his desperate way until at length he arrived in the immediate neighbourhood of his home apparently only to die. But he was not to die. A mother's brave and resolute heart, able to dare anything for the sake of those she loved, was to be made happy by being able to rescue from the grave her only and beloved son.

And now we return to that evening upon which Count Demetrius had seemed so nervous and ill at ease. The family had retired for the night, all save the Countess, who, brooding over her son's fate, was often in the habit of sitting up long after others were asleep, when she was free to indulge her sorrow. On this evening she was gazing out of her chamber window into the quiet garden and the dark forest beyond, when a wan and haggard figure, dressed in tattered sheepskin, emerged from the wood, and gazed up to the windows of the mansion. Miserably changed as he was, none could have recognised him save his mother, but her eyes could not be deceived. She knew that gaunt figure to be her son, her own Emile; but so unexpected was the sight that for a few minutes she imagined that he must have died far away, and that his shadow had come to warn her that they would meet on earth no more. But presently her strong mind rejected this idea, and lighting her lamp with a trembling hand, she glided downstairs and passed out into the shrubbery. Yes, it was, indeed, her poor boy, but already he had fallen to the ground, faint, bleeding, and, as she thought, dying. The poor mother dared not bring the sufferer into his own father's house, for some of the household servants, one especially, were not entirely to be trusted. Even the Count himself, were he to learn the truth about his son, would certainly with his nervous temperament betray the fugitive from sheer anxiety not to do so. To whom could she turn in this terrible emergency? for Emile must be fed and attended to immediately, while in a few hours the whole household would be astir. Instantly the thought flashed through her mind, her husband's foreign secretary! Could she intrust the all-important secret to him? True, he was very young, and for some time she had looked upon him with suspicion, but she had long since laid aside her doubts regarding him; besides he was English, he came from the land of liberty, the land where the meanest were free, and where the coldest heart among them would stir at the recital of sufferings such as her Emile had endured. Yes, she would trust the young Englishman, and gliding softly through the sleeping household, she knocked gently at his door.

But how can we picture the astonishment of Dandie when he found the stately Countess Slavonski a suppliant at his feet, imploring him in suppressed but anguished tones to aid her in saving her Emile? His first thought was that she must be dreaming, but on thoroughly understanding the situation his young blood warmed to the task before him, and he declared himself ready to do everything he could suggest to insure the safety of the young Count.

'We have but little time,' replied the lady, in agitated tones. 'Oh, follow me quickly, but make no noise, all my household are not to be trusted!' and Dandie with a beating heart followed silently after his guide.

The poor youth still lay on the ground almost senseless, and half dead with cold; his wounded arm, too, was in a fearful condition for want of proper attention. Dandie lifted him up in his strong young arms, and with the help of the Countess contrived to convey him to an outhouse, over which were two rude chambers intended to accommodate husbandmen, but which had long been empty. Here they hurriedly laid the young Count, and then fetched blankets, food, and wine, while Emile, quite unable to speak, though conscious of his mother's presence and caresses, could only feebly clasp her hand, the tears of utter weakness meantime rolling down his cheeks. All unwillingly they had to leave him, for day was breaking and the risk of detection was imminent; but ere they went he had sunk into a deep and blessed repose. Ah, how hard for the poor mother to go, to leave her newly restored son, to leave him all alone in a dark outhouse! for it was manifestly impossible to leave a light, for fear of discovery. But it had to be done, and the two conspirators, for such we may call them, glided away, re-entered the mansion, and sought their several chambers.

How strangely Dandie felt on that eventful night as he laid his throbbing head on the pillow! What a strange episode was this in his young life, and what an opportunity presented itself to him of befriending this interesting family, by assisting the Countess to take care of her unfortunate son! He could scarcely close his eyes, so anxious did he feel to know the events of the morrow.

We have said that one servant especially of the Count's household could scarcely be relied on; this was Louis, the major-domo, a Russo-German by birth. Though the lady could not trust this man, yet she dared not dismiss him. He was an excellent servant, and quite a favourite with the unsuspicious Count. After events proved that the lady's suspicions were well founded, and that Louis was a spy in the pay of the Russian Government.

The very next day after these exciting events there was tremendous excitement at the mansion, for a Commissary of Police, accompanied by a party of dragoons, arrived with a mighty clatter, in order to search for, and apprehend Emile Slavonski, on the charge of deserting from the army. The servants were rigorously examined, the extensive mansion was searched from garret to cellar, while the official in command tried by artful questions addressed to the Count to draw out some information as to his son's hiding-place. But the Count really knew nothing, while the astonishment he exhibited on hearing of Emile's flight was too genuine to be mistaken, and the police were compelled to believe that the runaway had never reached his father's house.

'He has been starved in the forests,' they said, with a brutal laugh, as they galloped away, none of them having thought it worth while to look over that deserted building where the young Count lay.

(*Continued at page* 66.)



THE STONE OF HELP.

WHEN the Israelites overcame the Philistines near Mizpeh, 'Samuel took a stone, and set it up between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' '*Eben-ezer*' is composed of two distinct words, and is so written in Hebrew, and means literally 'stone of help.' Mizpeh was the watch-tower to the north of Jerusalem, and Shen must have been a place where there was some remarkable, pointed crag, as *Shen* means a tooth, or crag.

A monument to commemorate so great an event as the defeat of their oppressors, was most likely set up by the Israelites with ceremony; and Samuel, as their high priest, judge, and ruler, probably addressed them, exhorting them to righteousness, as their only hope of Divine favour. The stone may have been similar to those pillar-stones erected in ancient times by both Asiatic and Celtic races, and a few of which are still in existence in Persia, Ireland, and other parts of the world.



The Last Moments of Mohammed.

MOHAMMED.

MOHAMMED, the Arabian prophet, lost his father and mother in infancy, and being left an orphan his uncle became his guardian. This uncle, whose name was Abu Taleb, treated him with great kindness, carefully bringing him up to his own business, which was that of a merchant trading to Syria; and when the boy was thirteen he took him with him on his journeys, and Mohammed afterwards conducted a caravan for his uncle to Damascus. Abu Taleb thought so highly of his nephew's abilities that he recommended him to a noble and wealthy widow, as her factor; and the young man managed business so well, that she rewarded his services by marrying him.

By this marriage, Mohammed, who had been left by his parents in very poor circumstances, was at once raised from poverty to an equality with the richest inhabitants of his native town of Mecca. He was only in his twenty-fifth year, and his wife was many

years his senior. He had the greatest respect for her judgment, and to her he confided his belief that he was to teach the faith in the one living God, and to destroy the Pagan idolatry of the Arabs. She was his first convert, and they long conducted their devotions in secret; and it was not till he was in his fortieth year that he announced his mission in public.

When his wife died, Mohammed sincerely mourned her loss, and it was some time before he took another wife, Ayesha, the daughter of Abu Bekr.

When Mohammed was sixty-three years old he was attacked by a fever that some attributed to poison. When he recovered a little, feeling a conviction that his end was near, he ascended the pulpit, and addressing the assembled people, he asked if there was any one whom he had wronged, as if there were he would willingly bare his own back to the scourge. 'Have I aspersed the reputation of a Mussulman?' said the prophet. 'Let him proclaim *my* faults in the face of the congregation. Has any one been despoiled of his goods? The little that I possess shall compensate the principal and interest of the debt.'

When he paused a voice was heard from the crowd, 'Yes, I am entitled to three drachms of silver.' Mohammed satisfied the man's demand, and thanked him for accusing him in this world, rather than at the day of judgment. He then freed his slaves, and gave directions for the conduct of his funeral, and till the third day before his death he regularly performed public prayer.

At the last, surrounded by his mourning friends and relatives, the Prophet of Allah lay on a carpet spread on the earthen floor of his little house, his head supported on the lap of his beloved Ayesha. He fainted with agony. When he recovered he raised his eyes to the roof, and with steady gaze, but failing voice, he exclaimed in broken accents, 'O Allah—pardon my sins—yes—I come—among my fellow-citizens on high.' Mohammed died in A.D. 632.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

SCENES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.—No. V.

I SEE the heroic sufferer laid upon his hard and almost unsheltered resting-place. Many faithful friends are round him, friends of various ranks in life, but who had all struggled and suffered by his side, and who are now doing their utmost to bring him all the succour that he needs.

But even at this supreme moment the spirit of generous self-sacrifice triumphs over the weakness of nature, and the help so sorely needed is refused, that it may be given to a fellow-creature in the like distress.

[*Answer at page* 111.]

WHY THE SEA IS SALT;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF SILLY NICHOLAS.

ONCE on a time there lived a rich merchant, who was preparing to send a large ship to a distant country. When she was just ready to sail, he called the crew together.

'My good fellows,' said he, 'you are going on a long and difficult voyage in this ship, and will have to work hard to earn money for me; it is only fair, therefore, that you also should have your chance. In the country to which you are bound there is plenty of money to be made, if a man only knows how to use his purse and his wits. I give you all leave to take with you whatever wares you may be able to purchase, and all that you make by their sale shall be your own. And moreover, whoever, on your return, shall turn out to have been the most successful, shall receive a premium from myself, for it is always right to encourage industry and enterprise. There are still two days at your disposal; turn them to good account, for on the third morning from this you must set sail.'

The sailors, it need hardly be said, hastened on shore, and each, according to his own views, tried to invest his little capital wisely. In the crew there was a poor friendless lad, who had just been bound apprentice in the ship, and as he had received no wages as yet, he had not a single penny to make a purchase. The poor fellow was greatly dejected, and could not help envying his shipmates, as they returned on board, panting under their burdens, and talking of their future riches. But in his sadness the lad remembered that he had an old aunt in the city who was held to be a very wise woman, and had helped many a one out of a difficulty by her counsel. He went to her, and bade her good-morning.

'Good-day, Silly Nicholas,' she replied, for this was the name her nephew commonly went by, not being supposed to be very much overburdened with sense. He sat down upon an old stool opposite his aunt, and told her a long roundabout story of all that had occurred, and how he was the only one who was obliged to let the golden opportunity pass.

'I don't wonder at it in the least, my son,' she replied. 'It was often your poor father's case before you, and is no novelty in my family. But you might have saved your visit to me, for I am poor, and have nothing to give you. There is small store of either goods or money in this poor house.'

Silly Nicholas began to cry. 'They are making game of me already on board, even without this,' said he, 'and if I now go back without anything, I shall never have a moment's peace the whole voyage.'

The old aunt was struck by this. 'For once in his life,' said she, 'the poor wight has spoken sense. Well, then, never mind. I have no gold nor silver, it is true, to give you; but I have a very valuable article, which, if you only use it as you ought, will make a man of you; and this I will give you.'

'What can it be?' thought Nicholas, when she went out to fetch it, and what was his amazement when she returned with an old coffee-mill, which seemed as if it was falling to pieces!

The old dame read his disappointment in his looks. 'My son,' said she, 'you must not despise a gift because its exterior is not promising. This mill contains, and will supply to you, every necessary of life (I do not mean gold or jewels), if you only employ it wisely and do not abuse it.'

'And how am I to use it?' he inquired.

'I will show you,' replied his aunt. 'Is there anything which you would particularly wish for at this moment?

'Ah, my dear aunt,' said Nicholas, 'I have not eaten a morsel to-day; and I should like of all things a couple of penny rolls.'

The old dame set the mill upon the table, and said very slowly,—

'Mill, mill! grind away
Some fresh penny rolls, I pray!'

In an instant the mill was in motion, and before long a roll, fresh from the oven, came forth, and then a second, and a third! But when a fourth made its appearance, the old dame suddenly cried,—

'Bravo, mill! rest thee now,
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!'

And in a moment the mill was at rest! Silly Nicholas had looked on in silent wonder, but silly as he was, he at once perceived the use to which it might be turned; and, therefore, while he was eating his penny rolls, he learned very accurately from his aunt both the rhymes which were to be employed. He then bade her farewell, took his mill under his arm, and went aboard ship in the highest spirits. When his shipmates saw the old coffee-mill, they burst into a loud laugh, and ridiculed him without end. Silly Nicholas, however, let them enjoy themselves, stowed his mill away in a quiet corner, and for the rest of the voyage they were all so occupied with their plans of future trading, that they forgot it altogether.

At length they reached their destination, and Silly Nicholas who had been thinking, the whole voyage through, how he could best turn his capital to account, went to the captain and asked leave to go on shore for a week for the purpose of doing some business.

'I will give you leave certainly, my boy,' said the captain, 'but I fear you will make no great hand of it.'

'Time will tell,' replied Nicholas, 'but, as a specimen I engage to produce for you at a moderate price, within four-and-twenty hours, any sort of merchandise you may desire.'

'A bargain!' said the captain, resolved to amuse himself with the lad's (as he believed) simplicity and silliness. 'All my poultry have been eaten during the voyage, and I am longing for some fresh chickens. Bring me, therefore, to-morrow a couple of dozen, and I shall not only give you the leave, but pay you well for the fowls.'

Silly Nicholas cheerfully took his mill under his arm, and sauntered leisurely through the city, till he reached a quiet and retired spot fitted for his operations. He first made a large wicker-cage, and placing his mill before the door, he repeated his rhyme,—

'Mill, mill! grind away
Fine fat poultry now, I pray!'

The mill began to turn, and in a few moments out popped a beautiful chicken, and flew, crowing and clapping its wings, into the cage. Nicholas watched closely, and when the full number of two dozen was completed, cried out,—

'Bravo, mill! rest thee now,
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!'

As soon as this task was finished, he lay down on the grass beside his birds, and fell asleep perfectly happy. Next morning he presented his poultry. The captain kept his word honourably, paid him a dollar for each of the chickens, which were a rarity in that country, and gave him a month to employ for his own private advantage. Silly Nicholas had observed in the market-place a large wooden booth, where some itinerant jugglers had held their exhibition. This he hired, and he got a painter to paint over the entrance in large letters,

ALL SORTS OF GOODS SUPPLIED HERE FOR HALF-PRICE AT A DAY'S NOTICE.

Having made these preparations he placed his mill in a quiet corner, and sat down to abide the result. Next morning a customer presented himself.

'Is it true, sir,' said he, 'that on a day's notice you supply goods at half-price?'

'Certainly,' said Nicholas.

'If so,' said the stranger, 'I request you will supply me to-morrow with six waggon-loads of corn. There has been a great dearth this harvest, and I shall pay you a hundred gold dollars for it on the spot.'

'Agreed,' cried Nicholas. 'Let your horses be here to-morrow.'

He kept his word, and when the waggons were loaded the horses could scarcely move them from the door. The man gladly paid the hundred dollars, and something over, and went his way.

By this transaction Nicholas soon established a character, and his mill was seldom allowed to stand idle. He was in a fair way of soon being a rich man, but what pressed most upon him was that his month's leave was nearly out, and the captain was not willing to extend it, for he expected to be able to turn his apprentice's talents to his own private advantage.

This fact was quite notorious, and every one in the city pitied the poor young man, that, with such prospects, he should be compelled to return to his former degrading occupation. They advised him to run away, but he was too honest to follow the advice, and resolved to submit to his fate if he could find no honourable means of avoiding it.

In this crisis of his fortunes the minister-of-war came to him one day, and told him that, having heard of his great fame and of his extraordinary resources, he had come in the hope of being released from great embarrassment. The Sultan, his master, had suddenly commanded a grand review of the army, and they were all in the greatest perplexity, as, in consequence of the non-arrival of clothes ordered from England and Leipsic, the body-guards were not all provided with their new uniforms. 'If, therefore,' said he, 'you can produce within two days two thousand scarlet caftans with white facings of this pattern, you shall share the profits with myself, and I will get you named army-contractor to his Majesty the Sultan. This appointment will free you from your present obligations, and will be but a step to higher promotion.'

Nicholas promised to do his best, and before the end of forty-eight hours the two thousand caftans were punctually delivered. The minister kept faith honourably, and three hours before the expiration of the captain's leave Nicholas received a large parchment patent, whereby he was named 'Court and Army Contractor to the Sultan.'

(*Concluded at page* 70.)



"Mill, mill! grind away
Fine fat poultry now, I pray!"



"This wonderful pony was called Donna-Maria."

DONNA-MARIA.

ALFRED was a big boy, much bigger than I was, and much older, so I naturally looked up to him; but what made me think more of him than of any other boy I knew was that he had a Shetland pony to ride on; a real live pony, whilst I had only a wooden rocking horse! This wonderful pony was called Donna-Maria, and perhaps you'll say it was an absurd name for a Shetlander, and that it ought to have had some Scottish or Highland name, and I dare say you are right; but the name was given to it by Alfred's sister, a young lady of a romantic turn, and very fond of Spanish (I mean the language, not the liquorice), and her own name being Isabella, she determined that Sheltie's name should be Donna-Maria. It was on Donna-Maria that I had my first rides; and though she was but a little creature, she seemed quite a big horse to me, as I sat holding on by the pommel of the saddle whilst Alfred led her by the rein. Sometimes he took me up on the saddle before him, for she was very strong, and easily carried us both, and then we galloped. Oh, the delight of those rides! and how fast her little hoofs did patter along the roads! She was very pretty, as well as very strong, and was of a rich brown colour, with a shaggy mane that hung over her forehead in a thick forelock, through which her bright eyes gleamed.

Alfred often rode over to our house, and one day, when it happened to be raining when he came, my sister insisted on bringing Donna-Maria into the kitchen for shelter, and, placing her before the fire, got a cloth, and dried her well with it, lest she might catch cold, though nothing less than a torrent could have penetrated the thick hairy coat that clothed the sturdy little pony. However, she seemed to enjoy the warmth of the fire, and watched the drying process out of the corners of her eyes; but when an attempt was made to comb out her tangled mane, she showed such disapproval by tossing her head impatiently, and stamping on the floor with her little feet, that my sister had to give it up.

Alas! those happy days of pony-riding came to an end. Alfred's father met with a reverse of fortune, and sold his carriage and horses, and Donna-Maria with them. I never heard of her more, but I hope she fell into the hands of people who would treat her kindly when she was old. A. R.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 59.)

MEANWHILE the two allies, the mother and the young secretary, were greatly disturbed by this terrible danger so happily overpast for the present, and they both felt that to leave Emile where he was, exposed to chance visits from the servants, was not to be thought of; yet where could he go? what asylum was open to him, proscribed as he was by the Russian Government?

At last the Countess bethought herself of a plan, which she hurriedly communicated to Dandie, entreating him at the same time to be very cautious to maintain as much as possible his usual manner, especially when any of the servants were present. There was, she told him, a lodge in the forest inhabited by a woodman, whose wife had nursed the young Count, and loved him with a foster mother's devotion. These good people were entirely trustworthy, and in their cottage Emile would be as safe as he could be anywhere in Poland; and to this retreat the Countess proposed that they should convey her son.

It was a task fraught with the utmost danger, but what will a mother's love not attempt in order to save the life of an only child? As soon as the young Count could stand on his feet, they hurriedly conveyed him at dead of night to the woodman's hut, where they saw him laid in a comfortable bed amid the tears of the kind and faithful old woman who had tended him in his infancy. But still the lodge in the forest could only be a temporary retreat; both the Countess and Dandie felt that it was actually necessary to get him across the Prussian frontier, and that without delay. Prussia, fortunately, was not far off, but the frontier guards were on the alert, and so were prowling bands of Cossacks; while money, horses, and a suitable disguise, all required to be provided. Alas, what difficulties beset them on every hand! Winter had set in with great severity, and the ground was covered with snow, when Dandie set out one morning in a very anxious frame of mind to visit the young Count in the woodman's lodge. He had felt oppressed for some days back with terrible anxiety, he felt sure that some of the servants were watching his face whenever he chanced to meet them in the mansion, while the Countess, too, was under the same impression. Emile, too, was growing restless and almost desperate; he was now almost restored to strength, and the necessity of remaining closely confined to the forest hut almost seemed to suffocate him. 'I must leave this,' he had said one morning to Dandie, 'I must leave this; my presence here, if discovered, means ruin and confiscation to my father, and I cannot bear the thought.

Dandie, who had become much attached to Emile, tried to soothe the young man and to lift him out of this morbid state of mind; but it was not easy, indeed he became infected with it himself, and constantly lived in an atmosphere of apprehension, not knowing what might happen at any moment.

On one cold, snowy morning, as we have already said, he had left the castle on a pretended duck-shooting expedition, but in reality to visit Count Emile at the forest lodge. On his way thither, as he passed by an enormous pile of roughly-hewn logs, he became aware that two men were in close conversation on the other side, one of the two being Louis, the major-domo. Dandie bent forward and listened with a pale face and a beating heart. The spy, while stipulating for a large reward, was undertaking to point out the retreat of the young Count, while the other conspirator was to bring forward a band of Cossacks.

The young secretary, filled with consternation, returned to the mansion, and, seeking an interview with the Countess, told her this terrible tale. For a

moment the poor mother almost gave way, but she speedily rallied. 'I knew it,' she said; 'I have felt sure of it for days past. Louis has dogged your steps to the forest; my son must fly, and immediately, or he is a dead man; but how—weak as he still is.'

It was a terrible moment for Dandie; he felt that the whole responsibility of this grave matter must lie with him; unless he could come to the front and arrange matters for the young Count, he would be a prisoner in the hands of the Russian police ere close of day. Could he do this? Our readers need not wonder if he hesitated; he was still very young, scarcely twenty, and little experienced as yet in the difficulties of life; besides the duty which lay before him involved imminent risk to life; if the young Count should be caught, he himself would certainly also be seized as aiding and abetting his escape.

But as we know Dandie Charlton was no common youth; he was kind-hearted, prompt, and sensible, and in half as short a time as it takes to tell it he had made up his mind to venture all. 'I will go with your son,' he said to the trembling Countess; 'I will ride with him to the frontier; it can be done in four hours, and we have a fair start.'

'You!' said the poor lady, for the first time melting into tears; 'you! a stranger, would you sacrifice your young life?' Oh, I ought not to allow you! I ought not to accept your noble offer. You are young, my friend, and you, too, have a mother.'

Dandie pressed her hand. 'I must go,' he said, 'and immediately. You, dear madam, will pray for us.'

'Stay,' said the Countess, 'only one moment,' and leaving the room she speedily returned carrying a bag of gold. 'I have kept this,' she said, 'unknown to my husband for emergencies. In our unhappy country emergencies continually arise; take it and use it freely, and go with a mother's grateful blessing.'

As all the men servants had gone to a wedding in the village, Dandie had the coast clear. He went to the stable, where he hastily saddled two fine horses, and was just leading them out when Louis appeared at the door! Their eyes met, and the traitor saw that his villainy had been discovered. 'Not so fast, Herr Englander,' said he insolently. 'Your pretty pleasure-trip is spoiled,' and he seized the bridle of the nearest horse.

Now Dandie was eminently peaceable, but at this moment he was desperate, and Louis, who little knew the power that lay in an English fist, was speedily knocked down, and lay whining for mercy. But not a moment was to be lost; Dandie bound the wretch's hands together and tied him to a post, then led out the horses and mounted. But the animals did not know him; they pranced and neighed, while to his horror the neigh was answered by other horses afar off, followed by the wailing sound of the Cossack trumpet. The Czar's bloodhounds were already on the move and rapidly approaching.

In a few minutes, however, Dandie had reached the lodge, and rapidly told his story. 'Dear friend,' said the poor young Count as he mounted, 'you should not come with me; these Cossacks are wolves when they scent blood and plunder.'

But Dandie wrung his hand. 'We go together,' he said. 'Say no more,' and the two friends rode away at a rapid rate.

Quick as they were, however, they had no sooner emerged from the forest into a region of morass and brushwood than loud shouts behind them caused them to look back. The whole troop of wild riders, about forty in number, were dashing over the heath towards them. Now Emile knew the country well from his earliest boyhood, and his knowledge did him good service in this extremity. He dodged here and there through the broken ground, warily avoiding the treacherous morass into which the Cossacks immediately floundered, thus saving much precious time. But it was a terrible ride, now plunging through banks of snow, now stumbling over rocks and the gnarled roots of trees, till after an hour's hard riding they reached smoother ground, and Emile, pale and gasping, pointed with his whip to a low swelling hill not far off. 'You see that hill, my friend,' he said, 'with a white cottage and a flag-staff? that is Prussian ground; once there, we are safe. On, my friend, on,' and away they went like the wind.

But between the fugitives and the frontier was a dark stretch of forest, beyond which water gleamed. There was not only a forest to struggle through, but a river to be forded, while Emile's horse was almost dead-beat. But through the wood they tore, stooping their heads to avoid collision with the snow-laden branches, while the Cossacks, yelling like hounds, came rattling on behind, every now and then sending a bullet whistling through the air, as they were almost within range. The fugitives had reached the river and pulled up; it was not frozen, but rolled on deep and dark. 'We must swim for it,' cried Emile; 'head your horse to that spit of land, it is the only safe point.' And he plunged into the flood followed by Dandie; but the next moment a bullet crashing on its way mortally wounded his horse, which reared and floundered, rolled over, and finally sank; while the Cossacks set up a shout of exultation. Dandie, however, with a pluck which he did not know he possessed, had caught hold of Emile by the collar, and contrived to drag him free from the dying horse.

'Save yourself, my friend,' said the poor young Pole, 'and never mind me.'

But Dandie had no breath to reply, his own horse was giving him terrible trouble, while with his left hand he was grasping Emile by the hair. Still, hope, which had almost died out of him, was again springing up in his heart, his horse's feet had touched the ground, and soon, amid shouts and execrations from the Cossacks, he was urging the panting animal up the slopes on the other side, still dragging Emile along with him. The Prussian guards, who had been spectators of the exciting chase, now came running out of their huts filled with curiosity and excitement, actually giving a cheer as the two dripping fugitives reached the flag-staff, and were for the moment safe.

'Your passports, young gentlemen!' they cried. 'What? you have none? then you are prisoners in the name of his Majesty of Prussia.'

Poor Dandie was in despair, thinking that their dearly bought liberty was about to be rudely wrested from them, but Emile knew better. By a judicious use of his mother's gold pieces he succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the Prussian guard, who, after all, had little love for their Russian neighbours.



Cossacks pursuing the Fugitives.

Accordingly, when about half an hour afterwards the Cossacks contrived to get over the river, and an officer of Russian police came up to demand, in the Czar's name, the extradition of 'Emile Slavonski,' the Prussian sergeant demurred, talked of writing for instructions to headquarters, and finally refused to give up the fugitives until his head inspector should arrive to decide the point.

(*Continued at page* 74.)

'ONE OF THE OLDEN TIME.'

SIR RICHARD BULKELEY represented the Isle of Anglesey in the parliaments of Elizabeth and James I. He was a great favourite with his royal mistress, and, on that account, as well as for other reasons, he was hated by the Earl of Leicester, and he suffered much in consequence, until a happy deliverance came to him in the Earl's death. Sir



Sir Richard Bulkeley going to Church.

Richard was a tall, handsome man of a fair complexion. He was very temperate. He never altered the cut of his clothes, always wearing 'round breeches and thick bombast doublets;' but his apparel was rich and handsome, and his cloak, worn at the coronation of King James, cost 500*l*. He scorned coaches, and all sorts of effeminate ways. On a very cold and snowy Sunday at Ludlow, he was seen going to Church on foot, with a short cloak, silk stockings, and a great rapier and dagger.

He was a great reader, and had a retentive memory. He was an excellent housekeeper, a good farmer, and he understood shipbuilding and maritime affairs in general. He was also a capable lawyer, and a proficient at penmanship, for he answered every letter with his own hand.

Sir Richard was also extremely hospitable, especially to such as passed to and fro between England and Ireland. To maintain his guests and dependents, he used much caution and foresight. He sent two

ships to Greenland every year for fish, which he bartered in Spain for wine, so that his cellar was always well stocked with the old sack we read so much about in the writers of his own times. His parks were stored with deer, and his farms produced beef and mutton in abundance. He had two great stables full of horses; he kept many servants, described as 'tall and proper men;' and he never travelled without a large attendance of them.

The stout old knight died full of years and honour in 1621, having survived his enemies thirty-three years. G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

5.—Historical.

The plain is white with ripen'd corn,
But no man reaps this August morn,
The hind has other work in hand,
For, hark, the foe is in the land!

And he must up, in coat of frieze,
With any weapon he can seize,
If nothing else, a hedging bill,
Or broken scythe, may do to kill.

A Bishop, with his words of fire,
Has roused the manhood of the shire;
The Parish Priest, he heads his flock,
Manlike to meet the battle shock.

The Sacristan, with fear and doubt,
Has pulled his silken banner out,
Thence to the battle-field it goes
To stream above the serried rows,

And give what confidence it can
To many an honest serving-man,
Who well may tremble and turn white
Before his first, his only fight.

The oath is sworn, the men are blest,
'And now,' quoth Ranulf, 'do your best;
And should one perish in the fray,
Be Paradise his meed this day!'

Beneath a canopy of cloud,
Roars on the mixed, tumultuous crowd;
They seem the winning side at first,
Our ranks, like spider webs, are burst.

Look where we will, on every side,
We seem surrounded by the tide,
Save where the sacred emblems stand,
Defended by our central band.

When we behold them stand so true,
Our scattered men the fight renew;
While Victory hovers o'er the press,
Uncertain which she ought to bless.

Their final onset comes at length,
It comes, but with a dwindling strength;
It comes; 'tis but a flickering fire,
They halt, they scatter, they retire!

Again the broidered banners go,
Each to its home in goodly show;
And many think with pious pride,
They brought the victory to our side. G. S. O.

[*Answer at page* 111.]

WHY THE SEA IS SALT.

(*Concluded from page* 63.)

No one was more indignant at Nicholas' good fortune than the captain. He could no longer reclaim his apprentice, now that he had been created a nobleman, nor compel him to share his wealth with himself. He therefore tried every means to discover Nicholas' secret, and was constantly spying about his warehouse. At last an opportunity offered. Nicholas had gone out to a neighbour's house, and had omitted to close the door as carefully as usual. The captain went in, and searched every imaginable spot; but that day's goods had all been removed, and there was nothing to be seen but the four bare walls. At last, just as he was going to retire, he spied a little recess, and on examination discovered in it the old coffee-mill which Nicholas had brought on board, and which had been the subject of so much ridicule.

'Beyond a doubt,' said he, 'this mill must be the work of some great conjurer, and does everything the silly fellow wishes to have done. I had better seize on it at once, and then I am made a man.'

As he spoke he stretched out his hand to seize it. But at this moment Nicholas, who had come in and overheard his master's words, cried out,—

'Mill, mill! grind away
Stout oak cudgels now, I pray!'

When lo! the mill began to turn furiously, and a multitude of cudgels issued from it, and belaboured the unfortunate captain's back till they left it black and blue, and in a most melancholy plight. He shouted and stormed, alternately threatening and imploring for mercy, but in vain; for the mill was constantly setting new cudgels in motion, and when the early ones fell off, there were ever new recruits to take their place.

'Ah, my dear, sweet Master Nicholas!' sobbed the unfortunate captain, 'do, pray do, stop this cudgelling, or I shall expire. Oh, oh, oh! Why did I ever call this stupid young rascal, who by right should be my servant—why did I call him sweet Master Nicholas? Stop this moment your infernal tricks, you worthless scoundrel, or I shall hang you up at the mast-head like a weathercock, there you shall dangle while there is breath in your body! Oh, murder! oh, murder!'

Nicholas, instead of answering him, pointed to the blue caftan—his uniform as an officer of the court—which sheltered him from all the captain's menaces.

'Yes, yes,' the wretched man replied, 'I was wrong when I spoke so disrespectfully to your excellency. I regret it bitterly, and if you will have pity on my wounded back, I shall never forget myself again.'

'Well, I am beginning myself,' said Nicholas, 'to think that you have got quite enough to teach you never to lay your hand on another's property again. I shall open the door for you therefore, and you may go about your business; but be sure never to attempt such a trick again, else you shall not escape so cheaply.'

The captain flew as if he had wings through the open door, and all the cudgels pursued him merrily. But as soon as he was gone Nicholas cried,—

'Mill, mill, rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow.'

The cudgels ceased, therefore, and the unfortunate captain was left to pursue his way in peace, as well as his pains would permit him; but from this day forth he entertained a deep grudge against Nicholas, and vowed and declared that he would leave no stone unturned to get possession of this magic mill, and if possible to revenge himself some other way. For a long time he planned and planned, but in vain; till at length a thought occurred to him which appeared very feasible. He could not set about it at once, however, for he was obliged to wait till the traces of the cudgelling had disappeared. But the delay only made his hatred the more deep and bitter, and the very moment he was well he went straight to Master Nicholas, offered him his hand, told him they should mutually forget and forgive, and in token of the sincerity of his reconciliation, he invited Nicholas to a splendid entertainment at the principal hotel, to which he had asked a number of friends.

Nicholas, who was naturally a good-tempered youth, at once accepted the invitation. The wine proved very attractive, and in a short time Nicholas had taken quite enough for the captain's purpose. He would gladly have sliced off the poor fellow's ears as he lay, but the presence of Nicholas' friends compelled him to bridle his revenge; and while they were engaged in conveying Nicholas to bed, the captain hastily repaired to the poor youth's house, having previously abstracted the key out of his pocket, and began to search for the mill. He found it without difficulty, concealed it carefully under his cloak, hastened to the ship, and, lest Nicholas should raise an alarm about the robbery, he ordered the ship to put to sea without a moment's delay.

Late in the evening Nicholas awoke, and was greatly surprised to find himself in bed in a strange place. After a little, however, calling to mind the occurrences of the day, he was dreadfully alarmed, for he saw that what had happened with the captain and his friends was a concerted plan, and that they had availed themselves of his insensible condition to play a villainous trick upon him. He flung on his clothes, and hurried without delay to his house; but found, to his grief, that his precious treasure — the origin and foundation of his wealth — was gone. Still he resolved to do his best, though he feared it was too late, to recover his treasure. Summoning his neighbours to his assistance therefore, he went down to the river where the ship had been lying. But alas! she had long since set sail, and now had reached the open sea, where it was hopeless to attempt pursuit. Sick at heart and deeply downcast, he returned to his house, and from that moment he was of course compelled to leave his orders unexecuted and to break up his establishment. The people in the city said he had speculated too far, and had run out his capital. But Nicholas quietly betook himself to the country, where he had time, in his cooler moments, to reflect that he was better off than he thought at first, having contrived, while his trade lasted, to lay up a considerable sum, sufficient to purchase a property on which he lived till a good old age, pouring blessings on his old aunt and her still older coffee-mill.

Meanwhile the thief was sailing over the sea and chuckling at his good fortune. He indulged himself in thinking what a multitude of speculations he would embark in, till he should at last be the first man in the land. 'And then,' said he, 'I shall break the old mill to pieces, lest any one else should grow as rich as myself. Luckily I still recollect since that cudgelling the words which set the mill in motion.'

During this soliloquy he had begun to feel hungry, and ordered the cook to serve dinner without delay. The cook soon presented himself. 'A nice dinner it will be,' said he, with a countenance full of ill-humour; 'where am I to find it, pray? We set sail in such a hurry that we have not a fortnight's provisions on board. And this moment, when I went to put some salt in your soup, I found to my horror that there is not a grain of salt in the ship.'

'Well, well,' said the captain in great good humour, 'make your mind easy about it. Be assured we shall want for nothing; and in the first place, I must get you some salt for the soup.'

He took the coffee-mill down from the shelf as he spoke, and said with great solemnity,—

'Mill, mill! grind away;
Let us have some salt, I pray!'

The mill according to its wont began to turn, and, to the captain's great delight, forth came a thick stream of salt. The cook opened his mouth and eyes, but could not for his life conceive how this came to pass, till at last, when there was already a large heap of salt lying before them, he said, 'that may do for the present, and the mill if it pleases may grind us something else.'

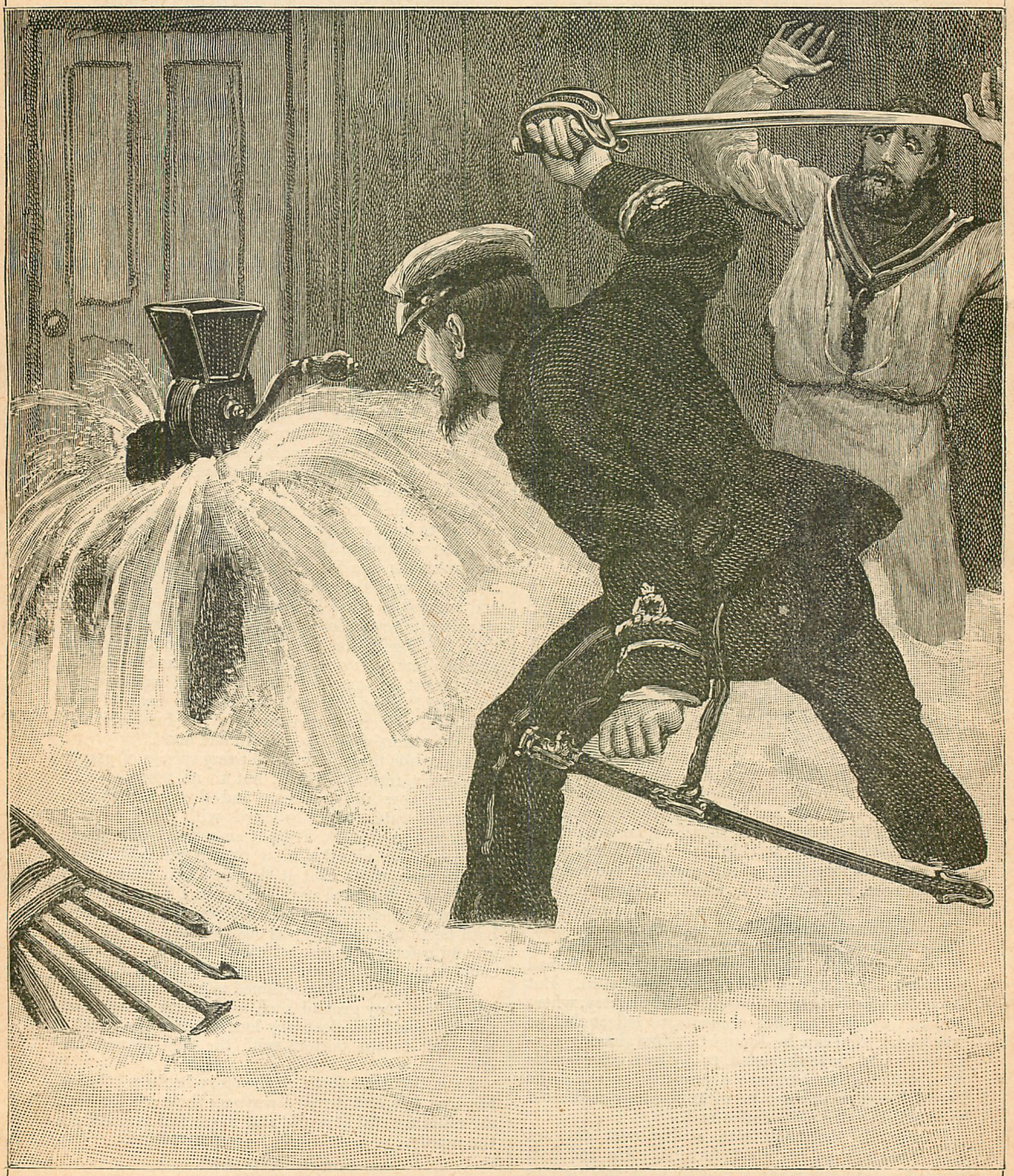
The captain also, who saw that they had now salt enough to last for a year and a day, was disposed to stop the working of the mill; but alas! to his horror, it now struck him for the first time that he did not know the words necessary to stop it. In his terror and anguish of mind he grasped it for the purpose of stopping its revolutions, but it struck him such a blow upon the fingers that the blood spouted out furiously, and he drew back screaming with pain and affright.

'It must be some devil or hobgoblin we have got on board!' cried the cook, who, as the heap of salt continued to increase, ran away to the fore-deck and told the sailors what the captain had done.

Meanwhile the captain tried every species of prayer and every form of words, but to no purpose. At last he flew into a rage and drew his sword. 'You old rattletrap!' he cried with fury, 'I will knock you to shivers, and put an end to your magic at once.' He aimed a blow at the mill, and struck it with such effect that it flew into two pieces. At first he was delighted with his heroism, but what was his horror when he saw both halves stand erect, and both begin to grind away as busily as the one mill had ground before. He was struck dumb with terror, and could make no further effort to relieve himself.

Meanwhile the mills continued to grind away busily, and at last they ground such a quantity of salt that the ship could not float any longer under the weight, but sank to the bottom with the captain and the crew.

From that time forth, as the story-books go, the sea has been salt, and it will always continue so; for both the mills are still at work, and never fail to maintain the supply.



"You old rattletrap, I will knock you to shivers."



Perseverance.

PERSEVERANCE.

IT is said that perseverance will overcome every obstacle; and so it will, if it is in the right direction, and guided by judgment. But a man may try all day to unlock a box, yet he will never succeed in opening it if he has got the wrong key, no matter how he perseveres in his efforts. I once had a cat which was the most persevering creature I ever knew. There was a crevice between the boards of the kitchen-floor and the hearth, and pussy could not only hear the mice squeaking below, but could see them; and there she would patiently watch every moment she could spare from eating and sleeping. The mice were quite close to her, under the boards, and sometimes there would be a scuffle below, or a little paw would be thrust up through the crack; and then she would make a tremendous spring, as though she could plunge down on her prey through the narrow crevice. But her patience and perseverance were useless. She could not squeeze her fat body through the opening, and the mice knew better than to enlarge it and come up to her; so whilst a few kept her attention engaged, the rest were foraging in the pantry at their leisure. That persevering cat never caught any of those mice.

A. R.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 68.)

TWO hours later, having dried their clothes, at least partially, and having been refreshed with a much-needed cup of hot coffee, the two friends were quietly allowed to go, mounted on a peasant's rude cart; and, with much difficulty and not a little bribery, they managed to traverse Prussia and reach Hamburg, where they were perforce compelled to remain for a time, Emile being in a burning fever, and almost delirious. What was to be their next move? What asylum was open to the young Count, penniless as he was, and without even a change of clothing? And as for Dandie, he almost felt as though he were dreaming. A few days ago quietly residing in Poland, with no thought of any immediate change of locality; now on his way home to St. Andrews, for Dandie felt that no other alternative was open to him; he and his poor friend must in the first instance seek a refuge at the Priory, as soon as Emile was sufficiently recruited to leave Hamburg.

Meanwhile, having procured a quiet lodging under feigned names, and persuaded his companion to lie down to rest, he summoned an English doctor, to whom he confided the whole story. Having done this, he then sat down by Emile's bed and wrote a long letter home.

When Dandie's letter reached his home it found the family there in great though pleasurable excitement and commotion, for a letter had just been received from Dick, poor wandering Dick, of whom they had heard absolutely nothing since the sad day, now more than two years ago, when he had run away from Uncle Joseph's home in Bristol, and shipped as a common sailor on board the *Shooting Star*, bound for Melbourne. Mrs. Charlton and even the more hopeful Winnie had almost given up expectation of ever hearing of him again. He had reached Melbourne; this they knew, for Uncle Joseph had written to them on the return of the *Shooting Star* to Bristol, but what had become of him after that no one knew. He was without money or friends able to assist him. Doubtless he had perished, like many others, in the bush or at the diggings.

The thought had cost poor Mrs. Charlton many a tear, and had caused Winnie to grow graver and older looking than a girl of seventeen years ought to be. Then Laura's distressing illness had been another cause of grief and anxiety, so that both mother and daughter had suffered much since the day that Dandie had left them to travel to Poland. But the sadness at the Priory had not been an unmixed evil; it had greatly strengthened Mrs. Charlton's naturally weak character; it had developed in Winnie a tender thoughtfulness, which, indeed, had always been hers, but which had increased, until she was truly her mother's right hand and the cherished friend of poor Laura, who, in her childish days, had despised her more staid elder sister.

But Laura was now greatly changed; the pride, the peevishness, the ambition, all seemed to have passed away. She had learned those salutary lessons which sorrow is intended to teach, and she could look up to God, feeling that He was a loving Father still, Who would not send upon her more than she was able to bear. And, indeed, there was now much hope that the poor girl would recover the use of her limbs, which she had partially lost since her unfortunate accident on the ice the winter after Dandie had left home. She had received the utmost care and attention, and the best medical advice which money could procure, and the kind author of all this comfort was none other than Uncle Joseph Deane, who, having at last made up his mind to travel down to Scotland to visit his only sister, had been greatly touched by his young niece's suffering condition and by the many signs of poverty which he could not help seeing. Uncle Joseph was not a hard man, though many believed him to be so, but he was terribly afraid of being imposed on. His temper had been somewhat soured by the conduct of his own son, and he felt rather angry at the manner in which Dick had behaved while he was at Bristol. But all anger vanished from his heart when he saw the pale and pretty little Laura lying on a faded couch in the parlour at the Priory, carefully working at some lace, which, when finished, was to be sent to Edinburgh for sale.

'I have earned twenty-five shillings already,' she said, while a flush of pleasure rose on her pale cheek, 'and I do so love to help poor mother.'

Uncle Joseph's heart smote him terribly at these simple words. He was a rich man; twenty-five pounds would have been nothing to him, yet here was his own niece, fragile and delicate, patiently working for long, weary hours, in order to lessen her widowed mother's cares. Uncle Joseph felt thoroughly ashamed of himself that he had not

sooner made the acquaintance of his sister and her family and shown some attention to these forlorn young girls, who certainly had some claim upon his kindness. But it was not yet too late.

'Sister,' he said, turning hastily round to Mrs. Charlton, 'you must allow me to make this child my peculiar care. She must get the best surgical advice without delay; here, give me pen and paper.' And Uncle Joseph at once wrote a note to the celebrated Professor Syme of Edinburgh, asking him to visit a young patient at St. Andrews. And this was only the beginning of his kind deeds, for when the great surgeon pronounced a favourable verdict, and said that change of air and scene would greatly benefit the young lady, Uncle Joseph would have carried her off then and there to his English home if Winnie could have accompanied her; but this could not be arranged, as Mrs. Charlton had taken two or three young boarders into her family, and she and Winnie were both required to look after them.

'Would you have liked to go with me, my dear?' said Uncle Joseph, looking kindly down upon the girl, whose fair young face was sadly flushed with the excitement of all these arrangements.

'Yes, uncle,' she replied, in rather a hesitating voice; 'but perhaps not for a day or two yet.'

'All right,' said the old man cheerfully; 'then I will go home first, engage an old lady of my acquaintance to take care of you, and you will come this day fortnight. And, sister,' he continued, turning to Mrs. Charlton, 'perhaps you do not know that I have given up my shop now. I mean to rest in my old age, and have taken a house on the Downs at Clifton, where the air is pure and clear, much better than at Bristol. My young niece will thrive there beautifully, I feel perfectly sure.'

And Uncle Joseph, having made all these arrangements, took his departure from St. Andrews with a beaming face and a happier heart than he had carried in his bosom since that sad day long, long ago, when his dear young wife had died, leaving him with a baby boy, his son Wilfred. Ah! where was Wilfred now? was he dead or alive? Had he been too harsh with his boy?

Uncle Joseph's kind plans having been duly carried out, Laura had been conveyed to his house at Clifton, and placed under the care of Mrs. Austin, a gentle, kindly old lady, whom to know was to love, and who soon made the young invalid feel quite at home.

There is a wonderful difference of temperature between St. Andrews and Clifton, as Laura speedily discovered after she was removed to Mr. Deane's residence there; she bloomed out under the more genial skies like a wild rose, until after a few weeks she was able to walk a little, leaning on her uncle's arm. Laura felt very happy: she had known sickness and suffering, and now returning health was very sweet. And if she was happy, what shall we say of Uncle Joseph, whose sole delight it seemed to be to procure pleasures and dainties for his young niece? Indeed, it was well for Laura that her long illness had so much softened and improved her character, for she might otherwise have been thoroughly spoiled at this time by over-kindness. As it was, she took it all very quietly, but often looked so radiant that Uncle Joseph felt greatly pleased.

'Ah, my dear!' he said, 'Clifton agrees with you, that is very easily to be seen. I hope, Laura, you will never speak of going away and leaving your old uncle who loves you.'

And Laura laughingly promised that she would not.

Many a true word is spoken in jest, and the happy young girl did not know that what she promised she really would fulfil; it was her hand that, years after this, was to smooth Uncle Joseph's dying pillow and close his eyes in death.

Such was the state of the Charlton family, when, as already recorded, a letter arrived from poor Dick, the very first letter he had written since he left Bristol so long before. Mrs. Charlton almost fainted when she saw the well-known handwriting of her boy. With trembling fingers she gave it to Winnie.

'Read it, my dear,' she said; 'tell me, is he well? Where is he? where is my poor boy?'

But Winnie did not answer; her eyes were running eagerly over the precious paper, till having nearly reached the end of it, she uttered a cry of joy. 'Oh, mother, mother!' she cried, 'such news! you will scarcely be able to believe it! but how our poor Dick must have suffered!'

'Read it, my dear,' answered her mother, 'read it from the very beginning.' And Winnie, almost breathless from excitement, began to read aloud her brother's letter.

It was a very long one, and as our readers are already acquainted with Dick's career up to the time when sick, miserable, poor, and deserted by his companions, he had risen from his bed in the dim grey of the morning, and turned his back upon the Kajunga diggings for ever, we need only take up his history from that time, and tell it in his own words. The letter was written in a truly penitent style, and contained an account of all his misdeeds, save the one sad and miserable story of Frank Devon's death. Dick did not allude to this, he knew that to hear of anything so dreadful would be anguish to his poor mother's heart, but he did not spare himself in any other particular. After telling how he had left the Kajunga with the earnest desire of beginning a new and better life, he proceeded with his story.

(*Continued at page* 82.)

ORIGIN OF MEN OF GENIUS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was the son of a weaver, and also a weaver himself. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry-cook. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was a journeyman printer and son of a tallow chandler and soap-boiler. Daniel Defoe was a hosier and son of a butcher. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary. Virgil was the son of a porter. Horace was the son of a shopkeeper. Shakespeare was the son of a wool-stapler. Milton was the son of a money-scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant. Robert Burns was the son of a ploughman in Ayrshire.



UNCLE'S BIRTHDAY.

WHY, father dear, asleep again!
The cab will soon be here
To take us both to uncle's house,
To taste his birthday cheer.

You're weary, dear old father, now;
But yet the time has been
When not a stronger man in all
The country side was seen.

Ah, well! as years on years revolve
We all must feel their weight;
The strength declines, the eyes grow dim,
It is the common fate.

But glad am I that I am here
To help you in your need.
But waken now, my father dear,
The cab is here, indeed.

B. M.

'SAVE THE PIECES!'

IT has been ascertained that during a single voyage by the Cunard steamship *Etruria*, on the average, crockery is broken at the rate of 900 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1213 tumblers, 200 wine-glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water-bottles.

JOHN POUNDS' SCHOOL.

JOHN POUNDS was born at Portsmouth in the year 1766; and as he grew up, his parents, who were in humble circumstances, apprenticed him to a shipwright. Whilst working in the dockyard, he met with an accident; one of his thighs was broken, he was rendered a cripple for life, and had to seek another means of subsistence. He took to mending shoes, and lived in a weather-boarded house in St. Mary's Street, in his native town.

Being of a gentle and humane disposition, he was fond of animals, and kept a number of tame birds in his stall, and his good nature moved him to take charge of a child belonging to his brother, who had a numerous family. This poor child was a cripple, his feet overlapping each other; but the ingenious cobbler contrived an apparatus of old shoes and straps, by means of which the boy's feet were kept in their right position, and he was soon cured. The kind-hearted John next taught him to read; and thinking that his little nephew would learn better with companions, he asked a neighbour to send him his children to be taught. Others followed, and soon the wooden booth, which was eighteen feet long by six in width, was crowded to over-flowing. His teaching was all gratuitous, and he delighted in reclaiming and teaching 'the little blackguards, as he called them. He sought out the ragged urchins on



John Pounds' School.

the quays of the town, and bribed them with a roasted apple to come to his school.

He managed to procure some fragments of old school-books, and from these, and some old hand-bills, he taught the children to read, whilst with slate and pencil they learned writing and arithmetic. His method of instruction was by means of questions. Seated with his lapstone on his knee, in the midst of his mob of little pupils, he would go on with his work, whilst asking them the names of different objects, and then making them spell them. With the younger ones he was very playful. He would touch a little one's ear, and say, 'What's this?' And when the child replied, 'Ear,' he would say, 'Spell it.' Then, pinching it gently, he would say, 'What do I do?' 'Pinch.' 'Then spell that,' said he. And so on with the hand or foot.

As the children grew older, he adopted a stricter discipline with them, but they all loved him; and many hundreds of persons, filling useful positions in

life, owed all the education they ever received to the poor cobbler, whose sole reward was the joy he felt in doing good to others, and in the visit now and then of some brave soldier or sailor, grown out of all remembrance, who came to shake hands with their kind old teacher. Though he was favourably noticed by the local authorities, he never got one penny for his services, and lived the most frugal and self-denying life, known chiefly to his poorer neighbours.

On the 1st of January, 1839, when John Pounds was seventy-two years of age, he and his nephew determined to have a grand dinner in honour of New Year's Day, and they bought a mug of sprats; but before they were cooked, as he was looking at a picture of his school which had recently been done for him, he suddenly fell down and expired.

Great was the grief and consternation of the children, and the younger ones could hardly be made to understand that their kind old friend was really gone from them, and many of them came to the door the next morning, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several days the little ones would come in groups of two or three, look about the deserted room, and not finding their friend, go sorrowfully away.

John Pounds was a true benefactor to his species, though he was only a poor cobbler, for he was the originator of those ragged schools which have since done so much to instruct the children of the poorest class, and save them from lives of misery and crime.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

6.—Zoological.

Fleet-footed one! no Arab horse
Surpasses thee in running;
It is alone thy zigzag course,
And man's superior cunning,
Which make him, hunter born, to be
More than a match, poor thing, for thee!

Yet still, so rarely canst thou run,
Two days are often spent,
Ere the long chase is fairly done,
And, in the old brown tent,
The hunters at their savoury mess,
Thee and thy beauteous garb assess.

'Tis ten to one *ten* will beat *four*,
With *other four* supporting,
Well, if it be, when life is o'er,
And thou hast served the sporting,
Thine yet shalt shine where tapers glow,
Far beyond those who laid thee low!

G. S. O.

[*Answer at page* 111.]

VULGARITY.

VULGARITY lies in manners unsuited to the condition of life to which you belong. A lady is vulgar when she has the manners of a kitchen-maid, and the kitchen-maid is vulgar when she affects the manners of a lady. Neither is vulgar so long as she is contented to be herself. Froude.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. II.—THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

WHAT is light? It travels at the rate of 200,000 miles a second, and if it had any weight, or the minutest atom of matter in it, it would, coming at so great a speed into the eye, injure it. If one of its particles weighed but the thousandth part of a grain, its force would be greater than that of a bullet fired from a gun. 'No particle of light,' says Dr. Thomson, 'can weigh the one-millionth part of a grain.' A sunbeam is a ray of light wrapped in heat, and attended with a certain chemical power. The first enables us to see objects, the second has its well-known uses, and the third has much to do, as we shall find, with the growth of all created things that have life. Moon rays have light, but no heat at all, and very few chemical influences.

Light is good. Horses which work in the dark cost more than twice as much in doctor's bills as those which work only in the daytime. People who live in dark and gloomy courts are generally pale and sickly. White hands can be had only by keeping them in gloves out of the reach of the light. We all know how cheerful we are made by the sunshine, and a traveller in the far north tells us that he was never in such good spirits as when the sun stayed for some months above the horizon. Dr. Kane, who spent a winter in the Arctic regions, has told us how dreadful was the effect of the long, dark night upon the poor dogs—how they had to be nursed like children, how they had brain disease, sometimes barking madly at nothing, and then remaining for hours in sullen silence; and they generally died at last with symptoms like lockjaw.

The organs of our bodies are more active during the hours of daylight than those of darkness; and plants also, as well as men and animals, are stimulated by sunshine. We have already noticed that in a ray of sunlight there are three things to consider,—its light, its heat, and its chemical power. The latter is most active in spring, the light rays are most powerful in summer, and the heat rays in early autumn, when the fruits have to be matured.

Some plants are acid in the early morning, tasteless at noon, and bitter in the evening. This is caused by the plant absorbing oxygen in the hours of darkness, and parting with it again under the influence of the sun. Every leaf has some tint of green, the production of which is dependent on its being exposed to the light. If you keep a plant in a dark cellar, it soon becomes a pale yellow or white, because, in the dark plants imbibe oxygen only, and thus, deprived of other gases on which colours depend and saturated with oxygen, they lose all colour and become white. Professor Robinson brought some pallid-looking plants from a coal mine. When exposed to the light the white leaves fell off, and were succeeded by green ones. In a very splendid summer the leaves of trees are of a deeper green than usual. Coloured glass, too, has a curious effect upon plants. If mustard seed be sown under blue glass it will germinate sooner than if sown under a white glass. And fungi appear in soils that are covered with yellow glass. Flowers, as well as leaves, require light. Kept in the dark they soon lose colour and perfume. So sensitive are

they that every flower requires a certain degree of light and no more. Some never open until noon, while others feel they would be ruined by being exposed to the fiery beams of the mid-day sun, and so close their petals earlier. Linnæus has composed a 'flower clock,' in which he shows how flowers open every hour from about three in the morning till noon, while some never open until the afternoon. The yellow goat's beard, which opens at three a.m., closes at nine. Fruit, too, requires light. It will not ripen in the dark, and the brighter the light the sweeter the flavour. The sun turns the acid of the fruit into sugar, and the more light the gardener can admit into his greenhouse the better pleased is he. Artificial light will excite plants as well as sunlight, and those kept in brilliantly lighted rooms are sooner exhausted than those which live as nature ordains.

Black bodies acquire the most heat, and white bodies the least. Blue becomes hottest after black, then green, red, and yellow. Light may be, as it were, bottled up, as, for instance, in a diamond. One, after lying long in the sun, was inclosed in wax; when the wax was removed several years afterwards the diamond continued luminous for some time. Derbyshire spar and some other substances, as the yolk of an egg boiled hard, will emit light when heated. Flashes of light come also from certain flowers, as the red poppy and the nasturtium. But, the brighter the light, the greater the waste, the sooner the decay.

When the sun shines through the window on our fire it seems to put it out. The reason of this is that the sun's rays have a powerful effect on the combination of the carbon in the coal and the oxygen in the air. The light of the sun also causes the colours in carpets and dresses to fade; the colour escapes somehow and the blue becomes white, and the red brown.

But the most wonderful use man has made of sunlight is that known as photography. The dawn of the great art was about 1802, when a man named Wedgewood discovered that white paper wetted with a solution of nitrate of silver undergoes no change in a dark place, but when exposed to the full light of the sun its colour varies from grey to black in about three minutes; in the shade the change takes place much more slowly. Now, when the shadow of any figure is thrown on the paper, the part which it shades continues white, while the other part becomes dark. Other men improved on this discovery, as M. Daguerre, of Paris, and Mr. Talbot, of London, and we now are become familiar with sun-drawn pictures of famous people and grand scenery, ancient castles and modern palaces, which are all so life-like and true to nature, that in seeing their photographs we seem as if we were not gazing on pictures of things, but on the things themselves, so unerring an artist is the sun; yet whether the effects are due chiefly to his light-giving or his chemical rays seems somewhat doubtful. G. S. O.

THE WOLF-CHILD.

IN the old Roman histories it was said that Romulus, the founder of Rome, and his brother Remus were nursed by a she-wolf; and though the national historians explained this by saying that their nurse's name was Lupa, which in Latin means a she-wolf, the mass of the Romans believed in the old story, and in commemoration of the event a pair of wolves were kept in the Capitol from the earliest period of the history of Rome.

The story of Romulus and Remus, and of their being brought up by wolves is now looked upon as a fable; but there may have been some real circumstance that gave rise to it, for there are several instances recorded even in modern times of children living with wolves, and also with bears and other animals.

The most recent instance of a wolf-child occurred in India, and is narrated by Sir William Sleeman. The natives of India have a superstition about wolves, that the village in which one of these animals is killed is doomed to destruction. They therefore refrain from destroying them, though the British Government offers a reward for their heads, and in consequence the wolves are very numerous in some places, and frequently carry off the children of the villagers.

One evening some natives saw a wolf and her three cubs come down to the river Gumti to drink, and with the cubs was a little boy, running on all fours. He was captured and taken to the village. He did not attempt to escape, though he continued to go on all fours, and would eat nothing but raw meat. He was afterwards received into the house of Captain Nicholetts, of the first Oude Infantry, at Sultanpore. Here he was treated with great kindness, and was taught to eat cooked meat; but still he preferred to eat raw, and when any was offered to him he would run to it on all fours, and tear it like a wolf. He had a tremendous appetite, and would devour half a lamb at a meal, and then drink a great quantity of butter-milk, finishing with a little clay and a few small stones by way of digesters. At first he had an unpleasant habit of biting people, but he was gradually broken of this. His teeth were very strong and sharp, and he was fond of bones, which he would crunch up like a dog. He habitually went on all fours, and nothing would induce him to wear any clothes; and even in the coldest weather, if any were put on him, he would tear them off. He seemed to dislike children, and if any approached him he would run at them, barking fiercely, and try to bite them; but he made playmates of a pariah dog and some jackals, and suffered them to share his meals with him, but as they ate nearly all his food, they were shot, their death apparently giving him no concern. He lived but a few years, when he was attacked by an illness that shortly ended his life. He had never spoken any words, and only barked or howled when excited or angry; but just before his death some early memories seemed to come back to him, he put his hand to his head, saying, in Hindustani, 'It hurts,' and having asked for water, the poor little wolf-child died.

He is supposed to have been about twelve years old at the time of his death, but how he got amongst the wolves was never discovered. Sir William Sleeman, who saw him at Sultanpore, says that in his appearance and gestures he bore the most extraordinary resemblance to a wolf. A. R.



The Wolf-Child.



The Young Bushman discovering Dick.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 75.)

'IT was a terrible moment for me when I first left the Creek, for I was still suffering from illness and was entirely without means, all that I possessed being my digger's outfit and tools, and these I was firmly resolved never to use again. I wandered on, taking the first road that presented itself in the hope of reaching some station where I might procure work for some time, or at least a night's shelter and bread. I fortunately met with a man who purchased my tools from me, giving me as their equivalent some food, flour, coffee, and sugar. This was well for me, as for two nights I had to camp out alone in the bush, and would have been quite destitute of food had it not been for this opportune supply. On the third day of my wanderings, however, I felt very weak and ill, the weather was warm, and the sun seemed literally to burn through my head, while I had not been able for hours to procure a drop of water. Quite suddenly I felt faint and cold, my senses seemed to forsake me, and I fell to the ground, remembering nothing more till I was roused by a friendly voice, and felt the welcome trickling of cold water into my parched throat. I looked up, and met the gaze of a pair of frank and kindly eyes. A young bushman, whose station was close at hand, had been driving home in his dog-cart from visiting his nearest neighbour many miles away, and finding me on the ground he had promptly come to the rescue. "You will do now, my friend," he said, kindly. "You have had just a touch too much of the sun; and now where are you going? seeking work, I suppose?"

'I told him he had guessed correctly.

'"Well, the day is not so very far off when I was seeking work myself, not five years ago, and now I am in a position to give it to others, so cheer up and come home with me; you need nursing up for a day or two before you will be fit for anything." Mother dear' (so the letter ran), 'you can never know how sweet these words were to me; I had resolved to try to lead a new and better life, and it really seemed to me at that moment as though God were helping me. My kind deliverer had a small but well furnished station, and being short of hands he willingly engaged me. I became very fond of him, and the feeling as I afterwards found out was mutual; he had seen that I had been gently born and reared, and very soon he made quite a companion of me. When he had brought me to his house that first day he asked me my name. Mother, I hesitated to tell him, for I felt that I had covered my father's name with disgrace. At last I muttered that my name for the present was Jack Weston.

'"Oh, yes, I see," he replied, cheerfully. "You have not given me your true name for reasons of your own. Well, my name for the present is Charles Chester, every one here knows me by that name, yet it is not my own name, so you see we are in the same box, Jack Weston."

'I pondered over these words, mother, wondering why such a pleasant, frank young fellow should have required to drop his family name; he could not have behaved so badly as I had done, I felt sure of that. At last I ceased to think of it, I stuck to my work, had good wages, and as I had quite given up drink I soon began to save money. This pleased Mr. Chester, and he became more friendly than ever. "Jack," he said to me one day, "you are very useful to me. I will make you my partner in the concern at least to this extent that when I am away from home, you will be 'Boss' and get a share of the profits. Now I must go to Melbourne shortly, and I expect to be there for some time. Can you take charge in my absence, do you think?"

'"If the men will be ruled by me," I replied; "but it is not so long since I was upon the same level as themselves."

'"I will make that all right with the men," Mr. Chester said. "And I dare say you will get on very well."

'Mother, just think how gratified I felt at all this; had Mr. Chester been my own brother I could scarcely have loved him more. Well, it was all arranged, and the day fixed for his departure to Melbourne, when an unexpected and sorrowful event took place. One evening Mr. Chester was taken ill; he had been overheated while riding, and then had caught a chill. Inflammation had supervened, and he soon was in a precarious condition. I had sent for the nearest doctor, twelve miles off, but my messenger returned saying the doctor had gone to Melbourne. I nursed him as well as I could; we had not a woman about the place, so I was single-handed. One night I feared it was all up with him, and he seemed to think so himself, for he beckoned me to his bedside, and looked fixedly in my face.'

'"Jack," he said, "I fear I may not get over this. I cannot die without telling you who I am, and asking you to write to my friends in the old country. Oh, Jack, I have been a bad son!"

'For a minute or two he could say no more, so I tried to cheer him up a bit; but he stopped me.

'"Let me get on with my confession, lest I get too weak to speak. Jack, you will write to my father, and tell him that I have long since repented of my folly and ingratitude, that I truly grieve to think how I must have pained his heart, for I know he loved me. Oh, Jack, when we are very ill these thoughts are agony!"

'Mother, I could not say it to him then, but well did I know the agony of remorse for a wicked past. As I did not speak, he went on, "You promise me, Jack? That is good. I have written my father's address down on this paper," and he handed it to me with his trembling fingers. But judge of my astonishment when I read, "Mr. Joseph Deane, Spice Merchant, Savory Street, Bristol."'

Here Winnie had to stop reading, agitation and excitement had choked her utterance, while her mother was in tears.

'Oh, my poor dear brother, what news this will be to him! Winnie, can you imagine it? The two cousins meeting, and having lived together so long without knowing each other. Does it not seem strange?'

'No, mother, I think not,' said Winnie. 'Remember that both Dick and Mr. Chester, or Cousin Wilfred as I must now call him, were mutually bent on concealing their antecedents. They would not talk of the old home life at all, and then they had never met.'

'True,' replied Mrs. Charlton; 'but it just reads like a novel. Go on, Winnie, my dear, let me hear the end of it.'

'Yes, mother,' said Winnie, with a smile; 'you have something more to hear. Oh, mother, this is a joyful day!' and she resumed her reading of Dick's long and interesting letter.

'When I read Uncle Joseph's well-known address, and knew that Mr. Chester was no other than my Cousin Wilfred, his son, who had run away from home years before, I can scarcely tell you, mother, how I felt, the old days came so vividly back upon me. I must have shown some agitation, for he looked up in my face, and asked me anxiously what was the matter. Mother, I thought it best to conceal nothing. I told him who I was. I told him how Uncle Joseph, after making me a most generous offer, and taking me into his house, had again been disappointed in me. I told him how insolently I had treated his father, and finally, how I, too, had run away, and sailed in the *Shooting Star* for Melbourne. Poor Wilfred almost shed tears over my story.

'"Oh, my poor father!" he said; "disappointed for the second time, and left alone in his old age! Oh, Cousin Dick, may God give us both grace to repent! He was a kind, generous father to me, though perhaps just a little stern. I have heard that my poor mother's death almost broke his heart; some men never get over these sorrows. But, please God, if I get over this illness, I will go home and beg my poor father to forgive the past and be reconciled. I know that he loved me."

'Here Wilfred, quite exhausted by excitement, lay back and closed his eyes. I almost thought he was gone; but God was very good to us. He soon rallied, and from that day began to amend. And now, dear mother, here comes the most interesting part of my story, and the part which most nearly concerns myself. As soon as Wilfred was restored to health, he told me that he was in a strangely restless state of mind, that night and day he seemed to see his old father's face looking beseechingly at him, and that he had quite resolved to go home.

'"Dick," he said, "if my father were to die now, before I was reconciled to him and had got his forgiveness, I really think it would break my heart!"

'I suggested that he should write to his father, but he said no, a letter was never so satisfactory as an interview, and he was quite resolved upon going home. "And now, Dick," he said, "what about yourself? I mean to sell the station; indeed, I already know a man who is willing to take it off my hands, and give a good price for it, too. Now, what will you do?"

'Of course, mother, I felt quite at a standstill; Wilfred going away altered things terribly for me. I had saved up a few hundred pounds, but what to do next I really could not make up my mind.

'"Cousin," said Wilfred, kindly, "you have money enough to pay your passage home and more; go home with me. My father will get you employment of some kind, I know he will. And even if he did not, I will see that you do not want. Why, Dick, by your kind nursing you have, I believe, saved my life," and the good fellow wrung my hand. Mother, do you see it now? I am coming home, we are both coming home, and will be with you almost as soon as you get this letter! Dear mother, you will receive your repentant son? I know you will. And you must write and tell Uncle Joseph all these astounding news. Dear Winnie! how I long to see her, and naughty little Laura! And what is Dandie doing? Has he got any employment? But, of course, he has; he would never remain idle all this time. Whatever he is about, I feel sure that he is a better son to you than I have ever been. But the future is before me, and with God's help I hope to redeem the past.

'Your ever-loving and repentant son,

'RICHARD CHARLTON.'

At the close of this long and interesting letter Mrs. Charlton and Winnie wept together, but they were tears of joy. How changed everything seemed now that the prodigal had come to his right mind!

'My dear,' said Mrs. Charlton, 'he says that he may be with us almost as soon as we get his letter. What if they should arrive this very day! Oh, Winnie, run and open the spare room window, and give out sheets, my dear, to be well aired; and, oh, Winnie, could you not make a veal pie, just to be ready, my dear?'

'But Uncle Joseph should be written to first, mother; just think what these news will be to him.' said Winnie, thoughtfully.

'Of course, my dear, you are right. What would I do without you? Give me my desk. I will write to him myself. Meanwhile, dear, don't forget about the sheets and the pie.'

But these words were scarcely uttered when the little servant-maid entered the room, carrying a telegram between her finger and thumb, as though afraid it might bite her. Winnie seized it in a moment.

'Mother,' she cried, 'the ship is in London, and they are going to Bristol first, as it is so much nearer than here. They hope you have told Uncle Joseph. They will be in London two days.'

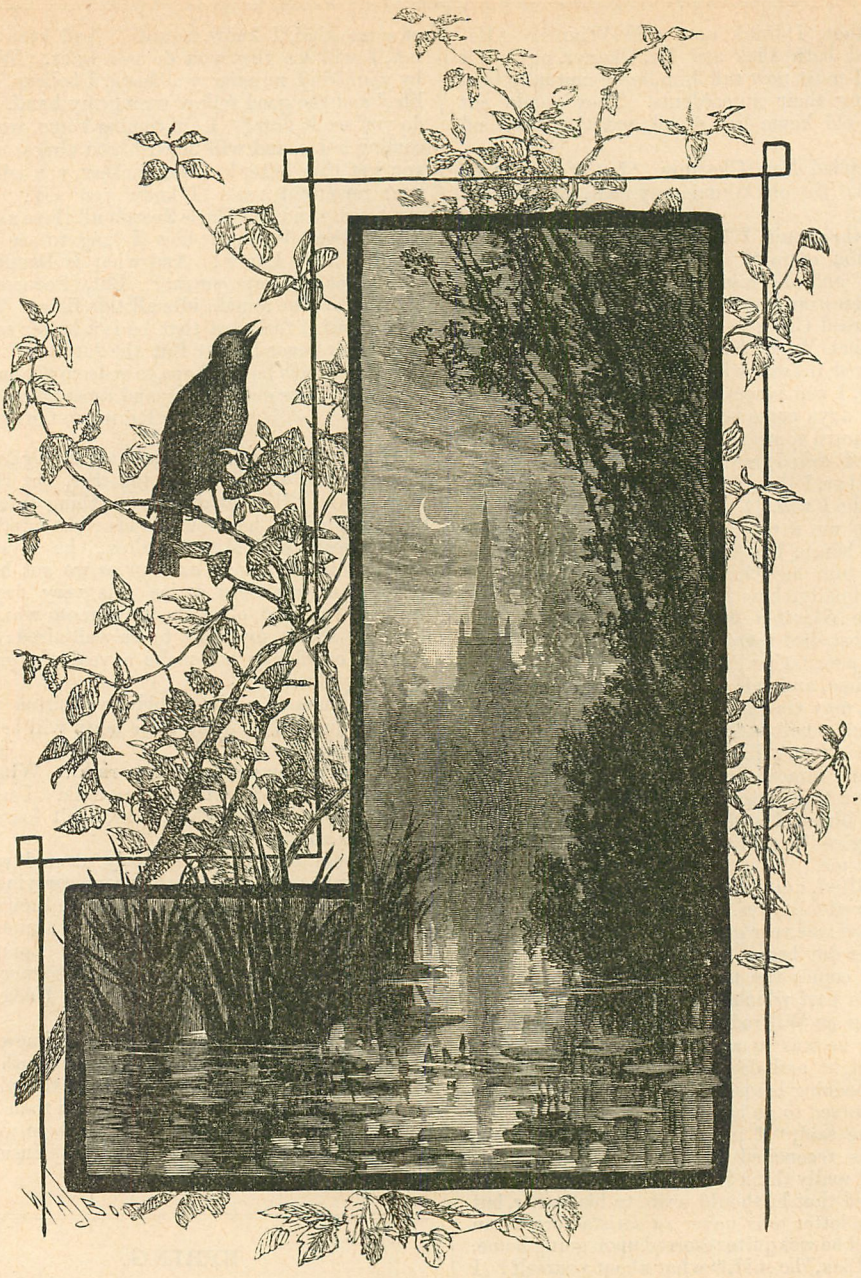
Here was a dilemma! Uncle Joseph knew nothing as yet, but Mrs. Charlton's pen was soon rushing over the paper, while Winnie, feeling that the pie might rest for a little now, retired to her own room in a tumult of joy that she might write all these wonderful news to her dear brother Dandie. Unsuspecting Winnie!

(*Continued at page* 93.)

SPRING.

WELCOME, all hail to thee! welcome, young Spring!
Thy sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing.
Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees;
Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze.

Music, sweet music, sounds over the earth;
One glad choral song greets the primrose's birth;
The lark soars above, with its shrill matin strain;
The shepherd-boy tunes his reed-pipe on the plain.



Spring.

Music, sweet music, cheers meadow and lea;
In the song of the blackbird, the hum of the bee;
The loud, happy laughter of children at play,
Proclaims how they worship Spring's beautiful day.

The eye of the hale one, with joy in its gleam,
Looks up in the noontide, and steals from the beam:
And the cheek of the pale one is mark'd with
despair,
To feel itself fading when all is so fair.

The hedges, luxuriant with flowers and balm,
And purple with violets, and shaded with palm;
The zephyr-kiss'd grass is beginning to wave,
Fresh verdure is decking the garden and grave.

Welcome, all hail to thee, heart-stirring May!
Thou hast won from my wild harp a rapturous lay;
And the last dying murmur that sleeps on the string
Is, Welcome! All hail to thee, welcome, young
Spring!

ELIZA COOK.



King Olaf destroying the Norse Gods.

HOW THE NORWEGIANS WERE MADE CHRISTIANS.

IN the tenth century, Norway, and the whole of Scandinavia, were still plunged in the darkness of heathenism. The hardy Vikings, who ravaged the coasts of Great Britain and France, and sailed in their long ships as far as Iceland, worshipped the war-god Odin, and Thor, the Thunderer, with his terrible hammer, the thunderbolt. They knew nothing but war, and their great delight was to listen to their Skalds, or bards, whilst they sang songs of battle, or recited ancient sagas, stories of daring deeds.

But a new era was dawning. Trygve, the king of Drontheim, having been slain by Jarl* Hakon, his queen, Astrid, fled with her young son, Olaf. They were captured, after enduring great hardships, and the little Olaf was sold into slavery in Esthonia;

* Earl.

but being recognised by a relative, he was taken to the King's court, and became a page to Queen Allogia. He grew to be a famous warrior; but, incurring the jealousy of the king, he had to fly with a few chosen followers. His adherents increased, and he led some piratical expeditions to the Hebrides. Though his life was thus spent in warfare, and adventures of all kinds, he possessed intelligence far beyond that of his wild followers, and he was so struck by the earnest teaching of a hermit who dwelt in a lonely cave in the island of Scilly that, abjuring Thor and his hammer, he vowed himself to the service of 'the White Christ.' He soon persuaded his followers to profess Christianity also; for, though they probably knew nothing about the Faith, they were quite sure that the religion of so brave a leader as Olaf must be good. And so, gathering together as many men as he could induce to follow him, he sailed home to Drontheim, determined to avenge the death of his father, regain his throne, overthrow Thor, and establish the kingdom of the Lord.

Having regained the throne of his fathers in a battle which he fought with his enemies, King Olaf turned his attention to converting his subjects. At a great feast that he made at Eastertide, the wizards of the old gods attempted to compass his destruction by magical rites; but he had them all seized and bound to the rocks of the Skerry, and there they were left till the sea washed over them and drowned their shrieks. He next convened a great assembly of all the landowners and freemen of his kingdom, to meet in front of the temple of the gods at Mere. They all came armed, and the King, who was of lofty stature, and very handsome, with his long golden hair flowing over his shoulders, stood up beside his bishop, Sigurd, and proposed that they should all become Christians and forsake the worship of Thor. A sturdy old freeholder of Yriar, called Iron-Beard, cried out that the King should bring such sacrifices to Thor and Odin as his forefathers were wont to bring.

'I command you all to become Christians,' replied Olaf; 'and here stands my bishop to baptize you; and if I bring sacrifices, they shall not be of slaves, but of men of worth.'

So saying he entered the temple, and falling on the huge wooden idols with his battle-axe, he speedily hewed down the war-god Odin, and tumbled Thor and his hammer to the ground. The King, issuing from the temple, once more addressed them, offering them the choice of baptism or death. They chose the former, and the rite being performed by Bishop Sigurd, Drontheim was converted in a single day.

HIGH-SPEED VESSELS.

ENGINEERING says that Great Britain has now 10 war-vessels of 3000 tons and upwards, with a minimum speed of 19 knots; the United States, 8; France, 5; Spain, 3; Japan, 2; and Russia, 1. The United States accordingly now claim that, in the important matter of high-speed warships, they rank second, and are not far behind Great Britain.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

7.—HISTORICAL.

HORSE and footmen, flushed and breathless,
Loudly shout their dismal tale,
How the foe are surely coming
With at least a thousand sail.

All day long these words are filling
Village church and minster grey,
From the fury of the stranger,
Lord, deliver us we pray!

And our Ruler calls a council,
Gathered are the lords of state,
Where the lofty roof is ringing
With the tumult of debate.

But a hush comes o'er the tempest
As a knight with hoary head,
Rising, speaks the thoughts within him:
'I have often fought and bled.

'Let us go and meet these war dogs,
With the olive in our hands;
Let us speak them words of wisdom,
Let us give them towns and lands.

'Now you know the old man's counsel,
Let the blessed work be done;
Ere I pass away for ever,
For my sands are well nigh run.'

But the young and fiery nobles
Chafed at these pacific words;
And one muttered, 'Is the olive
Meeter for us than our swords?

'If our chieftain's great ancestor
From his sepulchre could rise,
Would he hear with any patience
What this grey beard doth advise?

'Nay—would not this hall be ringing
With his clarion, "Follow me,
Till we drive these shameless robbers
Back into their barren sea?"'

Then arose the chief in anger,
Hot his heart and flushed his face;
For he felt he ill-contrasted
With the founder of his race.

And he said, 'We've heard your counsels,
And have purposed what to do,
For the welfare of the many,
Though it may offend the few.

'It is well in foolish quarrels,
Precious blood be no more shed;
Well that fields and folds be tended,
Men rest safely in their bed;

'Well our waters be not furrowed
Yearly by the pirate keel;
Then we think the old man's counsel
Better than the young man's zeal.'

Thus our ruler, loving quiet,
As his country's records tell,
Bribed the sea-dogs with a province
Near the waves they loved so well.

G. S. O.

[*Answer at page* 111.]

ANOTHER HOSPITAL DOG.

BRISTOL has furnished a parallel to the case of the London dog who applied for treatment at Charing Cross Hospital. A large lurcher dog, having had one of its paws severely crushed under the wheel of a vehicle, found its way to the Royal Infirmary, and set up a piteous howl at the door of the institute. The porter went to the door, but the poor animal ran into a corner and crouched down. The porter had scarcely closed the door again when the animal began to howl more mournfully then ever. Attracted by the peculiar cry of the dog the porter again went out, this time finding the cause of the poor brute's visit there. He was taken into the casual ward, where the nurses dressed the injured foot, the animal repeatedly expressing his gratitude by licking their hands.

TOM'S QUESTION.

OLD Oscar sat upon the rug,
His red tongue hanging out,
While Betty waited at the board
And carried dishes out.

Poor dog! he fain would have a slice
Of mutton like the rest,
But no one thought about the dog,
If truth must be confessed.

Save Tom, who at the table sat
With grave and thoughtful mien;
And what his meditations were
Will presently be seen.

'Father,' he said, 'we've sheep and lambs
And oxen, too, for meat;
We've chickens, ducks, and other fowls,
But dogs we never eat!

'Now, why is that? It seems so strange,
For very sure I am
They must be nice, for Oscar's tongue,
You see, is made of ham!' D. B. M.

AN INDIAN FABLE.

THERE once lived in India a weaver, named Manthara; and one day, whilst he was weaving, his loom fell to pieces. He could not go on with his work without making a new loom; so, taking his axe, he set out to get some wood. He soon found a large tree which he thought would suit his purpose, and began to cut it down. Now a spirit lived in the tree, and no sooner had the weaver struck a few strokes than the spirit called out, 'Hallo, there! Stop! you are cutting down my house!'

'What can I do?' said the weaver. 'I must get wood for my loom, or I cannot support my family; so be quick and find another dwelling, for I must cut this one down.'

'You shall have any boon you can ask,' cried the spirit, 'but you must not destroy this tree.'

'I'll go home and ask my wife and a friend about the matter,' said the weaver, 'and then I'll come back and tell you what gift I will take to let your house alone.'

'Agreed,' said the spirit; and the weaver returned home. He soon found a friend of his, a barber, and to him he told his adventure, and how the spirit living in the tree had promised to grant him any boon he could. 'Now, what do you think would be best for me to ask?' said he.

'Ask to be made a king,' cried the barber; 'and I'll be your prime minister, and we will enjoy ourselves gloriously!'

'That's a capital idea!' exclaimed the weaver. 'I'll just go and consult my wife about it.'

The barber objected to this course, reminding him of the proverb about the folly of those who ask counsel of women; but the weaver persisted in his intention, saying that though that might be true of most women, his wife was superior to all others.

So away he went, and told his wife all that had occurred, and how the barber had advised him to ask to be made a king.

'Now, husband,' said his wife, 'what can a barber know about anything? You should never listen to barbers. Have you never heard the proverb which says none but a fool would take a barber for his adviser? Why, if you were a king you would have endless trouble.'

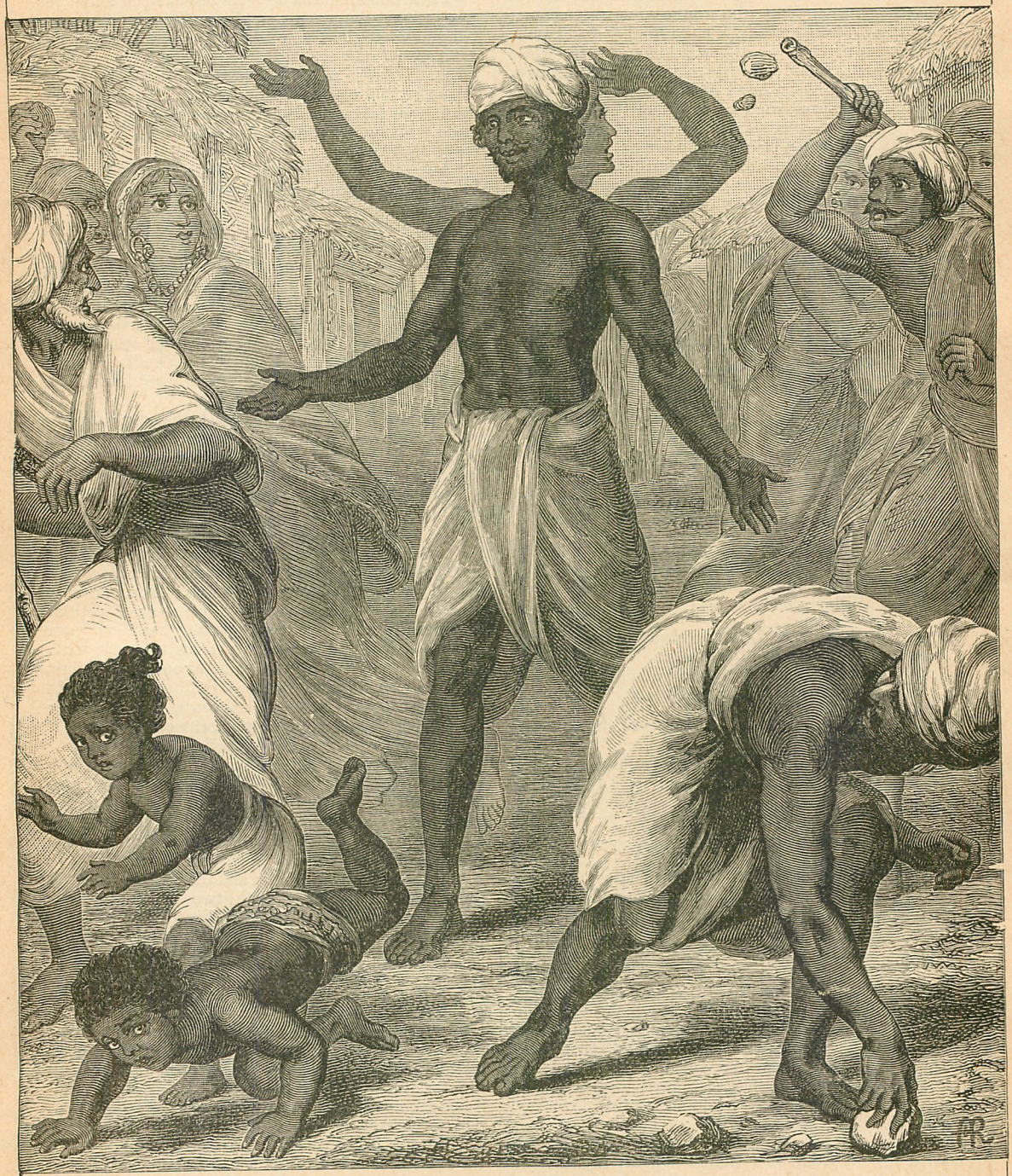
'That is very true, wife,' replied the weaver. 'What would *you* advise me to ask for?'

'The best thing for you to do,' said his wife, 'is to get the means of doing more work. You can only keep one loom going, and weave one piece of cloth at a time. Now if you had another head on your shoulders, and another pair of arms to work with, you could keep two looms going at once, one before, and one behind you. The profit of one loom will be enough for our household expenses, and with the profit from the other you can gain consequence amongst your neighbours, and that will bring you honour.'

The weaver was delighted with his wife's advice, and thought her the wisest woman that had ever lived. So off he went to the tree, and said to the spirit who lived there, 'You promised to grant me any boon I asked for if I spared your tree. Give me, then, another head, and another pair of arms.'

'Certainly,' said the spirit, and the weaver suddenly found himself equipped with two heads and four arms; and overjoyed at the happy prospect he thought was in store for him, he set out to return to his village.

But he had quite forgotten that a man with two heads and four arms might cause some surprise amongst those acquaintances who had only known him when he possessed no more than the usual number. No sooner had he entered the village, than all who saw him were seized with terror; and, taking him for some demon, cried out, 'A goblin, a goblin!' Some ran away as fast as their legs could carry them, whilst others more courageous pelted him with stones and battered him with sticks, till they quickly knocked the life out of both his heads. And so ended the poor weaver's hopes of wealth and advantage over his fellows. A. R.



An Indian Fable.

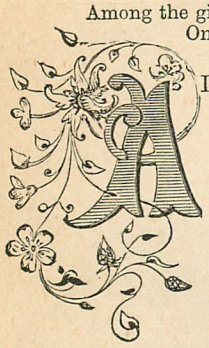


The little Polish Musician.

THE LITTLE POLISH MUSICIAN;

Or, The Childhood of Frederick Chopin.

'Music is the Prophet's art;
Among the gifts that God hath sent,
One of the most magnificent.'
Longfellow.



'ALAS! he does not like music!' said the mother, regretfully; for, as the sounds of the piano first struck his ears, the little child in her arms gave a convulsive shudder, tears filled his eyes, and his tiny breast heaved with sobs.

'Come, then, my darling,' and she was about to carry him away when the little one, with a beseeching look, stretched out his arms towards the piano.

His mother soon divined that her child's tears flowed not from an aversion to music, but from an intensity of delight in it, which he knew not how to express.

This little lad was Frederick Francis Chopin, who was afterwards to become a great and famous musician and enchant the world with his weird and dreamy melodies.

Often little Fritz-Frycek, as he was playfully called, would gently pull his mother towards the piano and, sitting on her lap, would softly touch the keys with his baby hands, smiling the while as if they were already dear to him. One day he was found hidden under the piano, listening to the vibration of the strings caused by the voices and steps of the people passing in and out of the room.

While the other children—his sisters, Louise and Isabelle, and his father's pupils—played or danced, Fritz would sit for hours on a low stool by his mother's side, leaning his fair head against her knee, quietly listening and watching. When the others tried to persuade him to join in their frolics he would smile but shake his head.

One night his nurse hearing a noise started up in time to see Master Fritz marching downstairs into the drawing-room with nothing on but his little nightshirt. She followed him, and who can describe her amazement when she heard the child play, one after the other, all the dance tunes his mother had been playing that evening. Away went nurse to awaken her master and mistress, for, according to her lights, the boy must be either mad or possessed by an evil spirit. How else could he play like that? Soon Madame Chopin appeared on the scene, quickly followed by her husband and two daughters.

Standing in the doorway they listened, while Fritz, lost to everything save the melody evoked by his own fingers, played away in an ecstasy. But it was a winter's night, and the musician's garb was of the scantiest.

'Come, my darling, it is too cold for you here,' said his mother, softly. 'We will listen to you to-morrow.'

'Oh, mother, forgive me,' cried Fritz, throwing his arms round her neck; 'I wanted so to be able to take your place when you were tired of playing.'

After this adventure it was decided that Fritz-Frycek was to be a musician, and at six years of age he had his first music lesson from a Pole named Zwyny. In a very short time the two became the firmest friends. Never had master a more docile and industrious pupil, never had pupil a kinder or more painstaking master. The music lessons often lasted double the prescribed time, for both were too much engrossed to notice the hour.

Fritz's progress was now very rapid, and his first compositions began to appear in the shape of polkas and mazurkas. His eagerness to get on may be guessed from the fact that he used to fix pieces of wood or iron between his fingers and keep them there all night, in order to obtain a better grasp over the notes.

At length a day came when Zwyny declared honestly that he could teach his talented pupil nothing more, so Fritz was handed over to a noted musician of that day named Joseph Elsner.

Fritz's first appearance in public was made at a concert given in aid of the poor. His mother had dressed him for this great occasion after the English fashion—short knickerbockers and velvet jacket, with a large falling collar. She was unable through illness to be present at the concert, and when the boy returned she asked him, with a kiss, what had been most admired by his audience.

'My collar, mother,' cried Fritz, without a moment's hesitation.

One more anecdote of our little musician and I have finished. Listen: There is an uproar in the schoolroom among his father's pupils.

The master is away, and the boys *will* play, in defiance of the monitor, who in vain tries to preserve order. In the twinkling of an eye lesson-books and copybooks are flying about in all directions, while shouts and laughter resound through the room. In runs little Fritz to see what all the noise is about, and catching sight of the piano an idea comes into his head.

'Listen, boys,' he cries; 'since you are so lively, I will tell you a jolly story.' Shouts and smiles greet the child as he seats himself at the piano.

'Bravo, Fritz-Frycek! Yes, tell us a story.'

And then the musician strikes a few chords, and as his thin little fingers fly over the keys he interprets the music to his eager listeners. 'It is quite dark—it is in the middle of the night; there are some robbers climbing up a ladder; they are going to rob a house. Now they have crawled through the window and are stealing the things. Hark!—bang! bang!—what is that noise? Some one has heard them, they must fly! Now the robbers are tumbling down the ladder, and now they are running, as fast as their legs can carry them, towards the forest. They divide the booty, and then—— Oh, how tired they are!'

The music is getting softer and softer, *piano*, *pianissimo*, for the robbers are falling asleep, and the pupils are almost asleep too—such is the magic power of harmony. Then Fritz strikes a few thundering chords, and laughs gleefully as the boys all start up as if they had been dreaming. Mischievous Fritz-Frycek!

MONEY.

MONEY makes the mare to go' is an old north-country saying with much truth in it. Some say 'Time is money,' and so it is to a man with a head and hands he knows how to use, and does use; but the time of an idler is certainly not money, and never will be.

Money has two meanings—first, metal, coined, and stamped with a King's or Queen's head; secondly, paper, which is made valuable by having a name written on it. As to coined metal let us note some of the most valuable and least valuable of the pieces.

An old Copang, Japanese money, is worth 2*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* Can we find any coin to beat it? Here is an American Eagle, not now struck. Its value is 2*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.* The Spaniard's Doubloon is better than either, for it can be exchanged for sixty-six shillings. The Shoe of Gold (Chinese) is an ingot or lump of that metal, used as money. It is worth ten tales, and a tale is valued at 1000 cash, that is 6*s.* 8*d.* Therefore the gold shoe is worth about as much as a doubloon. Would one fit a Chinese Cinderella's foot? Cashes are small bits of brass, iron, or copper, carried like beads on a wire, and are the only coins proper which the Celestials pass from hand to hand.

We do not at present notice any coin more valuable than the shoe in our collection. If it may not be classed as money, we must give the palm to the doubloon.

But, stop a bit, we are getting on too fast. What is this? The Genovina. It hails from Genoa, and, before 1790, was worth 100 lire. Now a lira of Milan was a silver coin worth nearly eightpence, and the Genovina d'oro (that is, of gold) was worth about 3*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*, thus beating the doubloon.

The Dobra, or Dobraon, however, seems to be yet higher in value. It is a Portuguese gold coin, and worth 3*l.* 11*s.* 0*d.* We don't wonder at Spaniards and Portuguese having such generous coins, for did they not first reach the happy land of precious metals? But, after all, we have found a Japanese coin called the Oban, which is worth three copangs, or 6*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* What a fine gold medal to carry in one's pocket! After this, we must surely give the palm to Japan.

The smallest gold coin is probably the mace; it is but worth fourteen pence. Perhaps the Dopietta, a Sardinian gold piece, is about the same value. It is worth five lire, and therefore it ranges from three shillings down to fifteen pence. The Asper is a very insignificant coin, for 120 aspers make a piastre. Now, the piastre is the Turkish dollar, varying in value between a florin and a shilling.

Some names are funny. We find Bits, Dogs, Dubs, Sous, Asses, Eagles, Angels, Plotts, Galls, and Pities. A Pity, which is Javanese, must be a poor, wee thing, for 25 are worth a farthing. Think of 100 pities being worth only one penny! We wonder what a pity will buy in Java. But cowries, small sea-shells, are used in India and Guinea as money, so long as they remain uninjured. 2500 cowries are worth a rupee, about two shillings.

The *Arabian Nights* talk much about sequins. A gold sequin may be worth half-a-sovereign; but the value varies. The ducat seems allied to Venice; it is worth 3*s.* 6*d.* Pieces of eight carry us back to Robinson Crusoe; these are nothing more or less than Spanish dollars. The 'almighty dollar' is the favourite of our American cousins. The Kopeck sounds very Russian, the Piastre smacks of Turkey, the Kreutzer is decidedly German in flavour, Francs remind us of France, and who can hear of Stivers without thinking of the Dutchman?

Many of our old English coins are now only to be found in cabinets. Here are the names of some:—The Sceatta, the Styca, the silver penny, the groat, (meaning a large piece, being a silver fourpence), the Noble, the Mark, the Angel, the Ryal, and the Guinea; the noble, mark, angel, and ryal were gold coins, worth 6*s.* 8*d.*, 13*s.* 4*d.*, 6*s.* 8*d.*, and 10*s.* respectively. Shillings were first coined in 1503, and were called Testoons, from having the head (tête) of the King upon them.

G. S. O.

SIX FEET.

MY little rough dog and I
Live a life that is rather rare,
We have so many good walks to take,
And so few bad things to bear;
So much that gladdens and recreates,
So little of wear and tear.

Sometimes it blows and rains,
But still the six feet ply;
No care at all in the following four
If the leading two know why.
'Tis a pleasure to have six feet, we think,
My little rough dog and I.

And we travel all one way:
'Tis a thing we should never do,
To reckon the two without the four,
Or the four without the two.
It would not be right if any one tried
Because it would not be true.

And who shall look up and say
That it ought not so to be,
Though the earth which is heaven enough for him
Is less than that to me.
For a little rough dog can wake a joy
That enters eternity.

Humane Journal.

THE FIGURE ON THE CHALK HILLS.

THE famous figure cut in the Chalk Hills, near Eastbourne, and known as the Wilmington Giant, is to be restored. The figure is that of a man 230 feet high, and is a familiar object on the south-coast railway. It is of great antiquity, and although believed to be of Celtic origin, its date or purpose has never been ascertained. The 'Long Man,' as the figure is familiarly termed, poses in an attitude similar to that of the Colossus of Rhodes; he carries a staff in each hand, the distance between them being 119 feet.



Dandie and his Sister on the Eagles' Cliff.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 83.)

'LAURA, my dear, here is a very thick and weighty letter from your mother. Read it, my darling, and then you must get ready for your drive with me; the air is quite delightful to-day, for the season. When you are ready, you will find me in the garden,' and so saying Uncle Joseph went off to look at his crocuses, which were just appearing above ground.

Presently Laura appeared, but not dressed for a drive; she wore a warm shawl, covering head and shoulders, and looked rather pale. 'Uncle,' she said, 'this is mother's letter; you must read it, uncle, please.'

'Read your mother's letter! No, indeed, my dear, her letters are sacred to yourself; never suppose, Laura, that I want to read your letters.'

'Oh, but, uncle, please read this one, it concerns yourself, mother sent it for you to read,' and she put it into his hands and then disappeared. She wanted Uncle Joseph to be alone when he heard of his long-lost son. Ah, what thoughts were stirred in his heart when he read Dick's long and truly wonderful letter! The truants had met in the wilds of Australia, and were coming home together! Oh, what a welcome they would receive! What joy, what gratitude filled the old man's heart! How he resolved that not only his son, but his widowed sister and her children would thenceforth be dear to his heart! If they would just love him a little, it was all he would ask; he would do everything to make them happy and comfortable; his wealth he would use for their benefit—they should all be to him as his own children. Oh, what a future of happiness might yet be his in his old age, after the loveless past! He left the garden and returned to the house, that he might go over the wonderful story with Mrs. Austen and his niece. He knew how pleased Laura must be to know of her brother Dick's return.

Scarcely had he reached the garden gate, however, when he was confronted by a tall sun-browned man, whose eyes seemed strangely familiar to him, and who looked yearningly in his face, while a younger man stood behind. It was the two truants, the run-away lads, and in another moment Wilfred Deane was in his father's arms.

We must now return to Hamburg where we left Dandie with an unwonted gravity on his young face, sitting by Count Emile's bed, and very anxiously pondering this very difficult query, 'What was next to be done?' And truly his position at this time was a somewhat unpleasant one. Up to this moment he had been the victim of circumstances—he had had no choice—no time even to choose. When the sudden discovery of Louis' treachery had made the immediate flight of the young Count necessary he had promised to the Countess that he would ride to the frontier with her son, but nothing further had been arranged, no time being left for further arrangements, with the wild Cossacks already on their trail. He had left the Château without a word of farewell to Count Demetrius; he had left all his own worldly possessions behind him. What else could he have done? Having reached the frontier, they could not, of course, stay there, challenged by Russia on the one hand, and by Prussia on the other; therefore, after bribing the Prussian guards, they had thankfully fled to Hamburg, where, as it was a free city, they could not be molested. But now, what next? Dandie's own resources we know were but small, Emile's bag of gold was sadly diminished. Poland was now, of course, closed to both of them; they did not even dare to write to the Countess, lest they might bring her and Count Demetrius into trouble, and most certainly they could not remain long at Hamburg without money.

In these circumstances Dandie felt that he was shut up to one course, he must take his unfortunate friend to his mother's house at St. Andrews. The Priory Cottage was not very large certainly, but a warm welcome would make up for all deficiences, and of a warm welcome Dandie felt quite sure. Still, it would not do to burden his mother too long; he must think of some secure refuge for Count Emile, and of some new employment for himself. These were all very weighty and pressing questions, and Dandie felt almost overpowered with the burden of them.

At last his mind was made up; he remembered the friendly old man who had taken him to the wolf-hunt, Count Stanislas Praga, the intimate friend of the Slavonski family; he knew that he had taken no part in the late revolt of the Poles, and, therefore, would probably be unmolested by the Russian government. To him he would write, entreating him to see the Countess, and assure her of her son's safety, also requesting his advice as to the young Count's future movements, concluding his letter by giving Count Praga his mother's address at St. Andrews. This letter being written Dandie felt much more at ease, and he now turned his attention with a cheerful face to his Polish friend. But here was a new dilemma! Count Emile had been reflecting, too, and had, in consequence, fallen into a condition of the saddest despondency, so much so that he seemed scarcely able to take an interest in any one thing. The first fever-heat of excitement had passed away with the wild ride across the frontier; time for reflection had come, and Emile's reflections were sad in the extreme. 'Ah, my friend!' he said, as he caught Dandie's hand, 'it is impossible for you to know what I feel; you are one of a brave, frank, free people, to whom tyranny and oppression are unknown; you have only to form your own plans, and then carry them out without let or hindrance, but I . . . . Ah, poor Poland! brave, yet oppressed, ever struggling, yet never free! My friend, I should not have come with you; I have brought trouble upon you, I can see it in your face. I have brought ruin upon my father and mother, for I know their property will now be confiscated in revenge for my escape; better, far better had I been content to suffer and to die in the Caucasus among my country's enemies.'

But Dandie would not listen to any more of this kind of talk, though deeply sympathising with his friend's very natural feelings of distress. He there-

fore set himself to the task of cheering up the young Count. 'You must not despond,' he said; 'you must be hopeful and look forward to better days. I give you the advice which my sister gave to me when I was looking sadly forward to a future which seemed to promise me nothing. "Trust in God, and do the right." It was right to try to save your life, and it was right that I should do what I could to help you. Now let us both trust in God, and He will not fail us, we may feel sure of that.'

As Emile seemed to be somewhat cheered by the hopefulness of his English friend he complained no more, but expressed himself as ready to make any move suggested by Dandie, who then sat down to write his second letter to the beloved mother and sister, who, as yet, believed him to be quietly settled with Count Demetrius in Poland. We can more readily imagine than describe the feelings of Mrs. Charlton and Winnie when this letter arrived at the Priory Cottage, so soon after that exciting and delightful letter from Dick which had filled their hearts with so much joy. What astonishment was theirs when they read of the grand ride across the frontier! what a hero was Dandie in their eyes! how proud they felt of his bravery and unselfishness! how glad they would be to embrace their hero once more! Still, there was a reverse side to this picture. Poor Dandie had sacrificed all his prospects; where could he find employment now? and then what a terrible thought it was that they were expected to entertain a Polish fugitive and a man of rank!

Mrs. Charlton's thoughts (like most mothers) immediately ran off to the consideration of ways and means. The cottage was small; where ought she to lodge her distinguished guest? Would the tiny garret-room be suitable for Dandie? and, oh, what a difficulty she would feel if Dick should come just at once to visit her, and perhaps bring Wilfred Deane along with him! How could she ever hope to accommodate at one time so many guests? But in the midst of these perplexing thoughts, the poor lady felt that she had, indeed, much to be grateful for; her two dear boys were both alive and well, though both had gone through many strange adventures since they had left the shelter of her roof. She had Winnie, too—dear, considerate, kind Winnie—with her useful hands and her thoughtful head. Ah, what an unspeakable solace to a widowed mother is a good, kind, unselfish daughter!

'And now, Winnie, that I have got you to myself for five precious minutes, tell me what you think of Count Emile; and please speak respectfully of him—remember that he is your brother's friend.' So spoke Dandie Charlton, as he walked with his favourite sister along Eagles' Cliff, about a fortnight after his return home, recalling with interest and almost amusement the thoughts and emotions of the far-off past—for when we are young 'two years ago,' especially if they have been eventful years, seem a far-off past indeed.

Winnie laughed. 'I think him a very pleasant young man,' she replied. 'I do not feel so overwhelmed by the Countship as I expected to be; he is extravagantly polite, especially to mother, who is quite delighted with him; he talks wonderfully good English, which is just as well, for my French is woefully deficient; he is handsome, no one can deny that, good looking, well mannered; his voice is sweet, he sings well; the slight tinge of melancholy, which one cannot but perceive, only enhances——'

'Hold hard, Winnie!' cried Dandie, who began to feel jealous of his friend. 'I am quite satisfied with your appreciation of Emile; don't carry it too far, my dear.'

Winnie laughed again. 'You seemed so very anxious to have him regarded in a favourable light, Dandie, that I tried to sum up all his good points for your benefit; but to speak truthfully he seems to be an amiable, though rather sad-hearted, young man. We cannot wonder at his feelings, of course; his poor mother! she must be thinking of him night and day. What do you think he ought to do, Dandie?'

'That is just what I want to talk about,' said her brother. 'I brought you here because I want to consult you, Winnie. A wonderful amount of wisdom lies in that golden head of yours. Now, Winnie, listen; I have received a letter from Count Praga, and he makes proposals which may alter all my future life. I may be going away from home once more.'

'Away from home!' echoed Winnie, rather sadly. 'Back to Poland, Dandie?'

'Certainly not,' replied her brother, decidedly. 'Poland has seen the last of me, unless I choose to run the risk of a Russian prison. But I will read the letter to you, Winnie, for I rely greatly on your advice and sympathy, my dear.'

(*Continued at page* 102.)

THE USE OF STOPS IN WRITING.

WE have at present in use various stops in written documents and printed books, as the comma, colon, period, and so on. It is difficult to learn the exact time when these stops first came into use. It is certain the ancient writers did not use stops. Any one may assure himself of this fact if he examines an old manuscript, such as the Alexandrian in the British Museum. The whole of that great work is written without a break, either between the words or sentences. How such manuscripts were read seems to us somewhat puzzling. The words themselves became in course of time separated from each other by means of certain marks. There is a Latin inscription, found near Bath, which has its words parted from one another by a mark like the letter V, while another inscription has been found with a capital letter laid in a horizontal position between each word. It has been supposed by one who gave attention to the matter that punctuation, as we call it, did not begin until after the invention of printing. The first printed books have no stops at all, but those which appeared in the next century begin to show them. The comma, the note of interrogation, the full stop, and the parenthesis, are the earliest.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century we find the colon, and, afterwards, the semicolon; the first instance of which occurs in *Hackluyt's Voyages*, 1599. The note of admiration is said to be the latest of all.

ADVENTURE WITH A JAGUAR.

PIONEER settlers in tropical America are often exposed, even at the present day, to danger from the attacks of wild animals, particularly the ferocious jaguar, or tiger, of the New World, which commits fearful havoc among the herds of cattle. Often the Jaguar lies quietly hidden among the leaves till an unsuspecting traveller passes by, and then down he springs as noiselessly and unerringly as a cat, fixing his claws in his victim. There were two of these beautiful creatures at the Zoological Gardens some years ago, and they used to play together as kittens do; they never seemed to hurt each other, though their large teeth and claws made bystanders tremble as they watched the rough play.

On one occasion, two men, both of them experienced hunters, went out to watch for one of these animals which had for some time kept a whole cattle ranche in alarm, and had hitherto escaped all attempts made for its destruction. Each man was armed with a rifle and a hunting knife.

Soon after sunset they took up their position near a fountain, the only water-spring for miles around. A tall cedar-tree stood near the fountain, its lower branches dipping into the water, while behind rose the knotty branches of some mahogany-trees, interspersed with flowering creepers of many different kinds.

On the opposite side from these trees there lay a little glade formed by a cluster of ash-trees. In this place the hunters lay down, having first tied a poor lame colt to the stem of the cedar-tree by a strong cord. It seems terribly cruel to do a deed like this, but in hunting for the jaguar it would seem that a living bait of some kind is absolutely necessary to insure success.

The weather was hot, and it was therefore safe to calculate that the jaguar, which requires a great deal of water, and whose footprints of yesterday were clearly seen on the soil, would return to the fountain when darkness had closed around. In this expectation the hunters were not mistaken; while talking in low tones to each other, the colt, which had been from the first extremely uneasy, all at once started and reared, its wild eyes glaring out in the direction of the mahogany-trees. Still the jaguar did not come; it takes some time for even ferocious animals to overcome their instinctive dread of man, but as the night grew darker a distant growling was heard followed by a menacing howl.

'Instead of one jaguar there are two,' whispered Diego, the chief hunter to his friend. 'Male and female, of course; now look out and be ready. I shall fire at the first that shows itself, and leave you to deal with the second.'

A nod was the only reply, and both men, after looking well to their arms, kept perfect silence, a silence only disturbed by the frantic struggles of the poor colt. All was again quiet in the woods, whose gloomy depths were thrown into shadow by the moonlight. The men were sheltered by some drooping branches, while only about thirty paces from them stood the colt trembling with terror, and its hide covered with a lather of foam. All at once a hideous roar resounded in echoes through the woods, and again a deep silence followed, while the two hunters cocked their rifles. Another moment and the roar again burst upon their ears, a large light-coloured form darted through the air, alighting upon the back of the colt and hurling it to the ground; there was a horrible sound of crashing bones, followed instantaneously by the report of Diego's rifle. 'Look out!' he cried to his companion, 'look above you! out with your knife, and leave me to deal with the first beast.'

The warning did not come a moment too soon, for while the jaguar which had begun the attack was only wounded, and of course the more dangerous, high up among the branches of the cedar two large eye-balls were shining like burning lamps, watching all their movements. It was the second jaguar, whose tail was lashing the foliage and beating off the dried moss from the branches in showers. It was a moment of extreme peril to both men, each of whom had a dangerous animal to deal with single-handed, while neither of them could by any possibility assist the other. Alix the second hunter stood motionless with his eyes fixed upon the two fierce gleaming lights in the tree, not able to use his rifle, as the dense foliage precluded him from taking correct aim, while down below the wounded jaguar was roaring in fury, the blood spouting from a wound in its neck, while one leg was evidently broken. Still it prepared for another spring, but, weakened by loss of blood, it fell short of the hunter, and rolled over, when Diego buried his knife in its heart, and then sprang aside. A few convulsive struggles, while it tore up the turf with both teeth and claws, and all was over. . . . .

The sight of her mate's death agony seemed to rouse the female animal to utter fury; she thrust her head out from among the branches, yet seemed afraid to leave the shelter of the tree. Alix, however, gave her no time to deliberate, for having now secured a correct aim, just as a loud roar proclaimed that she was about to spring the report of his rifle resounded through the woods. A noise of rending branches, then a heavy fall, and the animal never moved more, having been shot straight between the glowing eyes.

As for the poor colt its death must have been instantaneous, for it had never uttered a cry from the moment of attack. It lay stretched upon the grass, a deep wound upon the back of the head and another upon the nose pointing out where the jaguar's claws had fallen. Its head, however, had been wrenched completely round, and the neck fractured.

Diego and Alix, having lighted a large fire to protect themselves till daylight, then skinned their valuable prizes, for each hide received the usual reward of ten dollars. M. K.



The Jaguar hidden and waiting for its Prey.



The Rooks at Breakfast.

HOW THE ROOKS COME TO BREAKFAST.

THE rooks come to breakfast in a neighbouring garden every morning. It is served to them between half-past eight and nine o'clock, according to the convenience of the man-servant who waits upon them. This is not quite in accordance with the convenience of the rooks, for they, like all animals, are very punctual and exact in their habits, and like to have things regular. They know the hour without clocks or watches, for they go by the great timekeeper, the sun. So when the hour arrives at which the food ought to be strewed, the rooks assemble from all quarters. They come flying from over the parks, from beyond the furthest housetops, in fact from all directions.

A spreading English poplar at the bottom of our garden is the tallest and largest tree in the neighbourhood. It is quite a different tree to a Lombardy poplar, you know. On this the birds collect to watch for the serving of the feast. Sometimes they come rather earlier than usual, when the day before has been very cold, and they have perhaps gone supperless to bed. If the morning be raw and damp they will sit shivering and hungry on the points of the boughs, with their feathers ruffled up and their wings drooping; but in fine, bright, spring-like weather they will fly off in a bevy, like a set of school children, leaving two of their company to watch and give the signal when breakfast is ready.

Off they go in a dark flight of black wings, seeming to chase one another through the air, turning and wheeling, and then scattering to all points of the compass. Two or three will come back, perhaps, and perch on the tree to take a look at the breakfast-table—that is, the grass-plot, which is still empty, and a couple of the hungriest will fly right across it to make quite sure there is nothing there.

Then off they all go again; but one watcher at least remains in our tall tree, which makes such a good observatory, and presently he gives some signal which we do not recognise, but the rooks do, for—'Caw! Caw! They come, they come!'—as Aunt Ruth and I say to each other.

Some are quite near, and they swoop down at once upon the longed-for food; others fly hurriedly forward, whilst others appear as dim specks against the sky, so far away were they when the signal was given, but they come nearer and nearer every instant till they too drop straight upon that grass-plot, where the breakfast has been so plentifully spread that all seem to have enough.

And then they rise one after the other—rest for a few minutes on the poplar in a fine picturesque group, and when we look again they are gone.

B. B.

THE PICKET ON THE POTOMAC.

THE following verses were found in the pocket of a Confederate volunteer who died in camp on the Potomac:—

'"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the tale of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Breathing out all alone the death-rattle.

'All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the ray of the clear autumn moon
And the light of the watch-fires gleaming.
A tremulous sigh from the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep watch while the army is sleeping.

'There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed
Far away in the hut on the mountain.
His musket falls slack, his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

'The moon seems to shine as serenely as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low-murmured vows
Were pledged, never more to be broken.
Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes the tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

'He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he glides through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shade of a forest so dreary.
Hark! Was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Is't the moonlight so suddenly flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ah, Mary, good-night!"
His life-blood is ebbing and dashing.

'All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
But the dew falls unseen on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty for ever.'

CONSTABLE.

JOHN CONSTABLE, one of England's most famous landscape-painters, was born at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, in 1776. His father, who was a wealthy miller, was anxious for his son to become a clergyman; but as he was averse to this, he got him to follow his own business. This he did for some years, but his favourite pursuit was always painting, and

with it he occupied his leisure hours. At length, in 1799, his father allowed him to enter as a student of the Royal Academy. There his progress was but slow, and fifteen years passed before he sold any of his pictures. But in 1819 his view on the river Stour received the highest praise from all judges, and got for him admission as an Associate of the Academy. From that time his reputation went on increasing, until at length his fame had spread all over Europe. Some of his works were exhibited in France, and he received a gold medal from the king. His pictures are remarkable for the truthful and vivid way in which rural scenes and natural phenomena are represented. One French critic declared that his leaves and grass were besprinkled with morning dew. Fuseli said that his clouds made him call for his umbrella. Constable died in March, 1837.

A. R. B.

A STORY OF SARK.

THE small island of Sark, one of the group commonly called the Channel Islands, is easily seen in fair weather from Guernsey, distant about seven miles.

The first known occupant of Sark seems to have been a Bishop of Dol, in Brittany, who lived in the sixth century, and who, wishing to convert the neighbouring islands to the Christian faith, built a chapel and monastery on the island. But after the bishop's decease the island remained desolate and uninhabited, though the neighbouring islands were tolerably busy, and no doubt many a passing vessel carried a shuddering crew as she ran past the frowning cliffs and roaring caves of Sark.

The next occupants of Sark, however, found the rocks and desolate caves of the island very much to their mind, for they were a horde of pirates, or sea-robbers, who, protected by the nature of the coast from all aggression, were able to pursue their illicit trade to an extent which made them the terror of the English Channel. The island itself may be said to have destroyed more vessels than the pirates did, for in stormy weather these men had only to exhibit false lights and beacons, which successfully decoyed ships into their power, or caused their ruin upon the iron-bound shores. The havoc thus committed was so extensive as to prove a great hindrance to the trade of these parts, and it was determined by the merchants of Rye and Winchelsea to send out an expedition to exterminate the pirates without mercy. But it was not easy to approach the island, so vigilantly was it guarded; therefore the besiegers had recourse to stratagem. A single ship, having all the appearance of a merchant vessel, anchored before Sark, thereby exciting an unusual commotion among the watchful inhabitants of the island, who promptly prepared to defend their citadel in the event of any attack being made. Nothing, however, appeared to be further from the minds of the occupants of the ship, who ran up a white flag, and made other signs of a pacific nature. Still, the pirates were not without strong suspicion of treachery, and when they beheld a boat leave the side of the vessel, with a white flag at her bow, and containing only a few sailors, they crowded down to the landing-place with loaded arquebuses and other weapons of offence. The sailors, however, making parade of their defenceless condition, were permitted to approach within earshot of the rocks, and then explained the object of their visit. One of their shipmates had died on board the previous day. Their vessel was outward bound, they might not be able to touch at any place where there was consecrated ground, and they therefore begged permission to inter his remains in the little chapel erected by the pious hands of the Bishop of Dol already mentioned. They would bring no weapons on shore, and in return for the permission a present would be made of such commodities as they had on board, their only object being that their departed comrade might be committed, not to the mercy of the waves, but to peaceful rest in the chapel. Accessible through their religious feelings, and being thoroughly convinced of the harmlessness of their visitors, the pirates gave their consent, and the seamen returned to their ship scarcely able to conceal their exultation at the partial success of their adventure.

On shipboard that night a goodly-sized coffin was filled with a large number of swords, targets, and arquebuses, carefully packed to prevent all rattling, over which the coffin lid was secured, but in such a manner as to admit of its ready removal. The next day the boat left the ship with a few more men than on the previous occasion, containing in her centre the coffin covered by a flag. It was met by the pirates at the landing-place; but their suspicions seemed to have been again aroused, for no man was permitted to leave the boat without undergoing a rigorous search. No weapons, however, were found upon them, therefore the pirates proceeded to assist in removing the coffin. This was a very anxious moment to the invaders, as it was absolutely necessary that none of the Sarkese should have any idea of its weight. Long ropes had been provided to draw the coffin up the rocks, and the seamen, making some excuse to prevent the pirates from lending a hand to the work, contrived to draw it up themselves to the summit of the rocks, though not without the greatest difficulty, their hearts meanwhile beating with painful excitement. The men then drew a long breath, the first of their difficulties was over, and they began to make arrangements for the completion of the funeral ceremony.

The pirates having dispatched a body of men to visit the ship in anticipation of the promised commodities, the rest of them accompanied their visitors, who shouldered the coffin with becoming solemnity, and marched towards the burial-place.

Meanwhile the Sarkese who had rowed towards the vessel without a dream of treachery clambered up her sides. Alas for the deluded men! As soon as they touched her deck a number of seamen rushed upon them, disarmed them without a blow, and bound them to each other and to the deck by heavy manacles. A party then entered the boat, and rowed hard for shore to the assistance of their companions engaged in the funeral obsequies. These being at the head of the procession proceeded at a steady pace till within a short distance of the chapel, when they quickened their steps. All had entered before the arrival of the Sarkese who were following them; rapidly they fastened the chapel door, removed the lid of the coffin, and armed themselves, so that by the time the amazed

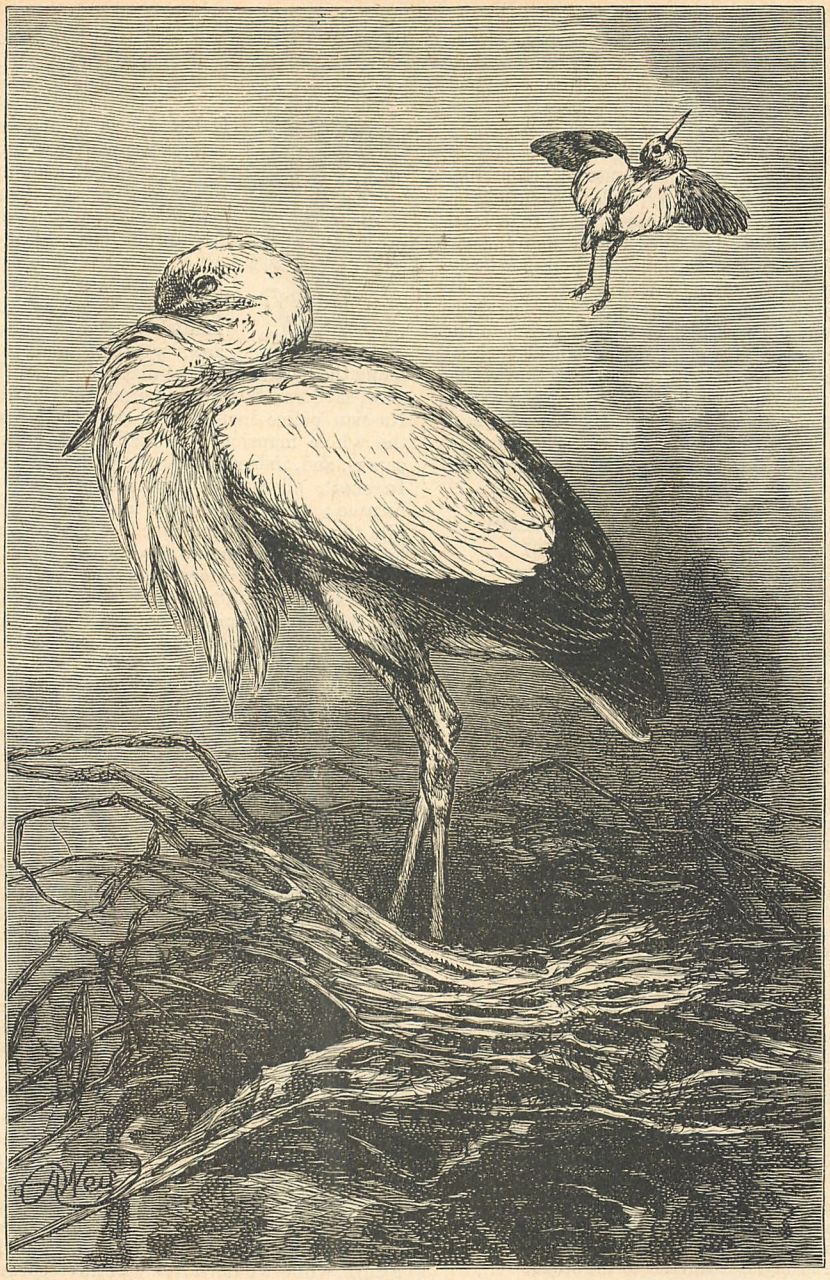


The Destruction of the Sark Pirates.

pirates had reached the chapel there was a company of determined men armed to the teeth ready to salute them. A furious attack was immediately made, before which the pirates fell like so many sheep. A few having recovered from their consternation made a short defence, but were swept down by the swords of their enemies. A quarter of an hour saw the end of the whole affair, the island was depopulated, and the Channel Islands were delivered from this serious annoyance to trade and security.

THE COMMON STORK.

THE Common Stork is a bird of the same family as the heron and the bittern. It is of large size, generally three and a half feet in length, with long legs, adapted for wading in marshy places, the three front toes being webbed as far as the first joint. The wings are large, the bill long, straight, sharp, and pointed. Both bill and legs are of a bright red colour. The plumage of the stork is pure white, except the wings, which are partly black. The breast



The Stork.

feathers are soft and long, and the bird when at rest may often be seen standing with its bill half hidden among these feathers, which gives it a wise and contemplative appearance. The common stork is a native of the greater part of the Old World, and is pretty widely diffused everywhere, except in Britain, where, unlike the heron and the bittern, it is very rare, and always has been, even when the extensive fens of England were undrained. The stork is a migratory bird, its range extending as far as the northern parts of Scandinavia. Its flight is strong and powerful, which might easily be guessed from the size of its wings; it also flies very high.

Before these birds take their departure from their summer haunts, they congregate in large flocks and make a great noise by their curious habit of clattering their mandibles, and at such times they are popularly supposed to be holding a consultation. The stork has, however, no voice. This bird frequents marshy places, feeding on eels and other fish,

frogs, and young birds. Its nest is a simple affair, consisting of a few sticks and reeds loosely woven together and placed on the top of tall trees, ruined buildings, church spires, or common houses.

In many parts of Europe it is considered, especially in Holland, a very fortunate thing when a pair of storks choose to build on the housetop; therefore many families in that country place comfortable nesting boxes on their roofs, hoping thus to attract the birds. They are easily tamed, and in many places are protected by law on account of their good services in destroying rats and mice, also devouring all manner of refuse from the streets of towns, where they stalk about with perfect confidence, even in the midst of throngs of people. From ancient times storks have been celebrated for the affection which they display towards their young, and for the regard which they show to their aged parents. The flesh of the stork is quite unfit for food. The stork of America is almost identical with the European bird.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

8.—Thrice a Battle-field. A.D. 507.

Clovis the Frank pricks Southward in hot haste,
To meet the Visigoth—for tales of woe
Sting him to fury: holy shrines defaced,
Hoar hairs abused, and cities all aglow!
Sudden a torrent, racing madly by,
Stretches its bar between him and the foe.
His bravest, fired by emulation, try
The treacherous river, but to sink and die.
But what is this? A sunbeam in the night?
No, 'tis a glistering doe, with footstep light
That fords the stream. Then, with a joyful mind,
The Franks pursue and triumph. Oh, let all
Take comfort from 'the passage of the hind,'
Who rise and muster at their country's call!

A.D. 732.

With swarthy face, and newly kindled zeal,
The Moslem swells his host by fire and steel,
Shaking the world. All nations stand aghast
And think that Christendom is at its last!
Its fairest lands are wrenched from it again,
The crescent glimmers on the walls of Spain,
The waves of woe roll o'er the Pyrenees,
And France in anguish sinks upon her knees.
But Heaven has heard—the hour, the man, the place,
Are destined for a noble act of grace,
Still meet for psalms. Then did the Moslem crest,
Shorn and dishonoured, speak high Heaven's behest,
'Thus far, no further. Thou shalt have thy day,
Do thine allotted part, and pass away!'

A.D. 1356.

Alas, and now two Christian hosts are seen
To battle near the good old Christian's grave,
And each aspires to wear the laurel green,
For France in myriads hurries to the scene,
And England's chief is braver than all brave,
Prince without peer, how warrior-like his mien!
How burn his handful, as he ride between!
Then comes the clash of war, gay armour riven,
The wounded horse, its rider overthrown,
The arrow storms by sturdy bowmen driven,
The blood of brothers crying out to Heaven
From mother earth. And, ere the day is flown,
The fight is done, and she, ah, she must mourn,
Her king a captive, and her banners torn! G. S. O.

[*Answer at page* 111.]

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 94.)

THE letter was a long one, and as interesting as it was long. Count Praga, who was an enthusiastic old man, began by praising his young English friend—his bravery, his unselfishness, his heroism—to all of which Winnie listened with fullest sympathy. Then the Count proceeded to tell how he had seen Emile's mother, and relieved her anxiety about her son. He had found the Château almost dismantled, all the servants gone, save two faithful adherents of the family. The Russian police had been there; they had searched the whole mansion, and had carried away private papers, and, indeed, everything that took their fancy. In short, all the Count's property had been confiscated; he was a ruined man, the police assuring him that he might consider himself fortunate in that he had not been sent to Siberia.

Here Winnie interrupted the reading of Count Praga's letter. 'Oh, Dandie, how dreadful! Have you told Count Emile these sad news of his parents? how it will distress his feeling heart!'

'Oh, bother Count Emile!' said Dandie, rather irritably. 'You are a soft-hearted little goose, Winnie; don't interrupt me again.' And he went on with the letter, while a tiny pink flush rose in Winnie's fair cheek. Dandie had never been so cross before. Surely Poland had not improved him!

But the letter grew so very interesting that Winnie forgot her momentary annoyance in listening to it. Count Praga went on to say that he himself felt sadly distressed by the state of matters in the Slavonski household; he was broken-hearted too at the hopeless condition of Poland, and felt that he could no longer be happy in the land of his birth; he intended to emigrate to America, where so many of his countrymen had already settled, and he had persuaded Count Demetrius to go with him. 'I am a rich man,' he continued, 'and have no family to provide for. I therefore gladly offer an asylum to those dear friends of my youth who have been more cruelly treated by the Russian Government than I have been. My home will be pitched far away from cities, in the wild free West, where one can breathe freely, and can watch the sun setting over miles and miles of forest-trees. To live in a city would stifle me, and Count Demetrius feels as I do in this respect. And now about my young friend Emile. His dear mother pines to see him, but to Poland he cannot return, while we ourselves will have turned our backs upon it for ever in a few weeks. Emile must follow us to America; he will be heartily welcomed by me; and that he should do so is the earnest wish of his parents also, which Emile is too good a son to refuse. And now in concluding, my dear young friend, I speak for Count Demetrius as well as myself when I say that if we can advance your interests in any way we will gladly do so. We owe you a debt of gratitude which nothing can ever repay. If you will accompany Emile to America, nothing could be better.

We shall see that you get remunerative employment, and your home will be with us. Think over it, and let me know your decision by an early post.'

A silence of a few minutes followed the reading of Count Praga's letter, and then Winnie spoke. 'And are you really going, Dandie?'

'I think so, my dear,' replied her brother. 'I have no other prospect before me; and now that Dick is in England, and likely to do well, there is no reason why I should remain in this country. Of course, I shall be sorry to leave my mother and you; still, having already been away from home for two years, I think I have grown restless, Winnie. I could not remain at St. Andrews. I want more elbow-room, my dear. Oh, Winnie, child, don't cry! I hate to see girls crying, and why should you do so? you could not wish me to remain at home idle, Winnie!'

No, Winnie did not expect nor wish anything so foolish, still the tears would come. Winnie felt that they were all upon the eve of great changes; the dear old home-life, when they were boys and girls, was already a thing of the past. Laura was already away; Dick was to remain at Bristol in partnership with Wilfred Deane; and now Dandie was going, and, worse still, he was glad to go, he was restless and weary of home! No one left at the Priory but herself and dear mother; oh, it did seem sad! But she soon came to a better state of mind. 'I should not grieve, dear Dandie,' she said. 'I fear I am just a little selfish; but we shall miss you so much, you and the Count; you have enlivened our evenings, and made us all so happy, so very happy!' Poor dear little Winnie.

But Dandie was not going away quite immediately; it takes time to arrange matters so important as these, and Winnie had time for many another walk with her brother on the Eagles' Cliff, or in the environs of St. Andrews ere the time came for the inevitable parting. On one of these occasions, as brother and sister were walking together and engaged in earnest conversation about Dandie's prospects in America, they were met by a young girl, who, after a shy glance at Dandie, bowed to Winnie and passed on her way.

'What girl is that to whom you bowed, Winnie?' said her brother; 'it seems to me that I have seen her before.'

'Of course you have seen her before,' cried Winnie. 'Why, she is Effie Moncrieff; don't you remember her? She was Laura's little school friend when they attended the Madras Academy together at the time of our father's death.'

'Is that Effie Moncrieff?' exclaimed Dandie, in astonishment. 'How changed she is! how much she has grown! Is she Laura's friend still?'

'Oh, indeed, yes!' said Winnie. 'When poor Laura first met with her accident I do not know how she would have been able to bear it had it not been for Effie; she came so often to see her, and was so sympathising and so unselfish. Although she is a year younger than Laura she exercised a good influence over her, and I am sure greatly helped to improve Laura's character. You should go and call on the Moncrieffs, Dandie, they live in the same house still in North Street; Mrs. Moncrieff has been much of an invalid for some months past, but I am sure she would be glad to see you.'

'But I have so much to arrange and think about, I have no time for paying visits,' replied her brother. 'I wish I had time to go to Bristol to see Uncle Joseph and Dick, but I have neither time nor money to spend in running up and down the country. I almost wonder, Winifred, that Dick has never come here yet to see mother; I am sure she must feel hurt at his neglect.'

'Oh, dear, no!' cried Winnie, eagerly; 'did you not know that she had a letter from Dick this morning? It is Uncle Joseph who will not allow him to come as yet; there are some business matters to be settled; you know uncle is very particular about business being attended to; but Dick is to be here next week. Poor fellow! he must have suffered most terribly when he was in Australia, and he is so ready to blame himself now, so different to what he used to be! But, see! there comes mother to meet us, and Count Emile. It is quite amusing, Dandie, to see how fond he is of mother!'

'And of some one else, too, or I am much mistaken!' thought Dandie, as he critically watched Emile's animated face on meeting Winnie. 'What an ass he is after all! Does he really think that though mother is blind I do not see through him? It is quite absurd that he should be running after Winnie like this!'

Dick's first visit home would have been almost painful to him, so acutely did he remember all the foolish and sinful past, had it not been arranged that Uncle Joseph, Wilfred, and Laura should all go with him to spend a few days at St. Andrews; this influx of visitors causing such an excitement at the Priory that Dick escaped from the pain of being the object of too much attention. Still, when he first encountered Dandie and was introduced to Count Emile, Dick did feel very small indeed. What a contrast there was between him and his brother! how noble had been Dandie's conduct! how unworthy his own! If at any moment he caught the eye of Count Emile he always felt that the same thought must be running in the mind of the young Pole; but this was a mistake on his part. Emile had heard nothing whatever of Dick's Australian adventures, he looked upon him merely as another member of the most delightful family he had ever met. For Emile at this time was very happy with the Charlton family; his mind was so far at rest about his parents and his own future, he had therefore thrown off all his perplexing cares for the moment, and had given himself up to the harmless pleasures of the present.

Uncle Joseph had taken apartments for himself, Wilfred, and Laura as near the Priory as possible; and as it was the pleasantest season of the year—early summer—many delightful walking and boating excursions were enjoyed by the large party of young people, who, as is the custom of youth, resolutely shut their eyes to the painful fact that very soon now the inevitable separation must come. Uncle Joseph and his family would shortly return to Clifton, while Dandie and Count Emile would proceed to their new and untried home in the Far West, where Count Praga and Emile's parents were already established.

(*Concluded at page* 110.)



"Many boating excursions were enjoyed."



Chinese Schoolmaster.

A CHINESE SCHOOLMASTER.



HOW would you like a schoolmaster like this learned gentleman, boys? How wise he looks, with his great round spectacles; and how funny for a schoolmaster to have a fan in his hand instead of a cane! I am afraid you would call him 'Old Goggles,' unless you were in fear of his long nails; but he does not wear them long to scratch bad boys with, but merely to show that he belongs to the classes that are not obliged to labour with their hands. It is impossible to do hard work and keep your nails long, for they would get broken; so all Chinese above the position of labourers or workmen wear long nails from vanity; and men of wealth and high rank sometimes let them grow to such a length that they are obliged to enclose them in little cases made of gold, silver, or ivory, to preserve them from being broken.

As for the fan our schoolmaster brandishes in his right hand, every Chinaman carries one; but our friend has also a short bamboo cane, though he very seldom uses it, as Chinese children are the most obedient in the world, and always respectful to their teachers, who induce them to learn by kindness and persuasion, and the offer of rewards to the most deserving. If a boy is idle, or neglects his task, then he is disgraced by being made to kneel at his seat before the whole school. A stick of incense is then lighted, which burns slowly, and the boy has to remain kneeling until it is consumed down to a certain point. If neither persuasion nor fear of disgrace has any effect, then the bamboo cane is tried, but not until all other means have failed.

The surprising size and shape of Chinese spectacles are proofs that they are of native origin, and not copied from those of Europe; and indeed spectacles seem to have been worn by the Celestials long before they were in use amongst Western nations. Unable to get pebbles large enough to suit their idea of what spectacles should be, the Chinese make theirs of rock crystal, ground down to the required surface. These spectacles, instead of being kept in their place by hinged mountings clasping the temples, silken cords, with plummets attached to them, pass behind the ears, and, hanging down on the breast, keep, by their weight, the immense circles steadily over the rather flat Celestial nose. But things change even in China; and the natives, struck by the superior convenience of European spectacles, are beginning to adopt them, though they are not half so imposing in effect as their own were. A. R.

TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE.

I'M somewhat astonished, Carper,' remarked Bigbee, as he looked round the room, 'to find that so great a bookworm as you are should possess so small a library.'

'Ah, my boy,' returned the other, 'it takes a great deal of reading to find out what isn't worth keeping.'

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

CHAPTER I.—HILDEGARDIS GRAHAM.



AND have you decided what is to become of Hilda?' asked Mrs. Graham.

'Hilda?' replied her husband, in a tone of surprise, 'Hilda? Why, she will go with us, of course. What else should become of the child? She will enjoy the trip immensely, I have no doubt.'

Mrs. Graham sighed and shook her head. 'I fear that is impossible, dear George,' she said. 'To tell the truth, I am a little anxious about Hilda; she is not at all well. I don't mean that she is actually *ill*,' she added quickly, as Mr. Graham looked up in alarm, 'but she seems languid and dispirited, she has no appetite, and is inclined to be fretful.'

'She needs a change,' said Mr. Graham, shortly. 'Best thing for her. Been studying too hard, I suppose, and eating caramels. If I could discover the man who invented that pernicious sweetmeat, I would have him hanged! Hanged, madam!'

'Oh, no, you wouldn't, dear!' said his wife, laughing softly. 'I think his life would be quite safe. But about Hilda, now. She *does* need a change, certainly; but is the overland journey in July just the right kind of change for her, do you think?'

Mr. Graham frowned, ran his fingers through his hair, drummed on the table, and then gazed at his boots attentively. 'Well—no,' he said at last, 'I—suppose—not. But what *can* we do with her? Send her to Fred and Mary at the sea-shore?'

'To sleep in a room seven by twelve, and be devoured by mosquitoes, and have to wear "good clothes" all the time?' returned Mrs. Graham. 'Certainly not.'

'Aunt Emily is going to the mountains,' suggested Mr. Graham, doubtfully.

'Yes,' replied his wife, 'with sixteen trunks, a maid, a footman, and three lapdogs! *That* would *never* do for Hilda.'

'You surely are not thinking of leaving her alone here with the servants?'

The lady shook her head. 'No, dear; such poor wits as Heaven granted me are not yet entirely gone, thank you!'

Mr. Graham rose from his chair. 'Now, Katharine!' he said impressively, 'I have always said that you were a good woman, and I shall continue to assert the same; but you have powers of tormenting that could not be surpassed by the most heartless of your sex. It is perfectly clear, even to my darkened mind, that you have some plan for Hilda fully matured and arranged in that scheming little head of yours; so what is your object in keeping me longer in suspense? Out with it, now! What are you—for, of course, I am in reality only a cipher (a tolerably large cipher) in the sum—what are you, the commander-in-chief, going to do with Hilda, the lieutenant-general? If you will kindly inform the

orderly-sergeant, he will act accordingly, and try to do his duty.'

Pretty Mrs. Graham laughed again, and looked up at the six-feet-two of sturdy manhood standing on the hearth-rug, gazing at her with eyes which twinkled merrily under the fiercely frowning brows. 'You are a very *dis*orderly-sergeant, dear!' she said. 'Just look at your hair! It looks as if all the four winds had been blowing through it——'

'Instead of all the ten fingers *going* through it,' interrupted her husband. 'Never mind my hair; that is not the point. *What*—do—you—propose—to—do—with—your daughter—Hildegarde, or Hildegardis, as it should properly be written?'

'Well, dear George,' said the commander-in-chief (she was a very small woman and a very pretty one, though she had a daughter 'older than herself,' as her husband said)—'well, dear George, the truth is, I *have* a little plan, which I should like very much to carry out if you fully approve of it.'

'Ha!' said Mr. Graham, 'I thought as much. *If* I approve, eh, little madam? Better say, whether I approve or not.'

So saying, the good-natured giant sat himself down again, and listened while his wife unfolded her plan; and what the plan was, we shall see by-and-by.

Meanwhile, let us take a peep at Hilda, or Hildegardis, as she sits in her own room, all unconscious of the plot which is hatching in the parlour below. She is a tall girl of fifteen. Probably she has attained her full height, for she looks as if she had been growing too fast; her form is slender, her face pale, with a weary look in the large grey eyes. It is a delicate, comely face, with a pretty nose, slightly 'tip-tilted,' and a beautiful mouth; but it is half spoiled by the expression, which is discontented, if not actually peevish. If we lifted the light curling locks of fair hair which lie on her forehead, we should see a very decided frown on a broad white space which ought to be absolutely smooth. Why should a girl of fifteen frown, especially a girl so 'exceptionally fortunate' as all her friends considered Hilda Graham? Certainly her surroundings at this moment are pretty enough to satisfy any girl. The room is not large, but it has a sunny bay window which seems to increase its size twofold. In refurnishing it a year before, her father had in mind Hilda's favourite flower, the forget-me-not, and the room is simply a bower of forget-me-nots. Scattered over the dull olive ground of the carpet, clustering and nodding from the wall-paper, peeping from the folds of the curtains, the forget-me-nots are everywhere. Even the creamy surface of the toilet-jug and bowl, even the ivory backs of the brushes that lie on the blue-covered toilet table, bear each its cluster of pale-blue blossoms; while the low easy-chair in which the girl is reclining, and the pretty sofa, with its plump cushion inviting to repose, repeat the same tale.

Is not this indeed a bower wherein a girl ought to be happy? the bird in the window thinks his blue and gold cage the finest house in the world, and sings as heartily and cheerily as if he had been in the wide green forest; but his mistress does not sing. She sits in the easy-chair, with a book upside-down in her lap, and frowns—actually frowns, in a forget-me-not bower? There is not much the matter, really. Her head aches, that is all. Her German lesson has been longer and harder than usual, and her father was quite right about the caramels; there is a box of them on the table now, within easy reach of the slim white hand with its forget-me-not ring of blue turquoises.

As I said before, Hilda had no suspicion of the plot which her parents were concocting. She knew that her father was obliged to go to San Francisco, being called suddenly to administer the estate of a cousin who had recently died there, and that her mother and—as she supposed—herself were going with him to offer sympathy and help to the widow, an invalid with three little children. As to the idea of her being left behind, of her father's starting off on a long journey without his lieutenant-general, of her mother's parting from her only child, whom she had watched with tender care and anxiety since the day of her birth—such a thought never came into Hilda's mind. Wherever her parents went she went, as a matter of course. So it had always been, and so without doubt it always would be. She did not care specially about going to California at this season of the year—in fact, she had told her bosom friend, Madge Everton, only the day before that it was 'rather a bore.'

'A bore!' exclaimed Madge. 'Hilda, what a *very* singular girl you are! Here I, or Nelly, or *any* of the other girls would give both our ears, and our front teeth too, to make such a trip; and just because you *can* go, you sit there and call it a bore! I only wish that you and I could be changed into each other, just for this summer.'

'I wish——' began Hilda; but she checked herself in her response to the wish, as the thought of Madge's five brothers rose in her mind (Hilda could not endure boys!), looked attentively at the toe of her little bronze slipper for a few moments, and then changed the subject by proposing a walk. 'Console yourself with the caramels, Madge,' she said, pushing the box across the table, 'while I put on my boots.'

A very busy woman was pretty Mrs. Graham during the next two weeks. First she made an expedition into the country 'to see an old friend,' she said, and was gone two whole days. And after that she was out every morning, driving hither and thither, from shop to dressmaker, from dressmaker to milliner, from milliner to shoemaker.

'It is a sad thing,' Mr. Graham would say, when his wife came in to lunch, breathless and exhausted and half an hour late—'it is a sad thing to have married a comet by mistake, thinking it was a woman. How did you find the other planets this morning, my dear? Is it true that Saturn has lost one of his rings? and has the Sun recovered from his last attack of spots? I really fear,' he would add, turning to Hilda, 'that this preternatural activity in your comet-parent portends some alarming change in the—a—atmospheric phenomena, my child. I would have you on your guard!' and then he would look at her and sigh, shake his head, and apply himself to the cold chicken with melancholy vigour.

Hilda thought nothing of her father's remarks—father was always talking nonsense, and she thought she always understood him perfectly. It did occur to her, however, to wonder at her mother's leaving



"Hilda as she sits in her own room."

her out on all her shopping expeditions. Hilda rather prided herself on her skill in matching shades and selecting fabrics, and mother was generally glad of her assistance in all such matters. However, perhaps it was only under-clothing and house-linen, and such things that she was buying. All that was the prosy part of shopping. It was the poetry of it that Hilda loved—the shimmer of silk and satin, the rich shadows in velvet, the cool, airy fluttering of lawn and muslin and lace. So the girl went on her usual way, finding life a little dull, but everything on the whole much as usual, if her head only would not ache so; and it was without a shadow of suspicion that she obeyed one morning her mother's summons to come and see her in her dressing-room.

(*Continued at page* 114.)



The First Fire.

THE FIRST FIRE.

THERE is probably no race of men now living on the earth ignorant of the use of fire, unless it be some of those dwarf tribes of the interior of Africa who are said to live in the trees like monkeys, or to burrow in the ground like moles, and about whom nothing is known with any certainty. Hitherto, the rudest of the savage tribes have been found to be acquainted with the art of producing fire; but there must have been a period in the world's history when mankind was wholly without it, and the Greek myth of Prometheus may tell of that far-off, fireless age.

Prometheus, one of the Titans or demi-gods, was said to have had compassion on primæval men and their sufferings in the cold, and to have stolen fire from Heaven, and, concealing it in a hollow cane, to have brought it down to earth, and given it to mankind. But Zeus, thinking this too great a gift for mere mortals, and that through it they would

become too powerful, was very angry, and condemned Prometheus to be chained to a rock, and tormented by an eagle that preyed on his liver. Prometheus means, in Greek, 'forethought;' but recent philologists think they can discover in the roots of the word an allusion to the kindling of fire by friction.

In the early Phœnician traditions, fire is said to have been invented, in the third generation of mankind, by rubbing pieces of wood together; and it is also recorded that during a violent storm the branches of the trees striking together took fire. The way to produce fire was probably found out by some savage watching the forest fires, and it can only have been after many fruitless attempts that he succeeded, and was thus the Prometheus of the human race. Having once produced fire, he would soon find out that *rubbing* was excessive labour, and that *drilling* was by far the best way; and this is the method now generally used by savages. A heap of dry twigs is collected, and two pieces of wood are taken, and one of them scraped to a point, whilst a small hole is made in the other, which is laid on the twigs. The pointed piece is then inserted in the hole, and twirled rapidly between the palms of the hands till sparks fly out; these are blown into a flame with the mouth, and setting light to the twigs a fire is soon kindled. So expert are savages at this that they can obtain fire when it would be all but impossible for a civilised man to do so. The original inhabitants of Ceylon will break an arrow in two pieces, and pointing one, and making a hole in the other, produce fire from them. The black natives of Australia can produce fire very rapidly when they require it; but they always keep a fire burning in their encampments, and when they remove they carry with them a large branch of a tree, called a 'fire-stick,' lighted at one end, with which to make a fire at their next camping-ground.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CHARLTON FAMILY.

(*Concluded from page* 103.)

AND now our story draws to a close; but ere we say farewell to our friends, whose varying fortunes we have followed up so far, we must take one parting glance at them all in their different homes, bearing in mind that the long period of five years has elapsed since we saw the large and happy party of young people assembled together at St. Andrews. And first let us look in at the Priory, where we have so often been before. Alas! it is deserted now by one and all. Another family occupies its chambers, and other children play in its old-fashioned garden, or scamper along the Eagles' Cliff. The place that once knew the Charlton family knows them no more. We shall therefore ask our readers to accompany us to Clifton, and see how many of them are to be found in Uncle Joseph's comfortable and roomy dwelling-house on the breezy downs.

First of all what of Uncle Joseph himself? for our young readers, we feel sure, are not indifferent to the fate of the old man, who, although he seemed to be somewhat harsh and stern in our opening chapters, still improved so much as our story unfolded itself, that the young people, one and all, loved him sincerely. Well, it was high summer in our land, blue skies, white, fleecy clouds sailing here and there, with flowers of every hue scenting the air with perfume. Uncle Joseph had been a great lover of his garden, cultivating roses especially, till he had them everywhere, climbing up the front of his house, mingled with jessamine and ivy, or growing as standards in trim, well-cared-for beds. But he pays little attention to them now, and, indeed, has handed them over to Wilfred's care, for poor Uncle Joseph is closely confined to the house, and seldom leaves his own bedroom. Ah! sad it would have been for him now had he been all alone, as he had been when both Wilfred and Dick had run away from him. But he is no longer alone. Wilfred is as his right hand attending to all business matters, while Laura looks after the comfort of the dear invalid's daily life, and sees that his every wish is immediately gratified. And Laura is not only his niece and dear little housekeeper, she is the happy wife of his son, Wilfred, who remembers with gratitude the day when he found Dick Charlton lying nearly dead in the Australian bush, as it was through this apparently chance encounter that he was restored to his place in his father's home and heart, and, besides, had been introduced to the cousin whom he quickly learned to love.

Uncle Joseph is very near his end now, and he knows it; and though life is dear to all of us, he is not unwilling to quit all and go, for he has learned to look up with faith, and to see a Father and a Home in Heaven. Ah, Uncle Joseph is happy, as we all shall be if, when we come to die, we possess his faith and trust in our Heavenly Father's love!

But where is Dick? surely he has not become unsteady again and left his kind uncle's roof? No, Dick is prospering, as all those who try to do well deserve to prosper. He and Wilfred are partners in a great paper-making concern, and are quickly becoming rich men. But the paper-mill is at least fifteen miles away from Clifton, and it has been arranged that Dick should reside there with weekly visits to Clifton, while Wilfred remains at Clifton with weekly visits to the mill. Both young men are fast friends. And is Laura happy? Oh, so happy! as every one must be who has some one else to love and care for; and she knows herself to be very necessary to the comfort of the household. Besides, has she not another sweet source of joy and happiness in the dear little curly-haired boy who looks up in her face and calls her mother? Ah, the old merchant's house on the Clifton Downs is truly a happy one!

And now we must cross the wide and stormy Atlantic and look in upon our old friends Count Demetrius Slavonski, and the lady his wife, the genial old Count Praga, Dandie, and his friend, Count Emile. We cannot expect to find all these under one roof, neither would it have been desirable; the old and the young have different tastes, and are sometimes apt to interfere with each other's comfort. But we will look in upon them all and see what they are all about. Count Demetrius Slavonski has aged much during these five years of residence in America;

of all our refugees he is the one who has suffered most by an enforced emigration from his own country. But he is happy in a way, chiefly in having his beloved wife with him still, and in knowing that his son Emile can never again fall into the hands of his Russian foes. But his thoughts continually revert to beloved Poland, and no place can ever be to him so dear. What does it matter that it has no particular beauty to attract attention? that its surface is one wide level plain with many a tract of marsh or barren heath, intersected by miles on miles of dreary forest, buried for five months of the year in a wilderness of snow? Ah, home is home wherever it may be! and it is a sad thing for any one of us when the love of country dies out of our hearts.

Count Praga is a man of another stamp; bright and genial, he sees the good side of everything. Poland is still dear, but seeing that he could not remain there any longer with comfort, why, America is not so very bad; there are level tracks of land enough and to spare; there are forests enough to satisfy even a Polish nobleman, and certainly there is snow enough and to spare. Yes, Count Praga enjoys life wonderfully, and is never so happy as when with his own rod or gun he can supply the family table with fish and wild game.

Count Emile, if questioned, would declare himself to be the happiest of them all. His home is a lovely ornamental cottage, not very far from the larger dwelling-house of Count Praga, and much more beautifully situated. Surrounded by prettily laid out grounds, at the end of which runs a bright, clear river, whose banks slope gradually up into a hill densely covered with pines, which, in the fierce heat of an American summer, look deliciously cool and shady, while their health-giving scent perfumes the air all around. Ah, it is a sweet and lovely spot! and rendered all the dearer to Emile as it is presided over by his fair young English wife, our old acquaintance, Winifred Charlton. For some time Dandie felt some dislike to the idea of his friend's marriage to his favourite sister, but as brothers are sometimes a little eccentric in such matters Winnie generously forgave him.

Dandie himself is the moving spirit of the little Anglo-Polish colony. He superintends everything, is brisk, sensible, energetic, and kind-hearted as ever; but, alas! he has no helpmeet, and begins to think that a single life, however busy, is a mistake. It has been reported, however, that he intends to pay a holiday visit to St. Andrews, Scotland, and it will not be Winnie's fault if he does not bring back with him as his bride Laura's little school friend of the olden days, Effie Moncrieff. And now we have given a true and particular account of every one of our friends, save one, Mrs. Charlton herself.

It is never pleasant to end a story with anything sad, but in this case we must do so, though why should it be sad to record the death of one who died happily? In a small cemetery on the hill-side above Count Emile's house, a sweet and secluded spot, Mrs. Charlton lies at rest; her last words to her children and friends being these, 'God has been very good; trust Him, my dear ones, trust Him only, and trust Him always.' And thus we close the history of the Charlton Family. M. K.

Answers to Puzzlers for Wise Heads.

3. The glutton.
4. The Giant's Causeway.
5. Battle of the Standard, at Northallerton, August 22, 1138.
6. The ostrich, and its feathers.
7. The cession of Normandy by Charles to the Norsemen.
8. Poictiers.

Answers to Scenes from English History.

No. III.—King Canute and his courtiers.
No. IV.—Queen Philippa interceding with Edward III. for the citizens of Calais.
No. V.—Sir Philip Sidney at the siege of Zutphen.

BEAR-CHILDREN.



IN the half-fabulous history of antiquity, some children are said to have been nourished by wolves, as in the story of Romulus, the founder of Rome, and Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire; but none of the ancient heroes are associated with bears, though there are authentic records of children having been found amongst these animals. The most remarkable instance occurred in Poland in the seventeenth century.

In 1661 some hunters in a forest near Grodno found two children in the company of some bears. One of them escaped with the bears, but the other child was captured. He was a boy, apparently about nine years old, and was taken to Warsaw, and presented as a curiosity to John Casimir, the King of Poland, who gave him into the charge of one of his chamberlains, named Peter Opalinski. An attempt was made to make use of the bear-child as a scullion in the royal kitchen, but his habits rendered this a failure. He habitually went about on all fours, moving with a heavy, lumbering gait, exactly like that of a bear, but occasionally standing erect as a bear does. He would eat anything, but preferred raw meat, fruit, honey, and sugar. He remained about the court for many years, sometimes going off into the woods to visit his old friends the bears, and at last he made his escape to the forest, and never was heard of more.

An account of him was written in Latin by a scholar at the Court of John Casimir, and therein is detailed every incident of his life, from his first discovery down to his disappearance. A. R.

NEW USE FOR POPPIES.

THE poppy once sown is self-perpetuating, and in fact, when once established, can hardly be rooted out on account of the network of its roots. French engineers have lately sown some railway embankments with poppies, in order to prevent the washing away of the soil by rains and floods, and its crumbling away under frost.



Bear Children.



A Trusty Comrade.

A TRUSTY COMRADE.

SICK and disabled, mid bewildering snow
A wounded hunter lay.
Boldly he had attacked the savage foe,
But in the dreadful fray,
Bleeding and faint, with wildly rushing brain,
Had fall'n to earth, never to rise again.

But his good comrade, chosen friend, is near,
And with a vigorous hand
Has clubbed his gun, and with no thought of fear,
Made a determined stand,
Till, stretched upon the trampled, blood-stained snow,
He left the shaggy monster lying low.

Then with most tender touch and anxious face
He drew his friend away
From the huge bear to a more sheltered place
Ere ceased the light of day;
For in that lonely Rocky Mountain glen
Were savage beasts, and still more savage men.

A tent he raised, and banked it round with snow
As closely as he could,
And here he placed his friend, while he should go
In search of fire and food.
But, ah, how hopeless seemed the task! despair
Might well have seized upon him then and there.

But no despair he felt, brave heart had he;
And through two weary weeks
Cheered with sweet hope and blessed sympathy
The comrade whom he seeks
To save from painful death in that wild glen,
So far from home and friends and fellow-men!

But the time came at last when all seemed o'er;
The cold had done its work.
With feet frost-bitten he could do no more
(Though toil he did not shirk).
But stay! he cannot walk; but why not crawl
To gather sticks which from the pine-trees fall?

Through the deep snow he crept upon his way,
But helpless did he feel!
Where was the savage Indian on that day,
With knife of sharpened steel
To scalp the worn and suffering pale-face? where
The prowling lynx, the hideous grizzly bear?

Surely few hours for him can now be left;
And when all-pitying death
Has carried him away, his friend bereft
Must draw his latest breath
Alone within the tent, nor fire, nor food,
Nor friend to help him in his solitude!

But, ah, not so! Heaven's watchful, tender eyes
Had seen his grief: Heaven's ear
Had heard low-breathed petitions rise
That God above would hear
And help in this their hour of deepest need.
Yes, help was coming, sent by Heaven indeed!

A joyful sound he hears, and lifts his head
Intently listening——Hark!
It is the white man's steady tramp and tread,
The eager dog's loud bark!
Hurrah! kind friends have found them out at last,
A fortnight's dreadful agony is past! M. K.

A GARRISON OF ONE.

A FRENCH grenadier, in a war with the Austrians, was put in charge of a small fort commanding a narrow gorge, up which only two of the enemy could climb at a time. When the defenders of the fort heard that the enemy were near, being few in number they deserted, and left the brave grenadier alone. But he felt that he could not give up the place without a struggle, so he barred the doors, raised the drawbridge, and loaded all the muskets left behind by his comrades.

Early in the morning, with great labour, the enemy brought up a gun from the valley, and laid it on the fort. But the grenadier made such good use of his loaded muskets that the men in charge of the gun could not hold their position, and were compelled to retire; and he kept them thus at bay all day long. At evening the herald came again to demand the surrender of the fort, or the garrison should be starved out. The grenadier asked for a night for consideration, and in the morning expressed the willingness of the garrison to surrender if they might 'go out with all the honours of war.' This, after some demur, was agreed to, and presently the Austrian army below saw a single soldier descending the height with a whole sheaf of muskets on his shoulder, with which he marched through their lines, and then threw them down.

'Where is the garrison?' asked the Austrian commander, astonished.

'I am the garrison,' replied the brave man; and they were so delighted with his plucky resistance that the troops saluted him and called him the 'First Grenadier of France.'

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 108.)

MR. GRAHAM always spoke of his wife's dressing-room as 'the citadel.' It was absolutely impregnable, he said. In the open field of the drawing-room or the broken country of the dining-room it might be possible — he had never known such a thing to occur, but still it *might* be possible —for the commander-in-chief to sustain a defeat; but once intrenched behind the walls of the citadel, horse, foot, and dragoons might storm and charge upon her, but they could not gain an inch. Not an inch, sir! True it was that Mrs. Graham always felt strongest in this particular room. She laughed about it, but she admitted the fact. Here,

on the wall, hung a certain picture which was always an inspiration to her. Here, on the shelf above her desk, were the books of her heart—the few tried friends to whom she turned for help and counsel when things puzzled her. (Mrs. Graham was never disheartened. She didn't believe there was such a word. She was only 'puzzled' sometimes, until she saw her way and her duty clear before her, and then she went straight forward, over a mountain or through a stone wall, as the case might be). Here, in the drawer of her little work-table, were some relics—a tiny, half-worn shoe, a little doll, a sweet baby face laughing from an ivory frame: the tokens of her rank in the great order of sorrowing mothers; and these, perhaps, gave her that sympathy and tenderness for all who were in trouble, which drew all sad hearts towards her.

And so, on this occasion, the little woman had sat for a few moments looking at the pictured face on the wall, with its mingled majesty and sweetness; had peeped into the best-beloved of all books, and said a little prayer as was her wont when 'puzzled,' before she sent the message to Hilda—for she knew that she must sorely hurt and grieve the child who was half the world to her; and though she did not flinch from the task, she longed for strength and wisdom to do it in the kindest and wisest way.

'Hilda dear,' she said, gently, when they were seated together on the sofa, hand in hand, with each an arm round the other's waist, as they loved best to sit,—'Hilda, dear, I have something to say that will not please you; something that may even grieve you very much at first.' She paused, and Hilda rapidly reviewed in her mind all the possibilities that she could think of. Had anything happened to the box of French dresses which was on its way from Paris? Had a careless servant broken the glass of her fernery again? Had Aunt Emily been saying disagreeable things about her, as she was apt to do? She was about to speak, but at that moment, like a thunderbolt, the next words struck her ear: 'We have decided not to take you with us to California.' Amazed, wounded, indignant, Hilda could only lift her great grey eyes to meet the soft blue ones which, full of unshed tears, were fixed tenderly upon her. Mrs. Graham continued: 'Your father and I both feel, my darling, that this long, fatiguing journey, in the full heat of summer, would be the worst possible thing for you. You have not been very well lately, and it is most important that you should lead a quiet, regular, healthy life for the next few months. We have therefore made arrangements to leave you——'

But here Hilda could control herself no longer. 'Mother! mother!' she cried. 'How can you be so unkind, so cruel? Leave me—you and father both? Why, I shall die! Of course I shall die, all alone in this great house. I thought you loved me!' and she burst into tears, half of anger, half of grief, and sobbed bitterly.

'Dear child!' said Mrs. Graham, smoothing the fair hair lovingly, 'if you had heard me out, you would have seen that we had no idea of leaving you alone, or of leaving you in this house either. You are to stay with——'

'Not with Aunt Emily!' cried the girl, springing to her feet with flashing eyes. 'Mother, I would rather beg in the streets than stay with Aunt Emily. She is a detestable, ill-natured, selfish woman.'

'Hildegarde,' said Mrs. Graham, gravely, 'be silent!' There was a moment of absolute stillness, broken only by the ticking of the little crystal clock on the mantelpiece, and then Mrs. Graham continued: 'I must ask you not to speak again, my daughter, until I have finished what I have to say: and even then I trust you will keep silence until you are able to command yourself. You are to stay with my old nurse, Mrs. Hartley, at her farm near Glenfield. She is a very kind, good woman, and will take the best possible care of you. I went to the farm myself last week, and found it a lovely place, with every comfort, though no luxuries, save the great one of a free, healthy, natural life. There, my Hilda, we shall leave you, sadly indeed, and yet feeling that you are in good and loving hands. And I feel very sure,' she added in a lighter tone, 'that by the time we return, you will be a rosy-cheeked country lass, strong and hearty, with no more thought of headaches, and no wrinkle in your forehead.' As she ceased speaking, Mrs. Graham drew the girl close to her and kissed the white brow tenderly, murmuring, 'God bless my darling daughter! If she knew how her mother's heart aches at parting with her!' But Hilda did not know. She was too angry, too bewildered, too deeply hurt, to think of any one except herself. She felt that she could not trust herself to speak, and it was in silence, and without returning her mother's caress, that she rose and sought her own room.

Mrs. Graham looked after her wistfully, tenderly, but made no effort to call her back. The tears trembled in her eyes, and her lip quivered as she turned to her work-table; but she said quietly to herself, 'Solitude is a good medicine. The child will do well, and I know that I have chosen wisely for her.'

Bitter tears did Hildegarde shed as she flung herself face downward on her own blue sofa. Angry thoughts surged through her brain. Now she burned with resentment at the parents who could desert her—their only child; now she melted into pity for herself, and wept more and more as she pictured the misery that lay before her. To be left alone—*alone!* on a squalid, wretched farm, with a dirty old woman, a woman who had been a servant—she, Hildegardis Graham, the idol of her parents, the queen of her 'set' among the young people, the proudest and most exclusive girl in New York, as she had once (and not with displeasure) heard herself called!

What would Madge Everton, what would all the girls say? How they would laugh to hear of Hilda Graham living on a farm among pigs and hens and dirty people! Oh, it was intolerable! and she sprang up and paced the floor with burning cheeks and flashing eyes.

The thought of opposing the plan did not occur to her. Mrs. Graham's rule, gentle though it was, was not of the flabby, nor yet of the elastic sort. Her decisions were not hastily arrived at; but once made they were final and abiding.



"Bitter tears did Hildegarde shed."

'You might just as well try to oppose the Gulf Stream!' Mr. Graham would say. 'They do it sometimes with icebergs, and what is the result? In a few days the great clumsy things are bowing and scraping and turning somersaults, and fairly jostling each other in their eagerness to obey the guidance of the insidious current.'

Hildegarde's first lessons had been in obedience and in truthfulness, and these were fairly well learned before she began her A B C. And so she knew now that she might storm and weep as she would in her own room, but that the decree was fixed, and that unless the skies fell, her summer would be passed at Hartley's Glen.

(*Continued at page* 122.)



Madame Roland.

MADAME ROLAND.

AMONGST the leaders of the French Revolution were many who were actuated by the noblest motives, and of these the loftiest and purest was Madame Roland. The maiden name of this gifted woman was Jeanne Manon Philipon. She was born in Paris in the year 1756. Her father was an engraver, and her mother a woman of superior education, who devoted herself to rearing her daughter to such good purpose that little Manon could read when only four years old.

She was a remarkably bright and intelligent child, and read everything she could get hold of, and could only be diverted from her books by the offer of flowers, and this passion for books and flowers remained with her throughout her life. Her uncle, the Abbé Bimont, taught her Latin, and as she grew up she learnt geography, music, and drawing, rising at five o'clock in the morning to prepare her exercises.

She finished her education in a convent, according to the French custom, and on returning home divided her time between household duties and reading, her favourite authors being Tasso, Thompson, Fenelon, and Plutarch. But in Plutarch she most delighted; and as she read about the heroes and patriots of ancient Greece and Rome, she longed to follow their example, and devote herself to her country.

She was a tall and graceful girl, of a most fascinating countenance, and amiable and modest demeanour, and spent her time happily with her mother and her books. One day she was persuaded to visit an old friend, and on her return she found her mother dying. The death of her beloved parent threw Manon into such grief that fever ensued, and her life was in danger. When she recovered she resumed her studies, but when her father became poor she went to reside at her old convent. At this time M. Roland de la Platiere renewed an offer of marriage which he had formerly made. He was a man of ancient family and unblemished character; and, though he was twenty years older than herself, she felt such esteem for him that his offer was accepted, and they were married in 1781.

In 1789 the Revolution broke out, and convulsed France. M. Roland was of republican principles, and his wife, embued with all she had read about the patriots of antiquity, at once threw herself into the movement with all the enthusiasm of her nature.

When the Legislative Assembly was established, it consisted of three distinct parties. The first derived their name from the Department of the Gironde, whence they came; the second were called 'Mountaineers,' from the elevated benches on which they sat; the third were named 'Men of the Plain,' from their seats being on the floor of the chamber. They were all elected as representatives of the people, but the Girondins contained by far the best men, and their principles were those of law and order; whilst the Mountaineers comprised Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and all those ferocious Republicans who used murder and outrage to advance their cause.

M. Roland was elected deputy for Lyons, in the Gironde, and soon he was appointed Minister of the Interior, and his wife not only assisted him in his government, but inspired by her counsels the whole Girondist party, who were in the habit of holding their meetings at her husband's hotel. The Girondins wished to maintain the Monarchy, and Roland wrote a letter to Louis, begging him to adopt a decided plan of action; but at this the foolish King took offence, and Roland was dismissed.

A few weeks later the King was imprisoned with his family in the Temple, and deposed; Monarchy was abolished, a Republic declared, and the Legislative Assembly took the name of the National Convention. Roland was recalled, and for a short time the Girondins and the Men of the Mountain were united in action; but when the Mountaineers organized horrible massacres, and the King was executed, the Girondins declared that they would never again act with men who were capable of such deeds.

The Mountaineers, having resolved to get rid of all their opponents, began with the Girondins. At first they intended to murder them whilst assembled at the Convention, but the plot becoming known was abandoned.

An attempt was made to implicate Madame Roland in a pretended plot against the nation, and she was summoned to the Convention; but she was dismissed with applause when the falsehood of the accusation was proved, much to the chagrin of Marat; but some time afterwards, when she refused to disclose the place where her husband was concealed, she was arrested and imprisoned in the Abbaye. The jailor's wife was very kind to her, softening her condition as much as possible, and allowing her the use of a piano; she even offered to aid her in making her escape, but this Madame Roland firmly refused.

On the 31st of October, 1793, the Girondins were executed, and Madame Roland was transferred to the Conciergerie, the prison that her friends had just left for the guillotine. In this prison there was an iron grating, or railing, separating the part in which she was confined from that occupied by the male prisoners; and she frequently conversed with them through this railing, entrancing them by her noble sentiments and heroic courage, speaking of the dead Girondins as 'our friends,' whose glorious fate she soon expected to share. She still preserved her fascination, and her large dark eyes were full of sweetness; but though so cheerful before them, tears were frequently seen on her cheeks.

The day before her trial her advocate visited her to receive her last instructions; but she besought him not to come to the tribunal, as his efforts to save her life would endanger his own; and giving him a ring from her finger, she asked him to wear it for her sake.

She appeared before her judges dressed in white, as a symbol of her innocence, and her dark hair fell in thick curls on her neck and shoulders. She composed her own defence, in which she answered every charge with the greatest dignity, concluding with the words, 'I await my sentence. May I be the last victim that shall be sacrificed. I leave this unhappy land, which is destroying the good, and drinking in the blood of the just. God of Heaven! enlighten this unhappy people, for whose liberty I breathe my warmest vows!'

Her eloquent appeal was of no avail. The witnesses had proved nothing against her, but she was condemned to death for her friendship to the Girondins. On hearing her sentence she stood up and said, 'You judge me worthy of sharing the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavour to imitate their firmness on the scaffold.'

When led back to prison she spent the remainder of the day in writing farewell letters to her daughter and friends. She was accompanied to execution by a man who was in fear of death, and whilst in the cart she endeavoured to inspire him with courage. At the guillotine it was considered a privilege to die first, so that the victim might be spared the shock of witnessing the blood of others, and this privilege was accorded to Madame Roland; but seeing the terror of her companion, she wished him to go first. This the executioner demurred to as being against orders, but she smiled, and said, 'You cannot, I am sure, refuse the last request of a lady.' Her wish was at once complied with. When her turn came, she gazed on

the colossal statue of Liberty that stood near the guillotine, and exclaimed, 'Ah, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!'

This heroic woman perished on the 10th of November, 1793, aged thirty-nine, and her death is an example of the monstrous tyranny and injustice sometimes practised in the pretended cause of freedom. When her husband heard of her fate, he put an end to his own life, through grief and despair.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

9.—A famous City.

Long, long ago the *Argo's* fifty oars,
Stirring the waves that wash thine eastern side,
Sent the long ripple to thy lonely shores
As her stout oarmen stemmed the rapid tide.

Then Byzas led his Doric colony,
Seeking a site at great Apollo's shrine;
'*Build*,' said the Oracle, '*where thou canst spy*
The blind man's land beyond the rushing brine!'

Weighed is the anchor-stone, the dove is free;
And, gay with Megara's well-loved asphodels
And murtle boughs, the fleet stands out to sea,
While old Nicæa waves her last farewells.

They thread the many-isled Ægean main,
Where Ægeus plunged, grief-stricken, in the tide,
As the black sails of Theseus rose again
To tell the tale a father could not bide.

They see old Ida's everlasting cone,
And Ilion's meadows stretched beneath her shade;
They mark the spot where Priestess Hero's own
Leander sank, by her false lamp betrayed.

Then, Proconnesus past, her marble cliffs
And quarries flashing white from olive bowers,
They anchor, by-and-by, their toiling skiffs
To Thracian earth, where one may tell the towers

Of new Chalcedon, gleaming o'er the waste
Of lonesome floods from Pontus rolling by,
And there, within the harbour safe at last,
They disembark, while the rude natives fly

Amazed and trembling at the fates which bring
Across the waters from the unknown West,
Black dragons, floating with expanded wing
And horrid beak, and threatening purple crest.

G. S. O.

Scenes from History.—No. VI.

UNDER a poor and humble roof I see a man of noble appearance, but travel-stained and weary, resting after great but unsuccessful efforts in a rightful cause. Repeated failures have reduced him almost to despair, and he is in his despondency even contemplating the mournful necessity of abandoning his cherished enterprise. In the midst of his melancholy thoughts his attention is suddenly attracted by a small and apparently insignificant object, from which he at last learns the useful lesson of patient perseverance under the most unfavourable circumstances—a lesson which he is not slow to apply, and which leads in the end to well-merited success.

[*Answers at page* 167.]

AN ANGLO-IRISH INVASION.

IN the year 1486, Richard Simon, an Oxford priest, appeared in Dublin, accompanied by a boy whom he represented to be Edward Plantaganet, Earl of Warwick, to whom he was tutor. The boy was about eleven years of age, was of noble demeanour, and performed his part well; but his real name was Lambert Simnel, and he was the son of an Oxford tradesman. He had been well instructed, and gave a plausible account of his adventures, which received immediate credence from the masses of the people, amongst whom the memory of the Duke of York, who had been very popular when Govenor of Ireland, was still cherished. The great lords probably knew that it was an imposition; but the Earl of Kildare, with his brother and many other noblemen espoused his cause, and he was proclaimed 'Edward VI., King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland.'

To expose the imposture, King Henry VII. had the real Earl of Warwick publicly conducted from the Tower to St. Paul's, and there shown to the people; thence he took him to the palace at Shene, and there he was seen and conversed with daily by many noblemen who had previously known him. This settled the question in England; but the Irish leaders boldly asserted that their 'lad' was the true prince, and King Henry's a fraud, and they had Simnel crowned.

The coronation took place in Christ Church Cathedral. The crown was a diadem taken from a statue in the Abbey of St. Mary, and it was placed on Simnel's head by the Bishop of Meath. 'Edward the VI.' was then mounted on the shoulders of a gigantic man, called Great Darcy of Platten, and carried in triumph through the streets to Dublin Castle.

Meantime, the Earl of Lincoln and Lord Lovell were busy at the court of the Duchess of Burgundy enlisting foreign aid; and they landed in Dublin with a force of two thousand Germans, under the command of Martin Swartz. A large number of Irish troops were collected, and the whole army, numbering about eight thousand men, was placed under the command of the Earl of Lincoln; with him there were many noblemen and Lord Fitzgerald, who was Chancellor of Ireland, gave up his chancellorship to accompany the expedition, which was to set the pretended rightful king on the English throne.

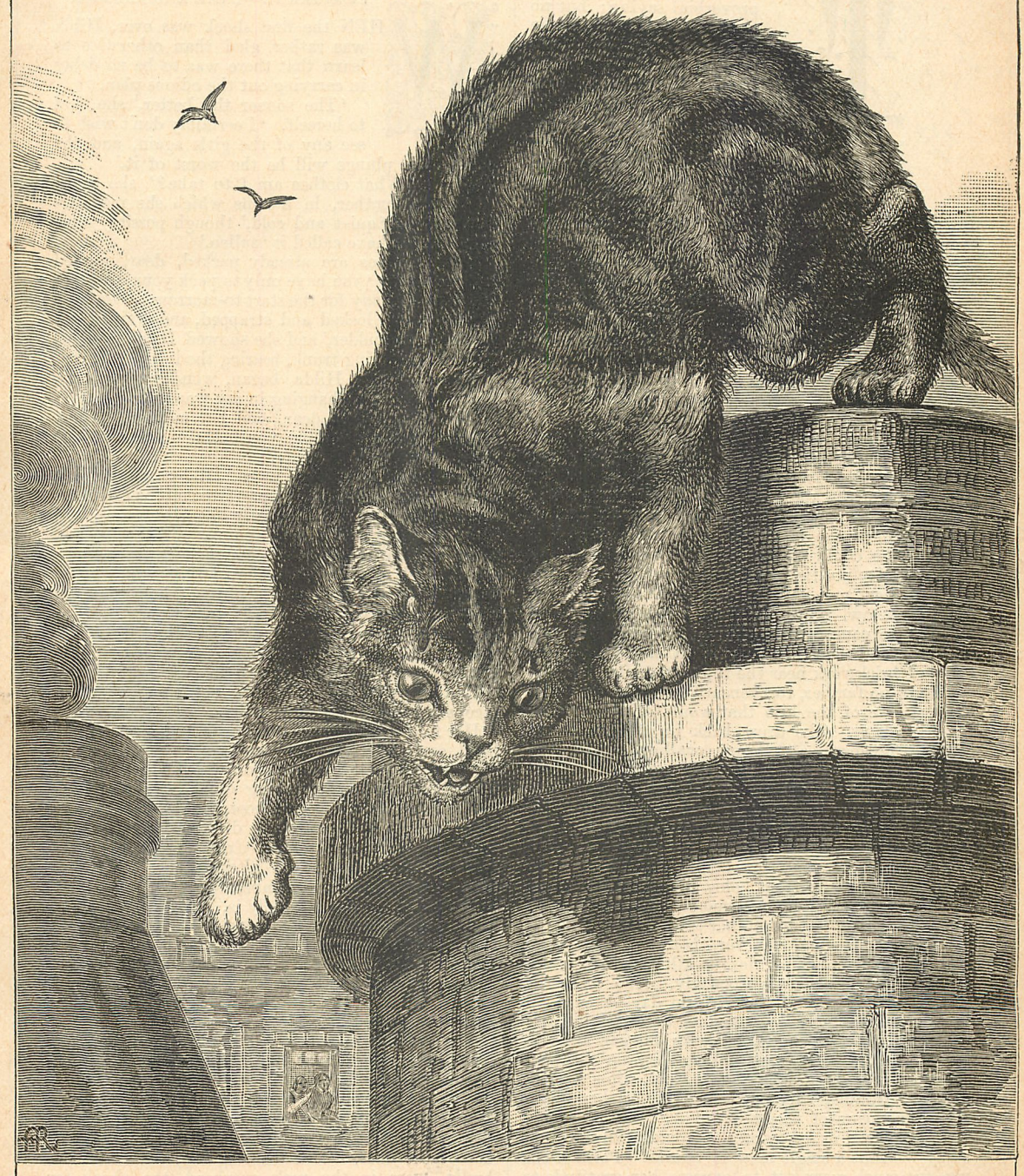
The army set sail from Dublin at the beginning of June, 1486, to invade England, and landing at the southern extremity of Furness, they encamped at Swartmoor, and then marched through the county of York. The people did not join them, as they expected they would, but the dilatoriness of the King's army gave them some advantage. The royal troops were so mismanaged that they lost their way in marching from Nottingham, and had to wait for guides. The Earl of Lincoln boldly pushed on his forces, and met the vanguard of the royal army at Stoke. The issue of the conflict could not long be



Lambert Simnel carried through Dublin on the shoulders of Great Darcy.

doubtful; the invaders were not only outnumbered, but the Germans and the Anglo-Irish leaders were the only ones who were well armed; the Irish wore no body armour, and they fought with the weapons of their forefathers—spears, and short skeins, or daggers; and in spite of their wild bravery, they could not withstand the charge of the heavy armed English knights who were sheathed in steel; and they fell before the long lances like sheep. The Germans fought with cool courage, but the greater part of them were killed. Nearly all the leaders were slain. The Earl of Lincoln, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, and Maurice Fitzgerald, Martin Swartz, and Lord Broughton, who had joined them at Swartmoor, all perished, with more than half their army.

Young Simnel, with his tutor, Simons, fell into the hands of the English; and they were taken to King Henry, who pardoned Simnel, and made him a turnspit in the royal kitchen, afterwards promoting him to be one of his falconers.



Puss in a Fix.

PUSS IN A FIX.

'TO climb like a cat' is a proverbial saying; but no one talks of 'coming down like a cat;' perhaps this is because pussy can climb so well that she sometimes mounts to a height from which she finds it difficult to descend. Kittens frequently climb up trees, and then appear sorely puzzled as to how they are to get down again. I once saw a young cat climb up a tree, probably in pursuit of birds; but she was quite unable to come down, and mewed piteously. The tree was a high one, but the branches were too slender for a boy to climb up and get her down; so a rope was procured and thrown over the boughs, and by this means the tree was bent down till the branch pussy was on was near enough to the ground for her to jump down. But I know an instance of a cat that was in a much worse fix than this.

At the north side of London there were some kilns for burning tiles; and a great many years ago a cat, hunted by boys, ran in her terror up the sloping side of one of the kilns, and scrambled on to the top. Fortunately for pussy the furnace was not in full blast; and as she had reached a place of safety where none could pursue her, she seemed satisfied with her lofty position, and quietly sat down at the edge of her tower of refuge, and surveyed her enemies below. But she soon tired of this, and wishing to come down again, cautiously put one fore-foot, and then the other, down on the projecting ledge of brickwork near the top of the kiln; but she could get no farther, for beneath her was the awful slippery side of the kiln that would afford no hold for her claws. She drew back in affright at the terrible prospect, and began walking round and round the narrow top, apparently looking for some spot whence she could make a descent, but in vain, for on every side of her there was the same dreadful slope. She then sat down to think the matter over; but growing anxious, rose up, and began to walk round again, mewing for help. The people who were watching her from below imagined she would be able to scramble down somehow, and when darkness set in, they left her to her fate.

The next morning, however, there was poor pussy still on the summit of the tile-kiln, walking ceaselessly round and mewing dolefully. And there she was all that day, and for several days after, until the people who used to assemble to watch her saw that she was wasting away with hunger and exhaustion; and some men, taking pity on the poor creature, brought a long ladder, and, after a great deal of trouble, succeeded in bringing her down amid the cheers of the mob below. But no sooner was she placed in safety on the ground than she crept away without a single mew of thanks. Perhaps she was too much worn out to express her gratitude to her deliverers.

A. R.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 116.)

CHAPTER II.—DAME AND FARMER.

WHEN the first shock was over, Hilda was rather glad than otherwise to learn that there was to be no delay in carrying out the odious plan.

'The sooner the better,' she said to herself. 'I certainly don't wish to see any of the girls again, and the first plunge will be the worst of it.'

'What clothes am I to take?' she asked her mother, in a tone which she mentally thought was 'quiet and cold,' though possibly some people might have called it 'sullen.'

'Your clothes are already packed, dear,' replied Mrs. Graham; 'you have only to pack your dressing-bag to be all ready for the start to-morrow. See, here is your trunk, locked and strapped, and waiting for the porter's shoulder,' and she showed Hilda a stout, substantial-looking trunk, bearing the initials H. G.

'But, mother,' Hilda began, wondering greatly, 'my dresses are all hanging in my wardrobe.'

'Not all of them, dear,' said her mother, smiling. 'Hark! father is calling you. Make haste and go down, for dinner is ready.'

Wondering more and more, Hildegarde made a hasty toilet, putting on the pretty pale blue cashmere dress which her father specially liked.

As she clasped the necklace of delicate blue and silver Venetian beads which completed the costume, she glanced into the long cheval-glass which stood between the windows, and could not help giving a a little approving nod to her reflection. But the next moment the thought came, 'What difference will it make in a stupid farmhouse whether I am pretty or not? I might as well be a Hottentot!' and with the 'quiet and cold' look darkening over her face, she went slowly downstairs.

Her father met her with a kiss and clasp of the hand, even warmer than usual.

'Well, General!' he said, in a voice which insisted upon being cheery, 'marching orders, eh? marching orders! Break up camp! boot, saddle, to horse and away! Forces to march in different directions, by order of the commander-in-chief.' But the next moment he added, in an altered tone, 'My girl, mother knows best; remember that! She is right in this move, as she generally is. Cheer up, darling, and let us make the last evening a happy one!'

Hilda tried to smile, for who *could* be angry with father? She made a little effort, and the father and mother made a great one—*how* great she could not know; and so the evening passed, better than might have been expected.

The evening passed, and the night, and the next day came; and it was like waking from a strange dream when Hilda found herself in a railway train, with her father sitting beside her, and her mother's farewell kiss yet warm on her cheek, speeding over the open country, away from home and all that she held most dear. Her dressing-bag, with her umbrella, were in the rack overhead, the check for her trunk in her pocket. Could it all be true?

She tried to listen while her father told her of the happy days he had spent on his grandfather's farm when he was a boy; but the interest was not real, and she found it hard to fix her mind on what he was saying. What did she care about swinging on gates, or climbing apple-trees, or riding unruly colts? She was not a boy, nor even a tom-boy. When he spoke of the delights of walking in the country through woodland and meadow, her thoughts strayed to Fifth Avenue, with its throng of well-dressed people, the glittering equipages rolling by, the stately houses on either side, through whose shining windows one caught glimpses of the splendours within; and to the Park, with its shady alleys and well-kept lawns. Could there be any walking so delightful as that which these afforded? Surely not! Ah! Madge and Helen were probably just starting for their walk now. Did they know of her banishment? would they laugh at the thought of Queen Hildegardis vegetating for three months at a wretched—

'Glenfield!' The brakeman's voice rang clear and sharp through the car. Hilda started, and seized her father's hand convulsively.

'Father!' she whispered, 'oh, father! don't leave me here; take me home! I cannot bear it!'

'Come, my child!' said Mr. Graham, speaking low, and with an odd catch in his voice; 'that is not the way to go into action. Remember, this is your first battle. So, eyes front! charge bayonets! quick step! forward, *march!*'

The train had stopped. They were on the platform. Mr. Graham led Hilda up to a motherly-looking woman, who held out her hand with a beaming smile.

'Here is my daughter, Mrs. Hartley,' he said, hastily. 'You will take good care of her, I know. My darling, good-bye! I go on to Dashford, and home by return train in an hour. God bless you, my Hilda! Courage! Up, Guards, and at them. Remember Waterloo!' and he was gone. The engine shrieked an unearthly 'Good-bye!' and the train rumbled away, leaving Hilda gazing after it through a mist which only her strong will prevented from dissolving in tears.

'Well, my dear,' said Dame Hartley's cheery voice, 'your father has gone, and you must not stand here and fret after him. Here is old Nancy shaking her head, and wondering why she does not get home to her dinner. Do you get into the cart, and I will get the station-master to put your trunk in for us.'

Hilda obeyed in silence; and climbing into the neat waggon, took her seat and looked about her while Dame Hartley bustled off in search of the station-master. There was not very much to look at at Glenfield station. The low wooden building with its long platform stood on a bare spot of ground, from which the trees all stood back, as if to mark their disapproval of the railway and all that belonged to it. A road led off into the woods, hiding itself behind the low-hanging branches of chestnut and maple, ash and linden-trees. That was all. Now that the train was gone the silence was unbroken, save by the impatient movements of the old white mare as she shook the flies off and rattled the jingling harness.

Hilda was too weary to think. She had slept badly the night before, and the suddenness of the recent changes confused her mind and made her feel as if she were some one else, and not herself at all. She sat patiently, counting half-unconsciously each quiver of Nancy's ears. But now Dame Hartley came bustling back with the station-master, and between the two, Hilda's trunk was hoisted into the cart. Then the good woman climbed in over the wheel, settled her ample person on the seat and gathered up the reins, while the station-master stood smoothing the mare's mane, ready for a parting word of friendly gossip.

'Is Jacob pretty smart?' he asked, brushing a fly from Nancy's shoulder.

'Only middling,' was the reply. 'He had a touch of rheumatiz that last spell of wet weather, and it seems to hang on. Catches him in the joints and the small of his back if he rises up sudden.'

'I know! I know!' replied the station-master, with eager interest. 'Just like my spells catches me; only I have it powerful bad across my shoulders, too.

Here Hilda uttered a sigh of weariness and impatience; and Dame Hartley bade good-morning to the victim of rheumatism, gave old Nancy a smart slap with the reins, and drove off down the wood-road.

'My dear child,' she said to Hilda, as they jogged along, 'I ought not to have kept you waiting so long, and you tired with your ride in the cars. But Reuel Slocum lives all alone here, and he does enjoy a little chat with an old neighbour more than most folk; so I hope you'll excuse me.'

'It is of no consequence, thank you,' murmured Hildegarde, with cold civility. She did not like to be called 'my dear child,' to begin with; and besides, she was very weary and heartsick, and altogether miserable. But she tried to listen, as the good woman continued to talk in a cheery, comfortable tone, telling her how fond she had always been of 'Miss Mildred,' as she called Mrs. Graham, and how she had the care of her till she was almost a woman grown, and never would have left her then if Jacob Hartley hadn't got out of patience.

'And to think how you've grown, Hilda dear! You don't remember it, of course, but this isn't the first time you have been at Hartley's Glen. A sweet baby you were, just toddling about on the prettiest little feet I ever saw, when your mother brought you out here to spend a month with old Nurse Lucy. And your father came out every week whenever he could get away from his business. What a fine man he is, to be sure! And he and my husband had rare times, shooting over the meadows, and fishing, and the like.'

They were still in the wood-road, now jolting along over ridges and hummocks, now ploughing through stretches of soft, sandy soil. Above and on either side the great trees interlaced their branches, sometimes letting them droop till they brushed against Hilda's cheek, sometimes lifting them to give her a glimpse of cool vistas of dusky green, shade within shade. The air was filled with the faint cool smell of ferns, and on every side were great masses of them; and in the very roadway, trampled under old Nancy's feet, delicate lady-fern, and sturdy hart's-tongue, and a dozen other varieties, all perfect in grace and sylvan beauty. Hilda was conscious of a vague delight, through all her fatigue and distress. How



The Farm seen from the Woods.

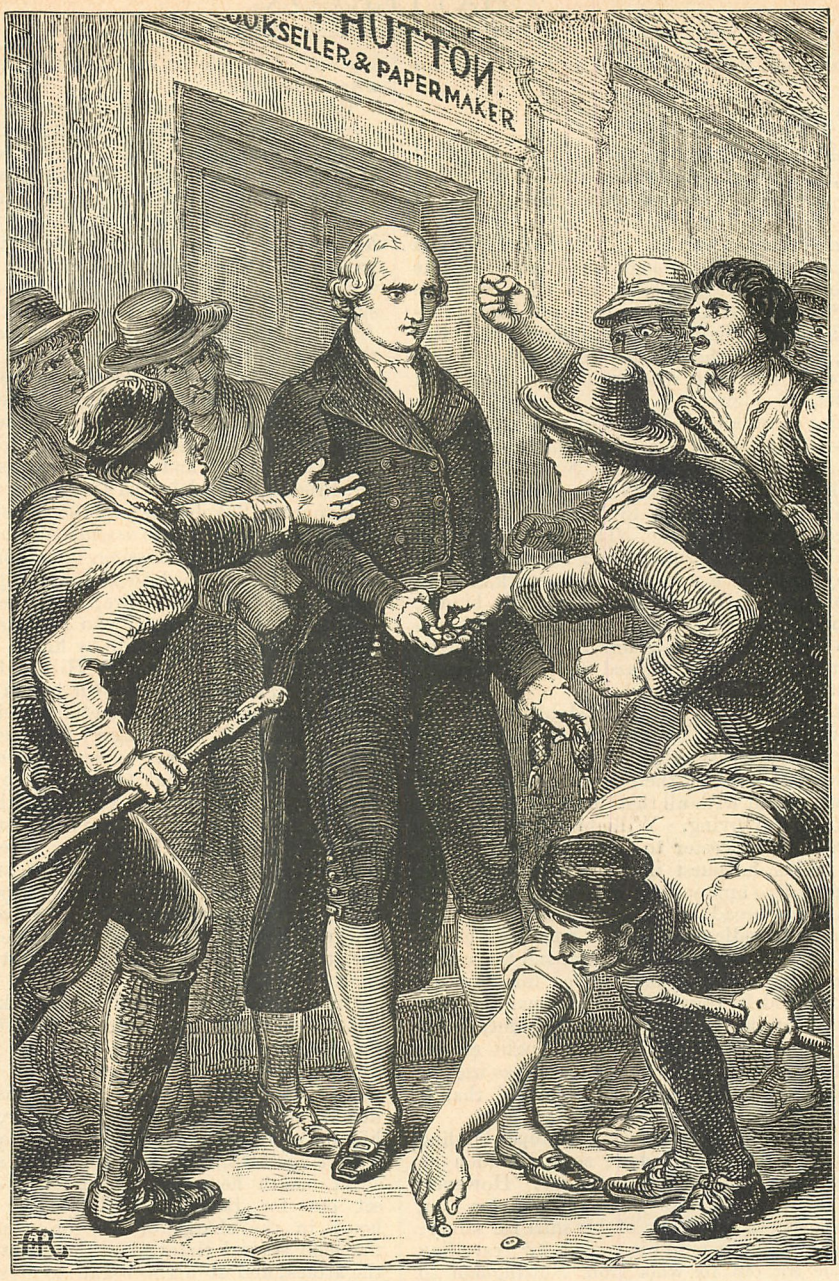
beautiful it was! how cool and green and restful! If she must stay in the country, why could it not be always in the woods, where there was no noise nor dust, nor confusion?

Her reverie was broken in upon by Dame Hartley's voice crying cheerily, 'And here we are, out of the woods at last! Cheer up, my pretty, and let me show you the first sight of the farm. It's a pleasant, heartsome place, to my thinking.'

(*Continued at page* 130.)

WILLIAM HUTTON.

WILLIAM HUTTON was born at Derby, in the year 1723. He was the third son of a drunken wool-comber, whose dissipated habits brought his poor wife and children to the brink of starvation. Little Willie, frequently ill-used and taunted with being ugly, had a very bad chance at the begining of his life. When he was eight years old, his father thought he ought to be earning money. So he bound



The Rioters demanding money from Hutton.

him apprentice to a silk manufacturer for seven years. Poor Willie's legs being too short for him to reach the machine he was employed at, he had to wear high pattens for a year or two till he grew bigger.

He lost his mother when he was ten years old, and his father, selling what little furniture he had, went into lodgings with his children, and spent the money at the ale-house. At fifteen William was 'out of his time,' but what was he to do for a living? He wished to be a gardener, but his father objected, and bound him apprentice for another seven years to his uncle, a stocking-weaver at Nottingham.

His position was now somewhat improved, for his uncle was kind to him; but one day he was seized with a spirit of idleness, and went off without leave to see a horse-race, and stayed away for some days. When he returned, his uncle told him that unless he performed his accustomed task that night he should be beaten; but he was still in an idle mood, and when night came his task was not done.

'You have not done the task I ordered,' said his uncle.

Hutton was silent.

'Could you have done it?'

Still there was silence, for Hutton detested falsehood, and would not shield himself by a lie; so to his uncle's repeated demand, he replied, 'I could.'

His uncle seized a stick, and so belaboured William that his cries aroused the neighbours, and they came running out of their houses to see what was the matter. 'It's only Hutton beating one of his apprentices,' said one, and they thought no more of it. But next day, William, who was eighteen, met a young girl of his acquaintance, who sneeringly said, 'You were beaten last night!'

The taunt so rankled in his mind that he resolved to run away; so he left his uncle's house the next morning, and turned his back on Nottingham with a heavy heart, and with only two shillings in his pocket. He wandered back to Derby, but did not venture to go near his home. Then he tramped to Burton, Walsall, and Birmingham; but finding that a runaway apprentice could not get work, he returned to Derby. His father received him kindly, and arranged matters for him with his uncle, who agreed to take him back again. At this time he acquired a taste for reading and music, and learned to play on several instruments.

A short time after he had finished his second apprenticeship, his uncle died, and he and his brother went to live with their sister. They still continued stocking-weaving, whilst their sister worked at the spinning-wheel, but with all their industry they found it hard to earn a living. William Hutton tells us how he went to Leicester to try to sell some stockings, and failing, he burst into tears, to think that he had served two apprenticeships to a trade at which he could not get bread.

But though friendless and almost penniless, he resolved to battle manfully with fate, and try a new profession. His taste for reading led him to patch up old books, and he began to deal in them in a very humble way, buying such as were worn out, mending them up, and selling them. He bought an old binding press, that had been thrown aside as useless, for two shillings, and he mended it so well that it served him for years afterwards.

But he soon found he could not get proper binding tools without going to London; so to London he determined to go; but he had no money. However, his sister managed to raise three guineas for him, which she sewed in the collar of his shirt for safety; and with eleven shillings in his pocket for travelling expenses, he set out to walk from Nottingham to London through bad, uneven roads infested by highwaymen. His journey occupied three days; and when he reached London he was so tired and footsore that he could hardly eat the supper he had ordered at a public-house. This was the only meal he had under a roof during his stay. He took his breakfast at barrows and stalls. London seemed to him a wonderful place; and having bought the few things he required, he set out to walk home. He fell lame at St. Albans, but managed to struggle on, and reached Nottingham with fourpence still remaining out of his eleven shillings, though he had been away nine days.

Provided with materials for book-binding, he now opened a small shop at Southwell; and from this he went to Birmingham, and so improved his business that in five years he had a house of his own, and not only sold books, but lent them out, and established the first circulating library in that town, and to this he soon added a paper warehouse; and being now a prosperous citizen, he married in 1755. He invested the profits of his business in land, and devoted his spare time to literature; and on his publishing a *History of Birmingham*, he was elected a member of the Society of Antiquaries.

In 1791 the French Revolution caused great excitement in this country, and party feeling ran high in Birmingham. The majority of the working classes were excessively loyal, and belonged to 'the Church and King party,' and hated Dissenters, who, with Dr. Priestly, the celebrated Unitarian, were supposed to favour the Revolution. On the occasion of a public dinner being held, a mob assembled round the house, and from shouting, hissing, groaning, and stone-throwing, they rushed to the meeting-house of Dr. Priestly, and set it on fire; and then burned his private house, the doctor, who had not been at the dinner, barely saving his life by flight.

Hutton lived at Bennett's Hill, and was ignorant of the riot, as he had left town before it broke out. In the morning he heard something of it, but did not think himself in any danger; for though he was a Dissenter he had never entered into any party differences; so he set out to walk to town as usual. When he arrived there he found all the shops shut, and the streets full of rioters, who were burning the houses of the leading Dissenters. The prisons were burst open, and their inmates let out, and when some gentlemen advised the rioters to disperse, one man cried out, 'They want to sell us. If you pull down Hutton's house, I'll give you two guineas for drink; for it was owing to him that I lost my cause in court.'

On this the mob immediately attacked his house, and when Hutton remonstrated with them they demanded money. He gave them all he had about him, but they asked for more; and on his procuring more money they shouted, 'We must have some drink,' and seizing him by the collar, they hauled him off to a public-house, where they quickly ran up a score against him for 329 gallons of ale.

At length he escaped from their clutches, and set out for Bennett's Hill, leaving his business house in the charge of his son, who bought off the mob several times: but they kept returning to the attack, and at night began to wreck the place, and by eight o'clock next morning everything in it —all his furniture, books, machines, and paper, were destroyed.

On reaching home, he tried to remove some of his furniture, but his neighbours were afraid to take it, and at four in the morning the mob marched to Bennett's Hill. Hutton had to make his escape, and the place was pillaged, and then set on fire. Several other houses were destroyed, and the riots went on for three days, till they were suppressed by the military who came down from London on the afternoon

of the 17th of July; and Hutton was able to return to Birmingham.

His friends were rejoiced to see him, and, as he tells us, 'Though they had not fought for him, they offered him their houses.' Hutton not only lost all his property, but suffered from the interruption of his business; yet he had the greatest difficulty in getting any compensation from the Government.

The cruel treatment he received completely altered Hutton's opinion of mankind, and he withdrew altogether from public life, giving up his business to his son, Robert; he spent his remaining days in retirement, cultivating literary and antiquarian pursuits, and on the death of his wife, he made several journeys through Great Britain. He always travelled on foot, and when seventy-nine years of age, he set out on a journey to trace the line of the Roman Wall, taking nothing with him but his maps and a large umbrella. His daughter accompanied him on horseback part of the way, seated on a pillion behind a servant. On his return, when he had still a hundred miles to walk, a dog flew at him, and bit him severely in the leg; but he got over the wound, and finished the distance on foot, having walked 600 miles. At the age of eighty-two he could walk forty miles a-day, and it was not till he was in his ninetieth year that his strength declined. He died in 1815, aged ninety-two.

Besides the *History of Birmingham*, William Hutton was the author of several other works, the *Roman Wall*, *Autobiography*, and some antiquarian papers. He was only twice in London; in 1749 he went there to purchase three guineas' worth of tools for book-binding, and fifty-seven years afterwards he went there to ratify the purchase of an estate of the value of 11,590*l.*

A ROYAL NURSERY.

THE other day (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) the Emperor of Germany, busied in his own room, heard a violent disturbance in the nursery, and speedily made his way to the scene of tumult. When he entered, the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel drew themselves up and saluted their father in the military fashion, as is their wont.

'What is all this noise about?' asked the Emperor.

'A slight dispute, sire,' said his eldest son, 'and I was obliged to let my brother know who is Crown Prince in this establishment.'

'Good,' said his Majesty, 'I see what you mean; and now I think it will be as well if I let you know in the same way who is Emperor in this particular family!' and he forthwith administered a punishment which impressed itself on the mind and also on the body of the Crown Prince.

AN elephant lives 400 years, a whale 308 years, a tortoise 100 years, a camel forty years, a horse twenty-five years, an ox twenty-five years, a lion twenty years, a bear twenty years, a cat fifteen years, a dog fourteen years, a sheep ten years, a squirrel eight years, and a guinea-pig seven years.

THE HISTORY OF MACBETH.



SHAKESPEARE derived the materials for his grand tragedy of Macbeth from Holinshed's *Chronicle*. There is, however, an older account preserved by Wyntown, and the true history of Macbeth appears to be as follows:—

Macbeth was the son of Finley, Thane or Earl of Ross, who was killed in a battle with Malcolm II. about the year 1020. The Scottish King also overcame and put to death the Earl of Moray; and the wife of that chief, the Lady Gruoch, was driven away by her enemies, and she fled to the neighbouring country of Ross, then ruled over by Macbeth, and sought protection for herself and her infant son, Lulach. Macbeth received her well, and married her during the reign of Duncan; Malcolm having been assassinated in 1033. Through his marriage with the Lady Gruoch, Macbeth acquired possession of Moray, and as she was the granddaughter of Kenneth, he was backed by the influence of the partizans of that monarch, who were opposed to Duncan. Owing to his vigour and ability he soon became superior to Duncan; and having the death of his father and the wrongs of his wife to avenge, he laid claim to the throne, and, causing the unhappy King to be murdered, he marched hastily to Scone, supported by the clans of Ross and Moray, and was there crowned King of the Scots. The beginning of his reign was vigorous and beneficent; the chieftains who would have raised disturbances were overawed or repressed by his valour; justice was administered, and he practised unbounded hospitality, and gave shelter to fugitives.

But he was not allowed to enjoy peacefully a throne he had gained through crime. Orian, Abbot of Dunkeld, the father of the murdered Duncan, though now an old man, put himself at the head of the partisans of his grandsons, and made a gallant attempt to restore them to their rights. He was defeated by Macbeth; but the sons of Duncan escaped, Malcolm, the heir to the throne, taking refuge in England.

In the midst of his successes, Macbeth seems to have been haunted with remorse for the crime he had committed, and strove to atone for it by charity and large gifts to the Church. He sent money to Rome for distribution; and he and his wife, the Lady Gruoch, gave the lands of Kirkness and the Manor of Bolgy to the Culdees of Lochleven. But all this could not ensure him peace, and from a sense of insecurity he became a tyrant. Macduff, the Earl of Fife, had fled to England, and his family are said to have been destroyed by Macbeth; and he constantly urged Malcolm to attempt the destruction of the tyrant and the redress of their wrongs. Siward, the powerful Earl of Northumberland, was related to Malcolm, and he warmly espoused his cause; and,



Lady Gruoch seeking the protection of Macbeth.

with the approval of Edward the Confessor, he led a numerous army into Scotland in the year 1054. They met the army of Macbeth in the neighbourhood of Dunsinane, and a fierce conflict ensued. In spite of his valour, Macbeth was overcome, and forced to retire into the north. Though the Northumbrians were victorious, Siward's son, Osbert, was killed in the fight, and the Earl returned to Northumberland, and died at York in the following year. But Malcolm continued the contest; and in a battle that took place at Lumphanan, Macbeth was slain by the injured Macduff on the 5th of December, 1056.



Hilda's Arrival at the Farmhouse.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 124.)

THE trees opened left and right, stepping back and courtesying, like true gentlefolk as they are, with delicate leaf-draperies drooping low. The sun shone bright and hot on a bit of hard, glaring yellow road, and touched more quietly the roofs and chimneys of an old yellow farm-house standing at some distance from the road, with green rolling meadows on every side, and a great clump of trees mounting guard behind it. A low stone wall, with wild roses nodding over it, ran along the roadside for some way, and midway in it was a trim, yellow painted gate, which stood invitingly open, showing a neat drive-way, shaded on either side by graceful drooping elms. Old Nancy pricked up her ears, and quickened her pace into a very respectable trot, as if she already smelt her oats. Dame Hartley gave a little sigh of relief, for she too was tired and glad to get home. But Hilda tightened her grasp on the handle of her dressing-bag, and closed her eyes with a slight shiver of dislike and dread. She would not look at this place. It was the hateful prison where she was to be shut up for three long, weary, dismal months. The sun might shine on it, the trees might wave, and the wild roses open their slender pink buds; it would be nothing to her. She hated it, and nothing could *ever* make her feel differently. Ah! the fixed and immovable determination of fifteen—does later life bring anything like it?

But now the cart stopped, and Hilda must open her eyes, whether she would or no. In the porch, under the blossoming clematis, stood a tall, broad-shouldered man, dressed in rough homespun, who held out his great brown hand and said in a gruff, hearty voice, 'Here ye be, eh? Thought ye was never comin'. And this is little miss, is it? Glad to see ye, missy! Let me jump ye out over the wheel!'

But Hilda declined to be 'jumped out,' and barely touching the proffered hand, she sprang lightly to the ground.

'Now, Marm Lucy,' said Farmer Hartley, 'let's see you give a jump like that. It's not so long, seems to me, since ye used to be as spry as a hoppergrass.'

Dame Hartley laughed, and climbed leisurely down from the cart. 'Never mind, Jacob,' she said, 'I'm spry enough yet to take care of you, if I can't jump as well as I used.'

'This missy's trunk?' continued the farmer. 'Let me see! What's missy's name, now? Huldy, isn't it? Little Huldy! That's what they used to call ye when ye was here before.'

'My name is Hildegardis Graham!' said Hilda, in her most icy manner—what Madge Everton used to call her Empress-of-Russia-in-the-ice-palace-with-the-mercury-sixty-degrees-below-zero manner.

'Huldy Gardies!' repeated Farmer Hartley. 'Well, that's a comical name now! Sounds like hurdy-gurdys, doesn't it? Where did Mistress Graham pick up a name like that I wonder? But I reckon Huldy will do for me, without the Gardies, whatever they be.'

'Come, father,' said Dame Hartley, 'the child's tired now, and I guess she wants to go upstairs. If you'll take the trunk, we'll follow ye.'

The stalwart farmer swung the heavy trunk up on his shoulder, and led the way into the house and up the steep, narrow staircase.

CHAPTER III.—THE PRISONER OF DESPAIR.

As she followed in angry silence, Hilda had a glimpse through a half-open door of a cosy sitting-room, while another door, standing fully open at the other end of the little hall, showed, by a blaze of scarlet tiger-lilies and yellow marigolds, where the garden lay.

And now the farmer opened a door and set down the trunk with a heavy thump; and Dame Hartley, taking the girl's hand, led her forward, saying, 'Here, my dear, here is your own little room—the same that your dear mother slept in when she was here! And I hope you'll be happy in it, Hilda dear, and get all the good we wish for you while you're here!'

Hilda bowed slightly, feeling unable to speak, and the good woman continued, 'You must be hungry as well as tired, travelling since morning. It's near our dinner-time. Or shall I bring ye up something now—a cup of tea and a cake?'

'Thank you!' said Hilda. 'I am not at all hungry; I could not possibly eat anything. My head aches badly,' she added. 'Perhaps a cup of tea later, thank you. I should like to rest now. And I shall not want any dinner.'

'Oh, you'll feel better, dear, when you have rested a bit!' said Dame Hartley, smoothing the girl's fair hair with a motherly touch, and not seeming to notice her angry shrinking away. 'It's the best thing you can do, to lie down and take a good nap; then you'll wake up fresh as a lark, and ready to enjoy yourself. Good-bye, dearie! I'll bring up your tea in an hour or so.' And with a parting nod and smile, the good woman departed, leaving Hilda, like the heroine of a three-volume novel, 'alone with her despair.'

Very tragic indeed the maiden looked as she tossed off her hat and flung herself face downward on the bed, refusing to cast even a glance at the cell which was to be her hateful prison. 'For, of course, I shall spend my time here,' she said to herself. 'They may send me here, keep me here for years, if they will; but they cannot make me associate with these people.' And she recalled with a shudder the horny hand which she had touched in jumping from the cart—she had never felt anything like it; the homely speech, and the nasal twang with which it was delivered; the rough garb and unkempt hair and beard of the 'odious old savage,' as she mentally named Farmer Hartley.

After all, however, Hilda was only fifteen, and after a few minutes, Curiosity began to wake; and after a short struggle with Despair it conquered, and she sat up on the bed and looked about her.

It was not a very dreadful cell. A bright, clean,

fresh little room, all white and blue. White walls, white bedstead, with oh! such snowy coverings, white dimity curtains at the windows, with old-fashioned ball fringes, a little dimity-covered toilet-table, with a quaint looking-glass framed with fat gilt cherubs, all apparently trying to fold their wings in such a way as to enable them to get a peep at themselves in the mirror, and not one succeeding. Then there was a low rocking-chair, and another chair of the high-backed order, and a tall chest of drawers, all painted white, and a wash-hand-stand with a set of dark blue crockery on it which made the victim of despair open her eyes wide. Hilda had a touch of china mania, and knew a good thing when she saw it; and this deep, eight-sided bowl, this graceful jug with the quaint gilt dragon for a handle, these smaller jugs, boxes, and dishes, all of the same pattern, all with dark blue dragons, large and small, prancing and sprawling on a pale buff ground—what were these things doing in the paltry bedroom of a common farmhouse? Hilda felt a new touch of indignation at 'these people' for presuming to have such things in their possession.

When her keen eyes had taken in everything, down to the neat rag-carpet on the floor, the girl bethought her of her trunk. She might as well unpack it. Her head could not ache worse, whatever she did; and now that that little imp Curiosity was once awake, he prompted her to wonder what the trunk contained. None of the dresses she had been wearing, she was sure of that, for they were all hanging safely in her wardrobe at home. What surprise had mother been planning? Well, she would soon know. Hastily unlocking the trunk, she lifted out one tray after another and laid them on the bed. In the first were piles of snowy collars and handkerchiefs, all of plain, fine linen, with no lace or embroidery; a broad-brimmed straw hat, with a simple wreath of daisies round it; another hat, a small one, of rough, grey felt, with no trimming at all, save a narrow scarlet ribbon; a couple of white aprons, and one of brown holland, with long sleeves. The next tray was filled with dresses—dresses which made Hilda's eyes open wide again, as she laid them out, one by one, at full length. There was a dark blue gingham with a red stripe, a brown gingham dotted with yellow daisies, a couple of light calicoes, each with a tiny figure or flower on it, a white lawn, and a sailor suit of rough blue flannel. All these dresses, and among them all not an atom of trimming. No sign of an over-skirt, no ruffle or puff, plaiting or lace—nothing! Plain round waists, neatly stitched at throat and wrists; plain round skirts, each with a deep hem, and not so much as a tuck by way of adornment.

Hildegarde drew a deep breath, and looked at the simple frocks with kindling eyes and flushing cheeks. These were the sort of dresses that her mother's servants wore at home. Why was she condemned to wear them now? Was it a part of this whole scheme; and was the object of the scheme to humiliate her, to take away her self-respect, her proper pride?

(*Continued at page* 138.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

10.—Squared Words.

(1) Square the bird of night with a diminutive word and a meadow.

(2) Square the picture of a country with the greatest of mimics and what we seldom make of the second word.

(3) Square a word which expresses at once a spice and an ensign of authority, with a plant whose blossoms are but rarely seen, a black but useful winter friend, and a savoury, active fish.

11.—Double Acrostic.

The centre of fashion.
Of commerce the mart.

1. The sculptor's work bearing.
2. Of noble birth boasting.
3. Whose story more mournful.
4. Of tongues the most musical.
5. Fates, Muses, and Graces.

Scenes from English History.—No. VII.

I SEE an antiquated chamber with a venerable name. Upon a bed is lying one whose countenance bears the impress of deep suffering of mind and body. Beside his restless pillow is placed an object of which the sick man is the often envied possessor; but it would seem that no earthly treasure can restore peace or health to the dying man.

Beside him are many persons watching, and a young man, misled by the words of those around him, and perhaps also by his own selfish wishes, comes forward and claims as his own the glittering object which his father had so highly prized.

Soon the young man is undeceived, and restores the treasure to its former place with many words of remorse and tenderness. E. V. C.

[*Answer at page* 167.]

THE BRAVE LITTLE MAID.

'I'M not afraid of anything,'
Cried little Bessie Brown,
Who thought herself the bravest lass
In all Northampton town.

'I know a girl who's scared at mice,
While rats would make her shriek;
I'm not afraid of rats, not I,
I love to hear them squeak.

'And look at Cousin John! it makes
Me laugh to see him run
When uncle's turkey-cock appears;
It is the greatest fun!

'I'm not afraid of turkey-cocks,
Although they gobble so.
I'm not afraid of anything;
But, then, I'm brave, you know!'

One day this hearty little maid
To see her granny went,
A well-filled basket on her arm
With gifts by mother sent.



But what is this? A noisy flock
Of geese are hissing loud;
They threaten with their horny bills—
A most unpleasant crowd.

Then Bessie's heart began to quake,
And puckered grew her brow.
'Oh, Cousin John, dear Cousin John,
Do come and help me now!'

'Why, Bessie!' cries the laughing boy;
'And can it really be
That you are frightened of a bird,
Although you laughed at me?'

Then Bessie sobbed, 'Don't blame me, John;
It really is no use.
I'm not afraid of anything,
Except, perhaps, a goose!'

B. M.



Ossian finding his own son, Oscar, wounded.

THE FENIANS.

THE early history of Ireland, like that of other nations, is shrouded in fable; but through the fanciful accounts of ancient bards and annalists we can discern that before the Christian era the country was invaded and conquered by three successive races —the Fir-Bolgs, the Tuath-de-Danaans, and the Scoti. The Scoti invaded Ireland a few centuries before the Christian era, under the leadership of two chiefs, Heber and Heremon, the sons of Milesius. Hence the Bards called the Scoti Milesians; and to these Milesians all the ancient glories of Ireland are referred. Nearly all the Irish kings and chiefs were descended from them. The Scoti devoted themselves to war, music, and song, leaving all handicraft and labour to the conquered races.

Heber and Heremon divided the kingdom between them, making a third brother Chief Bard; but dissensions arose about the land, and Heremon slew

both his brothers, and remained sole monarch. In the long list of sovereigns that followed him, king after king was either slain in battle or murdered by his successor; but though war was the constant occupation of the chiefs, the highest honours were paid to poetry and learning. The Druids were the priests of their religion, which was the worship of the sun and the powers of nature. Human sacrifices were offered up in their temples, which consisted of circles of pillar stones.

There was a national army called the Fenia Erin, militia of Erin, which was a military body possessing an order of knighthood, a Red Branch, their standard bearing on it a branch of the roan-tree, with its scarlet berries. They had a house and a military school at Emania, near the King's palace, and were trained to arms from an early age, being knighted when only seven or eight years old; these little knights practised with small spears and shields till they were old enough to take part in actual warfare.

As the Scoti held the country in subjection by force of conquest, the Fenii, or Fenians, had an ample employment for their arms in quelling rebellions amongst the natives, in expeditions to Albany, and in ravaging the coasts of Britain. In the reign of Cormac, who came to the throne in A.D. 254, they were divided into two branches, the Clan-na-Boisgne, commanded by Fionn MacCumhal,* and the Clan-na-Morna, which was led by Goll MacMorni; they took to fighting among themselves, and their rivalry led to constant battles. During the reign of Carlre, the son of Cormac, the Clan-na-Boisgne became so turbulent and presumptuous that they defied the power of the throne, and the King resolved to suppress them. Taking advantage of the absence of their chief commander, Finn, who was away in Albany, the King gave battle to the Fenians at Gabhra. They were led by the young Oscar, the grandson of Finn. In a terrific combat with the King, Oscar received a mortal wound, and Carlre was slain; but though the Fenians conquered, most of them were slaughtered, and but few of the chiefs survived.

After the battle, Ossian found his son lying on his left side, with the blood pouring from his wound, and his broken shield beside him. When he saw his father coming, he raised his head and stretched out his arms to him. Ossian took his son's hand, and sat down by his side to mourn; whilst in other parts of the field fathers were mourning over their dead children, or children over their slain parents. Finn returned to see Oscar before he died; and the young hero was buried, and a great cairn of stones raised over him. The battle of Gabhra completely broke the power of the Fenians. Finn himself was assassinated in A.D. 273; and of all the chiefs Ossian only was left, and we hear no more in history of the Fenians, or the Knights of the Red Branch.

In the present day the name of Fenian has been adopted by a secret society, but the name is all it has in common with the ancient Fianna Eirinn.

* Pronounced Finn MacCool.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

A Tale of the Old Smuggling Days.

CHAPTER I.—KATHLEEN.



THE parson was a good man, very. There was no pride about him, so the poor people were fond of saying; which meant that he greatly interested himself in their welfare, made their troubles and joys his own, and was always ready to visit them and do them a kindness.

Kaymouth was a sea-side village, and in the days of which I write a good deal of smuggling went on there. You know what I mean by smuggling? Bringing ashore goods from foreign parts without paying duty for them. This was often sharp, nay, desperate work, for besides the coast-guard on shore, there was also constantly the revenue cruiser about afloat, and a close look-out kept in both quarters. It was a wonder that cargoes were ever landed; but they were, sometimes at the cost of a fray between the coast-guard and the smugglers, sometimes without any hindrance; but in the former case a smuggler if taken was sent to jail, and only let out to be sent for five years on board a man-of-war on foreign service.

I need scarcely say that as most of them were in some way concerned in smuggling work, the villagers of Kaymouth were not just like the everyday folk of everyday villages and of present times. They were hardy, reckless folk; the men and the women were somewhat of the same nature. Accustomed to incidents which would nowadays make a great stir in the newspapers and be talked of all over the kingdom, they were of a different stamp from the peasantry of other villages and later times.

The men of Kaymouth were a fine-looking set: I do not mean handsome, but tall and powerful; in countenance somewhat ferocious perhaps. There was one amongst them who used to relate with infinite satisfaction how once an outward-bound ship making a signal for a boat, he—Drye was his name—going alongside found that some one was required to take a letter-bag ashore: 'But cap'n, he didn't like the looks o' me, he said, an' so he wouldn't trust 'em to me; but sent ashore a boat of his own a'ter all.'

In fairness to the men of Kaymouth I must say that, notwithstanding their ferocious looks and their reckless lives, they were kindly and tender of heart, true as steel, and honest in all but the matter of smuggling, which they considered a merit rather than a crime; for they had been brought up in the midst of it from their babyhood: their mothers sang smuggling songs to them in their cradles; and smugglers' stories were the food of their young minds as they grew older, when smuggling adventures became the excitement of their young lives.

The Kaymouth men were fishers likewise, and this latter occupation fitted in with the former, often veiling it also.

In Kaymouth Bay stood two cottages: the bay was an inward sweep of the sea to which the cliff, which

had slipped, or in the course of ages had been worn away, came sloping gradually down.

The two cottages stood near together in a patch of green. One of them was Drye's, the other being tenanted by a man named Coombes.

Drye had a little daughter, Kathleen by name, and a son named William: the former being at the time at which my story begins between thirteen and fourteen years of age: the latter two years younger.

These children were now motherless; their mother had died when Willie was only two years old. She was a very gentle, timid little woman, and her husband's life of daring and peril had been so constant and so great an anxiety for her that after awhile she had drooped, and faded, and died.

That was a great grief to rough Jack Drye. He could not endure the sight of his home without that gentle presence, so he absented himself more and more, grew more and more reckless, and very gloomy and stern in his ways whenever he was at home.

Yet Jack Drye was fond of his children. He was proud of Willie's wild, fearless nature, and for Kathleen there was a very soft spot in his heart. Little Kathleen was so like her mother both in face and manner and character: her father had to be very short in his speech and indifferent in his ways to her, lest he should be led into any betrayal of the sorrow that haunted him. It was his pride to carry it off coldly.

Jack Drye had married his wife from the Hall: his Kitty had been a favourite with Madam, the Squire's wife, who had trained her from childhood in her house, and used to say that she would make a good little servant some day. It was a matter of great regret to her when instead of service Kitty chose rough Jack Drye.

It was Kathleen's turn now, poor child, to sit and sigh at the window where her mother had sat, and look out wistfully over the sea when it was running mountains high, or when certain fishing-boats were longer in returning than usual. Sometimes on these occasions her brother Willie would stand by her side laughing at her anxieties, and telling very big stories of dangers through which he had passed when father had taken him out with him—stories which only made poor Kathleen's heart the heavier, partly by reason of the terrible scenes they presented to her mind, partly by reason of the delight Willie took in them, by which it appeared to her that he was every bit as daring as father without being quite so wise.

It was however worse for Kathleen, far worse, when Willie was not at her side to frighten her, for then her anxieties were just double.

At last it happened that after one long day of suspense about her father poor Kathleen had also to pass a night of suspense on his account and for Willie's too. Her father had been three days absent, and that evening Willie had left the house at dusk and did not return, though hour after hour went by. Tired out, the poor child by-and-by fell asleep, seated on the floor with her head resting upon a chair, and when she awoke the daylight was shining: but no Willie had returned, no father. Then with one of her sad sighs Kathleen set to work to light the fire and set the room in order, and get things ready in case they came in tired and hungry. Still, however, no one appeared, and presently she took her knitting and seated herself at her usual post, looking out of the window towards the sea. She was knitting thick blue worsted stockings for Willie.

As she was thus occupied there came a gentle tap at the cottage door. Kathleen knew that tap well, so well that she answered at once, 'Come, in, sir, please,' and rose up, knitting in hand, to receive the parson. She did not wonder that he came so early: indeed the fact of its being early never occurred to her at all.

'Well, child, fingers busy as usual,' said the parson, but though his words were pleasant his tone was very grave.

Kathleen's thoughts were however so grave just then that the tone did not strike her, and she simply answered 'Yes, sir,' as she drew forward the great wooden armchair which was now so often empty. Then she went on knitting, silently.

'How old are you, Kathleen, my child?' asked the parson presently.

'In my fourteen, sir; fourteen come next October,' answered Kathleen.

'In your fourteen,' said the parson, taking up the homely expression. 'A little housekeeper of fourteen ought to have a suitable head upon her shoulders.'

Kathleen sighed her old-fashioned sigh, but said nothing and went on knitting.

'What makes you sigh, my child?' asked parson after a few moments' silence. 'It's an anxious life for a little maiden, is that it?'

'Yes, sir: I'm always thinking what may happen any day: father's that wilful that I'm feared for him always, and Willie's just such another.'

'You must never be surprised, my poor child, to hear that one or the other of them is in trouble,' said the parson kindly, and in a tone which, if Kathleen had not herself been so very, very grave, would not have failed to awaken her to a fear of something amiss. As it was, she only answered, 'No, sir, or both more like,' and drew another deep sigh.

'Or both,' repeated her visitor; 'but I'm thankful to say it is not both this time, Kathleen.'

Kathleen now stopped suddenly in her knitting; her heart gave a great throb, then her face grew very white as she looked up at the parson.

Then her hands dropped upon her lap, and she cried, 'Oh, sir! please what is it?'

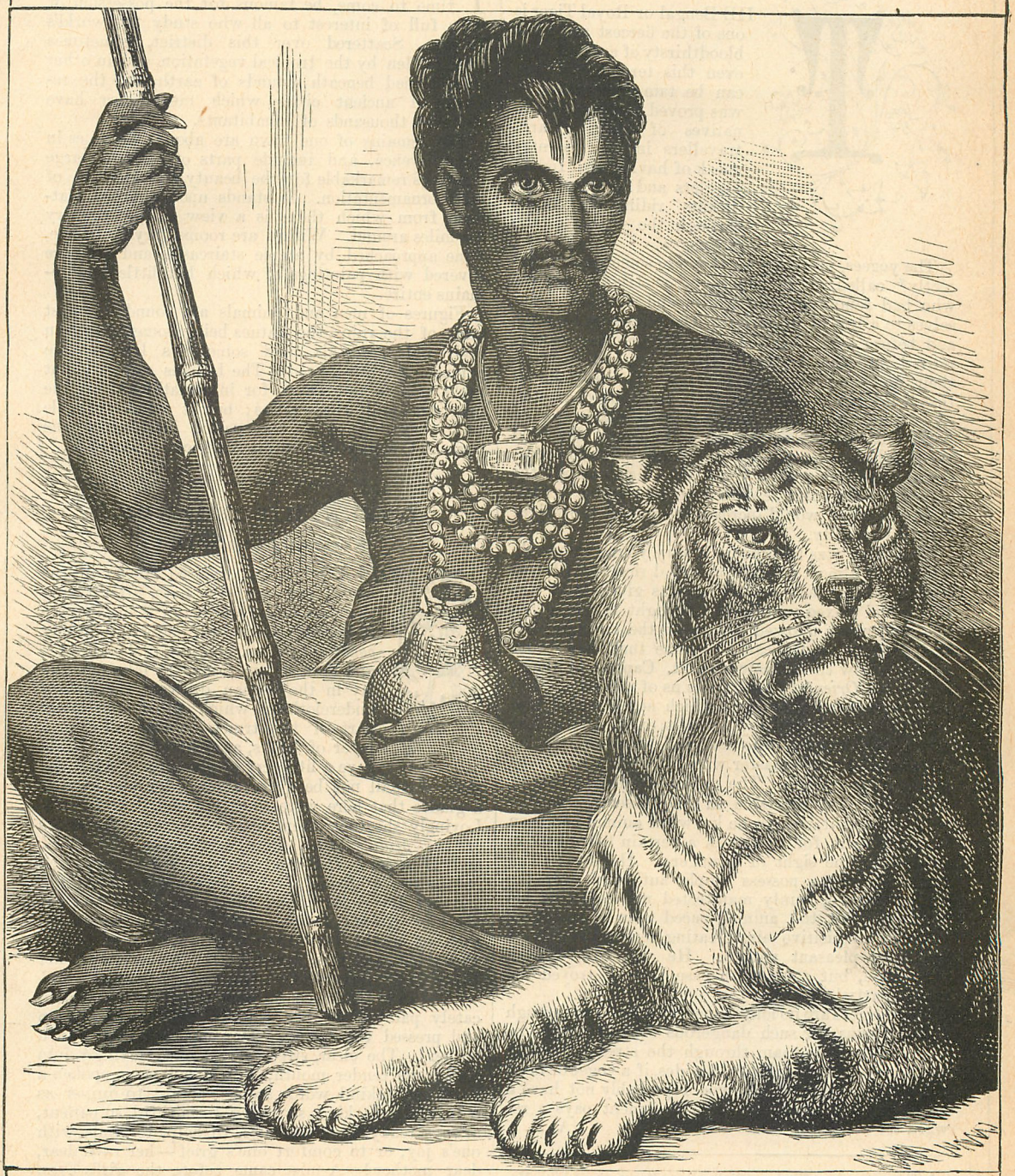
(*Continued at page* 142.)

POSTAGE STAMPS.

THERE are about 6000 different kinds of postage stamps in existence. The museum of the Berlin Post Office alone contains between 4000 and 5000 specimens, of which half are from Europe, and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. Some of the stamps bear coats-of-arms and other emblems, impartially borrowed from the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth—stars, eagles, lions, horses, serpents, railway trains, dolphins, and other 'fearful wild fowl.' There are, moreover, the effigies of five emperors, eighteen kings, three queens, one grand duke, several inferior titled rulers, and many presidents.



"There came a Gentle Tap at the Cottage Door."



A Tame Tiger.

TAME TIGERS.

THE Bengal or Royal Tiger is one of the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of animals; but even this terrible creature can be tamed by man, as was proved long ago by the natives of India. Early travellers in that country speak of having seen Indian jugglers and religious mendicants riding on tigers through the streets of the towns.

The yogees, or fakirs as they are sometimes incorrectly* called, were Brahmins, or Hindoo priests, who had renounced the world, and devoted themselves to a life of austerity. They lived by begging, and before beginning their wanderings they usually retired into the depths of the forest, and spent all their time in prayer and penance. It was believed that wild beasts respected their religious character, and would not injure them—a belief which was not borne out by facts, as the tigers frequently devoured them in the midst of their devotions. But the occasional appearance of a yogee who had escaped the dangers of the forest, escorted on his begging expeditions by a tiger, would increase the awe of the vulgar for their sanctity.

Their plan was to procure a very young tiger-cub, and feed it almost entirely on boiled rice, and *ghee*, or melted butter; any meat that was given to it was boiled and mixed with rice. Brought up on such a diet, and never allowed raw meat, the creatures lost their ferocity, and became so tame that they would quietly follow their masters about. Captain Williamson, in his *Oriental Sports*, tells us of a fakir at Colgong, who had a tame tiger which accompanied him into the town every day without exciting the fear of the inhabitants, who had full confidence in his innocence; but his master would not allow him to be touched by any one. The gallant captain, however, felt rather uncomfortable in his presence when he paid him a visit, though he knew the animal had been tame for years, for there was a certain fierce look in its eyes at the sight of strangers. He says: 'The fakir seemed to possess ample authority over the tiger, which certainly manifested no dislike of his visitors. But the animal paced slowly round us with an inquisitive air, creating sensations not of the most pleasant nature. He was not, indeed, very large, but could with ease have destroyed the whole party.'

Tame tigers are no longer met with walking through Indian towns, for such dangerous companions are no longer allowed to roam through the streets, however harmless they may appear. Besides, if a yogee or fakir did keep a tiger his pet would probably not have a very long life, as the Indian Government pays a reward for every tiger that is killed. A. R.

* The yogee is a Hindoo religious mendicant, the fakir a Mohammedan.

THE RUINS OF YUCATAN.

THE Mexican Province of Yucatan will, for some time to come, be famous for the possession of ruins full of interest to all who study the world's history. Scattered over this district, sometimes quite hidden by the tropical vegetation, and in other cases buried beneath mounds of earth, are the remains of ancient cities which must once have sheltered thousands of inhabitants.

The remains of one town are about two miles in circumference, and include parts of several large buildings remarkable for the beauty and richness of their ornamentation. It stands upon a broad platform from which there is a view of the country for miles around. Within are rooms varying in size, some approached by ample staircases, and all once covered with paintings of which but little now remains entire.

Figures of men and animals are found amongst most of the ruins, the statues being sometimes upon their old pedestals, and sometimes lying prone amongst the brushwood. The Indians can give but little help in the search for information about the men who built these cities; but it seems probable that they belong to the period just before the Spanish Conquest of Central America. A. R. B.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 131.)

HILDA hung the despised frocks in the closet, put away the hats, after trying them on and approving of them, in spite of herself ('Of course,' she said, 'mother *could* not get an ugly hat, if she tried!'), and then she proceeded to take out and lay in the bureau drawers the dainty underclothing which filled the lower part of the trunk. Under all was a layer of books, at sight of which Hilda gave a little cry of pleasure. 'Ah!' she said, 'I shall not be quite alone;' for she saw at a glance that here were some old and dear friends. Lovingly she took them up, one by one, *Romances of the Middle Ages*, Percy's *Reliques*, *Hereward*, and *Westward Ho!* and best-beloved of all, the *Adventures of Robin Hood*. Here was her Tennyson and her Longfellow, and Plutarch's *Lives*, and the *Book of Golden Deeds*. Verily a goodly company, such as might even turn a prison into a palace. But what was this, lying in the corner, with her Bible and prayer-book, this white leather case, with—ah! Hilda—with blue forget-me-nots delicately painted on it? Hastily Hilda took it up and pressed the spring. Her mother's face smiled on her! The clear, sweet eyes looked lovingly into hers; the tender mouth, which had never spoken a harsh or unkind word, seemed almost to quiver as if in life. So kind, so loving, so faithful, so patient, always ready to sympathise, to help, to smile with one's joy, or to comfort one's grief—her own dear, dear mother! A mist came before the girl's eyes. She gazed at the miniature till she could no longer

see it; and then, flinging herself down on the pillow again, she burst into a passion of tears, and sobbed and wept as if her heart would break. No longer Queen Hildegardis, no longer the outraged and indignant 'prisoner,' only Hilda—Hilda who wanted her mother!

Finally she sobbed herself to sleep—which was the very best thing she could have done. By-and-by Dame Hartley peeped in, and seeing the child lying 'all in a heap,' as she said to herself, with her pretty hair all tumbled about, she brought a shawl and covered her carefully up, and went quietly away.

'Pretty lamb!' said the good woman. 'She will sleep all the afternoon now, like enough, and wake feeling a good bit better—though I fear it will be a long time before your girlie feels at home with Nurse Lucy, Miss Mildred dear!'

Sure enough, Hilda did sleep all the afternoon; and the soft summer twilight was closing round the farmhouse when she woke with a start from a dream of home.

'Mother!' she called quickly, raising herself from the bed. For one moment she stared in amazement at the strange room, but recollection came only too quickly. She started up as a knock was heard at the door, and Dame Hartley's voice said,—

'Hilda dear, supper is ready, and I am sure you must be very hungry. Will you come down with me?'

'Oh, thank you! presently,' said Hildegarde, hastily. 'I haven't changed my dress yet. Don't wait for me, please.'

'Dear heart, don't think of changing your dress!' said Dame Hartley. 'You are a country lassie now, you know, and we are plain farm people. Come down just as you are, there's a dear!'

Hilda obeyed, only waiting to wash her burning face and hot, dry hands in the crystal-cool water which she poured out of the blue dragon pitcher. Her hair was brushed back and tied with a ribbon, and in a few minutes she followed her hostess down the narrow staircase, with a tolerably resigned expression on her pretty face. To tell the truth, Hilda felt a great deal better for her long nap; moreover she was a little curious, and very, very hungry,—and oh, how good something did smell!

Mrs. Hartley led the way into the kitchen, as the chief room at Hartley Farm was still called, though the cooking was now done by means of a modern stove in the back kitchen, while the great fireplace, with the crane hanging over it, and the brick oven by its side, was used, as a rule, only to warm the room. At this season the room needed no warming, and feathery asparagus crowned the huge black-log, and nodded between the iron fire-dogs. Ah! it was a pleasant room, the kitchen at Hartley Farm—wide and roomy, with deep-seated windows facing the south and west; with a floor of dark oak, which shone with more than a century of scrubbing. The fireplace, oven, and cupboards occupied one whole side of the room. Along the other ran a high dresser, whose shelves held a goodly array of polished pewter and brass, shining glass, and curious old china and crockery. Overhead were dark, heavy rafters, relieved by the gleam of yellow "crook-neck" squashes, bunches of golden corn, and long festoons of dried apples. In one window stood the good dame's rocking-chair, with its gay patchwork cushion; and her Bible, spectacles, and work-basket lay on the window-seat beside it. In another was a huge leather arm-chair, which Hilda rightly supposed to be the farmer's, and a wonderful piece of furniture, half desk, half chest of drawers, with twisted legs, and cupboards, and pigeon-holes, and tiny drawers, and I don't know what else. The third window Hilda thought was the prettiest of all. It faced the west, and the full glory of sunset was now pouring through the clustering vines which partly shaded it. The sash was open and a white rose was leaning in and nodding in a friendly way, as if greeting the new-comer. A low chair and a little work-table stood in the recess; and on the window-seat stood some flowering-plants in pretty blue and white pots.

'I suppose *I* am expected to sit there!' said Hilda to herself. 'As if I should sit down in a kitchen!' But all the while she knew in her heart of hearts that this was one of the most attractive rooms she had ever seen, and that that particular corner was pretty enough and picturesque enough for a queen to sit in. You are not to think that she saw all these things at the first glance; far from it. There was something else in the room which claimed the immediate attention of our heroine, and that was a square oak table, shining like a mirror, and covered with good things,—cold chicken, eggs and bacon, golden butter and honey, a great brown loaf on a wonderful carved wooden platter, delicate rolls piled high on a shallow blue dish, and a portly glass jug filled with rich, creamy milk. Here was a pleasant sight for a hungry heroine of fifteen! But alas! at the head of this inviting table sat Farmer Hartley, the 'odious savage,' in his rough homespun coat. With a slight shudder Hilda took the seat which Dame Hartley offered her.

'Well, Huldy,' said the farmer, looking up from his eggs and bacon with a cheery smile, 'here ye be, eh? Rested after your journey, be ye?'

'Yes, thank you!' said Hilda, coldly.

'Have some chicken!' he continued. 'And a leetle bacon just to liven it up, hey? That's right! It's my idea thet most everything is the better for a bit of bacon, unless it's soft custard.'

Hilda kept her eyes on her plate, determined to pay no attention to the vulgar pleasantries of this unkempt monster. But the farmer seemed determined to drag her into conversation.

'How's your health in general, Huldy? Pretty rugged, be ye? It seems to me you look kind of peaked.'

'I am quite well!' It was Queen Hildegarde who spoke now, in icy tones; but her coldness had no effect on her host.

'I suppose you will want to lay by a day or two, till ye git used to things, like; but then I shall want ye to take hold. We're short-handed now, and a smart, likely girl can be a sight of help. There's the cows to milk—there's only one of them that's real ugly, and *she* only kicks with the off hind-leg; so it's easy enough to look out for her!'

Hilda looked up in horror and amazement, and caught a twinkle in the farmer's eye which told her that he was quizzing her. The angry blood surged



" Hilda looking at her mother's miniature.

up even to the roots of her hair; but she disdained to reply, and continued to crumble her bread in silence.

'Father, what ails you?' said kind Dame Hartley. 'Why can't you let the child alone? She's tired yet, and she doesn't understand your joking ways. Don't you mind the farmer, dear, one bit; his heart's in the right place, but he do love to tease.'

The good woman's gentle words were harder to bear, at that moment, than her husband's untimely jesting. Hilda's heart swelled high. She felt that in another moment the tears must come; and murmuring an excuse, she hastily pushed back her chair and left the room.

(*Continued at page* 146.)



BEARS.

THE various members of the bear family are all heavy animals, both in form and gait, distinguished from the other flesh-eating animals by walking on the whole sole of the foot, and not able to leap or run swiftly. Bears are found in Europe, Asia, and America,—both in warm and cold latitudes, the species belonging to cold climates being in general fiercer than others. Bears have never been found in Africa, nor are any known to belong to Australia. They may roughly be divided into four varieties: The common brown bear of Europe, the black bear of America, the ferocious grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, and the white or polar bear.

The first named of these is widely distributed over the whole of Europe and Northern Asia and America; it is a solitary animal, generally inhabiting mountainous regions or thick forests. As to diet, it preys on lambs, kids, or other small quadrupeds, is very partial to fish, especially salmon, often using extremely cunning methods to get them out of the

water. Yet bears do not disdain a vegetable diet, while their love of honey is so great that they will climb any tree where wild bees have established themselves, and tear out and devour the sweet spoil.

Bears are easily tamed to a certain degree, and often live long in captivity. The brown bear, like some of the other varities, spends the winter in a torpid state, selecting a rocky cave or hollow tree, which it lines comfortably with dried leaves. On retiring to these winter quarters, the animal is extremely fat, but the winter being spent without food it is lean and ravenous on the return of spring. During their winter sleep bears are easily taken by sportsmen, being too sleepy to defend themselves, or even to understand their danger.

The black bear of America, generally from four to five feet in length, has softer and smoother hair than the brown variety; it is rather timid in disposition, seldom attacking man, though it will devastate his garden, devour his choicest fruits and vegetables, or even carry off a fat young pig. At such times the bear presents a ludicrous appearance as it walks on its hind legs, the pig being firmly squeezed between its fore paws, and, of course, shrieking loudly, its cries frequently leading to a rescue. The fur of these bears is of great value, and their flesh, especially in the form of smoked hams, not at all to be despised, at least by a hungry sportsman. Bears have scarcely any tail.

The grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains is much larger than either of the species already named, and much more fierce. No animal of the New World is more formidable than this; it sometimes measures more than nine feet in length, while its strength is so enormous that it can overpower the bison of the prairie, and drag away the huge carcass. It has been said that this bear cannot climb a tree like the black or brown bears, which are expert climbers, but whether or not this is true seems to be doubtful.

The polar bear is quite a distinct variety, strictly marine in its habits, pursuing seals, both in the sea and on the ice, and extremely fierce if interfered with by man. All bears display great affection for their young, and will brave any danger in their defence.

Of other species of bears the Syrian bear may be mentioned as perhaps the animal intended by the name 'bear' in the Old Testament. This variety has a stiff mane of erect hair between the shoulders. Flocks are not safe from it, and it frequently ravages gardens and fields of pulse, indeed in its habits it much resembles the common bear.

A MUSICAL ALPHABET.

A for Andante, which means rather slow.
B is a Bar, we must count as we go.
C for Crescendo, get loud by degrees.
D for Da Capo, repeat if you please.
E for the Exercise, played day by day.
F stands for Forte, as loud as you may.
G Graziose, in soft, singing style.
H the two Hands, that we use all the while.
I is the Instrument, skilfully made.
J for our Joy when we hear it well played.
K for the Keys, black and white, as you know.
L is for Largo, most solemn and slow.
M for a Minim, just two in a bar.
N for the Notes, what a number there are!
O stands for Opera, a musical play.
P for the Pedal, use cautiously, pray!
Q stands for Quaver, in a bar there are eight.
R is a Rest, count one while you wait.
S is a Semibreve, to it count four.
T is a Trio, three voices, no more.
U Una Corda, or played all in one.
V for Vivace, a time full of fun.
W for Weber, whose music is fine.
X for Excel, which just means to outshine.
Y is a Youth who can play some nice things.
Z is a Zither with many sweet strings.

AGNES O. HARRIS.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

(*Continued from page* 135.)

CHAPTER. II.—A STRANGE THING HAPPENS.

THAT same night a strange thing had happened at the Hall. Mrs. Atkin was sitting quietly reading alone, her husband, the Squire, being away from home, when she was startled by a voice behind her which she seemed to know very well, saying, 'Please not to be afeared, ma'am.'

Not to be 'afeared' was no easy matter, since she had supposed herself all alone, and had heard no door open, no footstep approach: still less easy was it, when glancing round she saw a ferocious-looking man, clad in the strangest attire: a soldier's coat and belt, a flat fur cap, while iron grey hair hung beneath the latter in long, straight locks.

'It's only me, ma'am, don't be afeared; and don't scream for the life on ye,' said the man.

'Are you Jack Drye?' asked the lady, hoping she recognised the face as well as the voice, but trembling nevertheless as she spoke.

'The same, ma'am; so that ye needn't be afeared ye see. Ye remember my poor Kitty, ma'am?'—the rough man's voice sounded unsteady here,—'I've made so bold as to come and ask a kindness for her sake, ma'am.'

'You must tell me what all this means, Jack,' replied the lady; 'remember poor Kitty? I do. I wish you would remember that your wild ways killed her, and for her sake would give them up. What is the meaning of this strange dress, and such a visit as this? Who let you in?'

'No one let me in, ma'am; I come in at the green gate to the garden, and up the shrubbery walk; and the back door was open, and no one about, and I found my way without any one seeing me. I'm dressed like this, ma'am, for fear of folk knowing me. There's the cruiser hanging about the bay, and sharp eyes on the look out, and I think, ma'am, I needn't say more.'

'You can't hide in this house, Jack, even for poor Kitty's sake,' answered Mrs. Atkin. 'You know it's out of the question. I must tell the Squire when he comes home, and——'

'Bless ye, ma'am, I don't want that; it's not that sort o' kindness I'm come to ask for her sake; it's this: there will be a rough sort o' scrimmage to-night maybe; and if we men get the worst of it, will ye take my Kathleen and be good to her, as ye were to she?' and at the mention of 'she' Jack's voice grew a trifle unsteady again.

'You know what I promised poor Kitty on her death-bed, Jack,' answered Mrs. Atkin; 'but now for her sake give up your wild ways.' Further words were however wasted, for at the mention of her promise, Jack muttered, 'Ye'll keep your word, ma'am, and Heaven bless ye;' and hastily stepping to the unshuttered window he flung it up, and sprang out into the darkness.

CHAPTER III.—COOMBES'S COTTAGE.

THAT same night another strange thing happened; but this was several hours after Jack Drye's appearance at the Hall, and while Kathleen was sleeping her sleep of sorrow.

There was a light burning in Coombes's cottage, for soon after dusk Coombes the younger had just stepped down the bay, as he said, to look to the boat, and had not yet returned.

Coombes himself, who was a very quiet man, and one of the few in Kaymouth who was a fisher simply, was slowly recovering from a terrible boat accident in which he had broken an arm, and received some bad injuries among the rocks. He seldom left the house, and knew but little of anything that went on, his son Ned carrying on the fishing and another trade as well.

This night Coombes, who was a fair reader, and liked a book, sat reading until past midnight, his grandson Bob seated at his feet netting, when suddenly the door flew open, and in rushed, not Ned, but Willie Drye, white and terror-stricken. He stood for a moment without a word, looking around him with a scared look; then fainting, he fell to the ground.

Little Bob tossed away his netting and sprang to Willie's side, while his father, snatching up the lamp, went to see what was the matter.

'Water! run, Bob, and dip a mug of water from the bucket,' said Coombes, as he looked upon the boy.

'Oh, father, what is it?' cried little Bob, too much frightened to heed the order. 'What's the matter with him, father? Is he dead? Oh, is he dead?'

Just then Willie opened his eyes and tried to raise himself.

'Dead? yes, he's dead! Oh, lift me up! Where am I?' he said, faintly; and as Bob raised him he fell back into his arms, repeating, 'Dead? yes, he's dead!'

'There, never mind: you'll be all right presently, my boy,' said Coombes; and setting down the lamp he reached a mug from the shelf, and fetched some water, which he held to the poor lad's lips. 'Something's frightened you, no doubt. Ye shouldn't be out and about all times and seasons as ye are.'

'But father's dead; I saw it. He fell down close alongside o' me; an' Dan Carter was there, an' Robbie Sants, an' your Ned, an'——'

'Sh-h-h!' said Coombes; but a look of alarm came into his face, and his hand trembled as he held the mug of water.

'An' they were fighting with the king's men,' continued the boy, 'an'——'

But Coombes hurriedly set down the mug and laid his hand upon Willie's lips.

'There, there, no more! It's best not to talk until you're all right again; something's frightened ye, no doubt. Now, Neddy,' he added, turning sharply upon his grandson, 'speak a work of this rubbish, and woe betide us!'

Little Ned looked up with a face in which you might read plainly that he had paid no heed to any of Willie's words, so frightened was he at his appearance.

'What say, gan'fa'?' was all his reply.

'I say you're not to speak one word about this,' returned grandfather, so sharply again that the child shrank from him almost as much frightened as at Willie's strange entering.

Just then a man's step was heard, and Ned came in, closing the door behind him.

He stood for a moment looking down at Willie, who had closed his eyes, and then he beckoned his father aside to the window.

'What have ye been up to, Ned?' said the older man, reproachfully; but Ned only replied with another question.

'That lad; he saw it all?'

Coombes nodded.

'Could he tell who was there, think ye?'

Again Coombes nodded.

'Thought so.'

'Bad business, isn't it?' said Coombes.

'Very,' answered Ned, who stood with his back to the wall, now looking thoughtfully at the two boys.

'Poor Jack gone, is he?' asked Coombes again.

Ned in his turn nodded now. 'One o' the king's men, too!'

'Bad indeed, then,' said Coombes, who now understood all, namely, that there had been an attempt to bring ashore a cargo that night, that the coast-guard had come down upon the smugglers, that a fight had followed, in which the latter had got the worst of it, as Jack Drye had thought possible; and, finally, that poor Jack Drye and one of the 'king's men' had got the worst of all.

For a few minutes the men were silent, both, it seemed, lost in thought. Then Ned began a very cautious whisper to his father, his eyes still fixed upon Willie, who was beginning now to revive, and to whom little Bob, as well as he knew how, was trying to minister.

There was a long conversation between the two men, during which both looked exceedingly thoughtful; then saying, 'Come, Willie, you'd best go home,' Ned stepped forward, took the boy in his strong arms, and left the cottage.

'It's a bad business, very,' repeated Coombes to himself as he closed the book he had laid aside, and bade little Bob go to bed and to sleep.

(*Continued at page* 150.)



CLOCKS.

AT a very early period in the world's history we find progress made in the measurement of long periods of time by observation of the heavenly bodies. Thus time was early divided into years according to the motion of the sun among the constellations, into months according to the motion of the moon relatively to the sun's place in the heavens, and into days by the alternate light and darkness caused by the rising and setting of the sun. It was long, however, before any accurate measure was found for a division of the day itself, and we can easily imagine how inconvenient it was to have no measurement of short periods of time.

The earliest attempts in this direction seem to have led to the construction of the sun-dial. Also to the plan of running a given quantity of fine sand from one vessel to another. But these expedients were rough and unsatisfactory, as was also the method said to be adopted by King Alfred, of noting the lapse of time by watching the shortening of a lighted candle.

In the year 1379 we find that a rude kind of clock was invented and constructed by a man named 'De Wyck,' which was erected in a tower of the palace of Charles V., king of France. A description of its mechanism would occupy too much space. It was simple in construction, and was probably the basis of all the time-keeping machines in use during the sixteenth century. From that remote period onwards the improvement in the working machinery of clocks was very gradual up to the present day, when the art of making clocks to keep correct time has been fully attained.

B. M.



Military Dogs.

MILITARY DOGS.

THE great value of well-trained dogs in military service has of late years been so entirely proved that various war offices not only recognise but encourage their training. The Germans were the first to begin a regular organized plan of dog-training, and about two years ago they established the first 'school for dogs' at Goslar. The pupils there turned out so well that many other garrisons followed suit, and the whole dog-service was placed under the supervision of the general commanding the Fourth Army Corps. After the manœuvers of 1886, the dogs so effectually proved their value that they were promoted from the 'permissive' to the 'obligatory' stage, orders being issued to the third Battalion of Jägers, then quartered at Luben, that dogs should be attached to every regiment. In the following year General Von der Goltz inspected the dogs trained by the third Jäger Regiment, and reported in the highest terms on the unerring fidelity with which they worked and delivered dispatches in the face of every obstacle which could be laid in their way. K. W.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 140.)

AN hour after, Hilda was sitting by the window of her own room, looking listlessly out on the soft summer evening, and listening to the melancholy cry of the whippoorwill, when she heard voices below. The farmer was sitting with his pipe in the vine-clad porch just under the window; and now his wife had joined him, after 'redding up' the kitchen, and giving orders for the next morning to the tidy maid-servant.

'Well, Marm Lucy,' said Farmer Hartley's gruff, hearty voice, 'now that you have your fine bird I should like to know what you're a-going to do with her. She's as pretty as a picture, but a stuck-up piece as ever I see. Don't favour her mother, nor father either, as I can see.'

'Poor child!' said Dame Hartley, with a sigh, 'I fear she will have a hard time of it before she comes to herself. But I promised Miss Mildred that I would try my best; and you will help me, Jacob.'

'And so I will!' replied the farmer. 'But tell me again, what was Miss Mildred's idea? I got the drift of it, but I can't seem to put it together exactly.'

'She told me,' Dame Hartley said, 'that this child—her only one, Jacob! you know what that means—was getting into ways she didn't like. Going about with other city misses, who cared for nothing but pleasure, and who flattered and petted her because of her beauty and her pretty, proud ways (and maybe because of her father's money, too; though Miss Mildred didn't say that), she was getting to think too much of herself, and to care too much for fine dresses and sweetmeats and idle chatter about nothing at all.' (How Hilda's cheeks burned as she remembered the long chats in her room, she on the sofa, and Madge in the arm-chair, with the box of caramels always between them! Had they ever talked of anything 'worth the while,' as mother would say? She remembered her mother coming in upon them once or twice, with her sweet, grave face. She remembered, too, a certain uneasy feeling she had had for a moment—only for a moment—when the door closed behind her mother. But Madge had laughed, and said, 'Isn't your mother perfectly sweet? She doesn't mind a bit, does she?' and she had answered, 'Oh, no!' and had forgotten it in the account of Helen McIvor's new bonnet). 'And then Miss Mildred said, "I had meant to take her into the country with me this summer, and try to show the child what life really means, and let her learn to know her brothers and sisters in the different walks of this life, and how they live, and what they do. I want her to see for herself what a tiny bit of the world, and what a silly, useless, gilded bit, is the little set of fashionable girls whom she has chosen for her friends. But this sudden call to California has disarranged all my plans. I cannot take her with me there, for the child is not well, and country air and quiet are necessary for her bodily health. And so, Nurse Lucy," she says, "I want *you* to take my child, and do by her as you did by me!"

'"Oh! Miss Mildred," I said, "do you think she can be happy or contented here? I'll do my best; I'm sure you know that! But if she's as you say, she is very different to what you were, Miss Mildred dear."

'"She will not be happy at first," says Miss Mildred. "But she has a really noble nature, Nurse Lucy, and I am very sure that it will triumph over the follies and faults which are on the outside."

'And then she kissed me, the dear! and came up and helped me to set the little room to rights, and kissed the pillows, sweet lady, and cried over them a bit. Ah me! it's hard parting from our children, even for a little while, that it is.'

Dame Hartley paused and sighed. Then she said, 'And so, here the child is, for good or for ill, and we must do our very best by her, Jacob, you as well as I. What ailed you to-night to tease her so at supper? I thought shame of you, my man.'

'Well, Marm Lucy,' said the farmer, 'I don't hardly know what ailed me. But I tell you what, it was either laugh or cry for me, and I thought laughing was better than the other. To see that girl sitting there, with her pretty head tossed up, and her fine mincing ways, as if it was an honour to the victuals to put them in her mouth; and to think of my maid—' He stopped abruptly, and rising from the bench, began to pace up and down the garden-path. His wife joined him after a moment, and the two walked slowly to and fro together, talking low, while the soft summer darkness gathered around.

Long, long sat Hildegarde at the window, thinking more deeply than she had ever thought in her life before. Different passions held her young mind while she sat motionless, gazing into the darkness with wide-open eyes. First anger burned high, flooding her cheek with hot blushes, making her temples throb and her hands clench themselves in a passion of resentment. But to this succeeded a mood of deep sadness, of despair, as she thought; though at fifteen one knows not, happily, the meaning of despair.

Was this all true? Was she no better, no wiser, than the silly girls of her set? She had always

felt herself so far above them; they had always so frankly acknowledged her supremacy; she knew she was considered a 'very superior girl:' was it true that her only superiority lay in possessing powers which she never chose to exert? And then came the bitter thought: 'What have I ever done to prove myself wiser than they?' Alas for the answer! Hilda hid her face in her hands, and it was shame instead of anger that now sent the crimson flush over her cheeks. Her mother despised her! Her mother—perhaps her father too! They loved her, of course; the tender love had never failed, and would never fail. They were proud of her too, in a way. And yet they despised her; they must despise her! How could they help it? Her mother, whose days were a ceaseless round of work for others, without a thought of herself; her father, active, energetic, business-like,—what must her life seem to them? How was it that she had never seen, never dreamed before, that she was an idle, silly, frivolous girl? The revelation came upon her with stunning force. These people too, these coarse country people, despised her and laughed at her! The thought was more than she could bear. She sprang up, feeling as if she were suffocating, and walked up and down the little room with hurried and nervous steps. Then suddenly there came into her mind one sentence of her mother's which Dame Hartley had repeated, 'Hilda has a really noble nature—' What was the rest? Something about triumphing over the faults and follies which lay outside. Had her mother really said that? Did she believe, trust in her silly daughter? The girl stood still, with clasped hands and bowed head. The tumult within her seemed to die away, and in its place something was trembling into life, the like of which Hilda Graham had never known, never thought of, before; faint and timid at first, but destined to gain strength and to grow from that one moment,—a wish, a hope, finally a resolve.

CHAPTER IV.—THE NEW HILDA.

THE morning came laughing into Hilda's room, and woke her with such a flash of sunshine and trill of bird-song that she sprang up smiling, whether she would or no. Indeed, she felt happier than she could have believed to be possible. The anger, the despair, even the self-humiliation and anguish of repentance, were gone with the night. Morning was here—a new day and a new life. 'Here is the new Hildegarde!' she cried, as she plunged her face into the clear, sparkling water. 'Do you see me, blue dragons? Here is a new girl come to see you. The old one was a minx, do you hear, dragons?'

The gilt cherubs round the little mirror were more amiable, and smiled cheerfully at Hilda as she brushed and braided her hair, and put on the pretty blue gingham frock. 'We have no clothes ourselves,' they seemed to say, 'but we appreciate good ones when we see them.' Indeed, the frock fitted to perfection. 'And after all,' said the new Hilda, as she twirled round in front of the glass, 'what *is* the use of an overskirt?' after which astounding utterance this young person proceeded to do something still more singular. After a moment's hesitation she drew out one of the white aprons which she had scornfully laid in the very lowest drawer only twelve hours before, tied it round her slender waist, and then, with an entirely satisfied little nod at the mirror, she tripped lightly downstairs and into the kitchen. Dame Hartley was washing dishes when she heard Hilda's cheerful 'Good morning, Nurse Lucy!' and saw the girl smiling like a vision of morning.

'My dear,' she cried, 'sure I thought you were fast asleep still. I was going up to wake you. And did you sleep well your first night at Hartley's Glen?'

'Oh, yes! I slept very sound indeed,' said Hilda, lightly. And then, coming close up to Dame Hartley, she said in an altered tone and with heightened colour, 'Nurse Lucy, I did not behave well last night, and I want to tell you that I am sorry. I am not like mother, but I want to grow a little like her, and you must help me, please!'

Her voice faltered, and good Nurse Lucy took the slender figure in her motherly arms, from which it did not now shrink away.

'My lamb,' she said; 'Miss Mildred's own dear child! You look more like your blessed mother this minute than I ever thought you would. Help you? That I will, with all my heart!—though I doubt if you need much help, coming to yourself so soon as this. Well, well.'

'Coming to herself!' It was the same phrase the good dame had used the night before, and it struck Hilda's mind with renewed force. Yes, she had come to herself—her new self, which was to be so different from the old. How strange it all was! What should she do now to prove the new Hilda and try her strength? Something must be done at once.

'Shall I—may I help you to get breakfast?' she asked aloud, rather timidly.

'Breakfast? Bless you, honey, we had breakfast two hours ago! We farmers are early birds, you know. But you can lay a plate and napkin for yourself, if you like, while I boil a couple of eggs and toast a bit of bacon for you.'

Rather disappointed at the failure of her first attempt to be useful, Hilda laid the snowy napkin on the shining table, and chose a pretty blue and white plate from the well-stocked dresser.

'And now open that cupboard, my lamb,' said her hostess, 'and you will find the loaf, and a piece of honeycomb, and some raspberries. I'll bring a pat of butter and some milk from the dairy, where it's all cool for you.'

'Raspberries!' cried Hilda. 'Oh, how delightful! Why, the dew is still on them, Nurse Lucy! And how pretty, with the cool green leaves round them!'

'Ay,' said the good woman, 'Jacob brought them in not ten minutes ago. He thought you would like them fresh from the bushes.'

(*Continued at page* 154.)

KOSCIUSZKO.

THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO was born in Lithuania in 1757 of a noble but impoverished family, and began his career as an officer in the Polish army. He fell in love with Louisa, daughter of Joseph Sosnowski, the Grand Marshall of Lithuania; and though she returned his passion, her parents forbade



"The Cossacks attacked him with their sabres and pikes."

her union with the young officer on account of his inferior rank. The lovers eloped together, but were pursued and overtaken. Kosciuszko fought bravely for his affianced bride, but he was overpowered, wounded, and left weltering in his blood on the ground. Louisa was snatched away, and the sole relic of her left to him was a handkerchief which she dropped during the struggle, and ever afterwards by day and night he wore that handkerchief next his heart.

After this unfortunate termination of his dream of love and happiness, Kosciuszko went to America, and served with distinction on the side of the colonists during the War of Independence, attaining the rank of General of Brigade. On returning to Poland, he was appointed Major-General by King Stanislas, and fought against the Russians in 1792; but he was defeated, and retired to Leipsic, where he awaited an opportunity of serving his country. In 1794, Kosciuszko suddenly appeared in Cracow,



"'Is Willie come to me, sir? she asked, intently." [*See* page 151.]

at the head of a small band of patriots. No sooner were the words spread, 'Kosciuszko is here!' than people of all classes—nobles, merchants, and peasants—hastened to join him; the ladies gave their jewels in support of the war-fund, and some of them even armed themselves to fight by the side of their husbands. Kosciuszko was declared Commander-in-Chief of the Polish armies, and a fearful war broke out, which for six months deluged the country with blood. The Poles were at first victorious, and drove the Russians out of Warsaw; but at length they were completely defeated in a great battle on the 10th of October, 1794.

The Russians outnumbered the Poles by four to one, and had a large park of heavy artillery throwing great balls, whilst the Poles had only three or four

twelve-pounders; but they had the advantage of being posted on high, dry ground, covered with bushes, while their enemies had to advance to attack over a swampy plain, in which guns and men sank at every step. The battle began at dawn; the Russian shot and shell crashed through the bushes, and decimated the Polish ranks long before their small guns could be used effectively; and when they got the range, and the Russians fell in numbers, their regiments still continued to advance in spite of every obstacle, and by twelve o'clock they had come to close quarters, and the Poles were engaged in a death-struggle. Their ammunition was exhausted, their artillery silenced; they were overwhelmed with shot of every description, and had nothing with which to defend themselves but their swords when they saw the cavalry of the enemy rushing through the bushes to charge them in flank. The soldiers had been exposed to a continual fire for five hours, which they had borne with unflinching bravery; but at last a squadron of militia began to waver, and Niemciewicz, trying to rally them, was wounded by a bullet in the arm. His horsemen were scattered, confusion prevailed everywhere; the whole Russian army surrounded the devoted Poles, who still stood firm, notwithstanding the gaps in their ranks.

Niemciewicz was seeking for Kosciuszko, when, weakened by loss of blood, his sword fell from his hand. He found the General—he had just had his horse killed under him, and was mounting another to rally a small detachment of cavalry, when suddenly a fresh body of the enemies' horse appeared. These they attacked and repulsed, but the Russian light dragoons were upon them; the Cossacks rushed on their flanks, the little army gave way, and every one tried to save himself by flight. Niemciewicz alone remained, exclaiming to those who urged him to fly, 'All is lost. No matter what becomes of me.' He was surrounded by a band of Cossacks, his horse seized by the bridle, and he was taken prisoner. Kosciuszko fell from his horse in leaping it over a ditch. The Cossacks attacked him with their sabres and pikes; he received a large wound in his head, and three in the loins; half dead, covered with blood, and scarce able to breathe, he was placed on a hastily-constructed hand-barrow, and carried into the Russian camp.

All through the long, miserable night, Niemciewicz watched by the General, who lay in a sort of stupor; and when at last the dawn came Kosciuszko awoke from his lethargy, and, seeing his friend beside him wounded, he exclaimed, 'What is the matter? Where are we?' 'Alas,' said Niemciewicz, 'we are the prisoners of the Russians!'

They were taken, with many other prisoners, to St. Petersburg, and confined in separate cells. On the death of the Empress Catherine, in 1796, they were released by her successor, Paul; and Kosciuszko and Niemciewicz went to America, whilst their companions in their glorious but unfortunate struggle for freedom were scattered throughout the world. Kosciuszko's wounds were so severe that he never recovered his health, and returning from America, he died in Switzerland in 1817. Niemciewicz lived to a great age, and died in Paris in 1841.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

(*Continued from page* 143.)

CHAPTER IV.—FATHERLESS, MOTHERLESS, BROTHERLESS.

THE Kaymouth people were fond of saying that Kathleen was an odd child. Her mother, they said, had had odd ways too. She was not just like other women in Kaymouth; but then she was not a Kaymouth woman born. She had been brought to Kaymouth a little orphan, by Mrs. Atkin when she married.

Kitty Foster was prettier looking, and in manner more quiet and gentle than the wives and daughters of the Kaymouth smugglers; and those who had said of Kitty that she was odd, and of her daughter Kathleen that she resembled her mother greatly, declared the resemblance to be greater than ever when they now saw how Kathleen took the news of her father's death. She did not weep and wail loudly, and take pleasure in talking about her loss to all who came to see her—and the custom of poor people in those days was very much the same as it is in these, they thronged the house of mourning—a Kaymouth girl would have tossed her apron over her face and rocked and sobbed, and when her fit of weeping was ended would have talked as loudly as she had wept; but Kathleen said little or nothing: she sat very still and silent, and her face grew whiter than ever, and her eyes looked large and bright, but she never wept. On the day on which she received the news she went about her work in a sort of dream, and so it was on the next day and the next, never quitting her home; but on the third day she dressed herself in a black stuff gown which had been her mother's, and stepping out of her door gathered a bunch of the gilly-flowers which grew in the tiny garden, and walked quickly up the bay. Then across the field she went, and into the village, and up the village street, until she came to the gate of the churchyard.

On her way she passed many a group of gossiping women, standing here and there, with their children in their arms. Kathleen knew very well that that betokened a stir of some kind, and it perfectly confirmed the idea with which she had started on her walk. She knew very well that her father's funeral was to be some time that day: she had gathered it from an old woman who had come to keep her company in her desolation, but who was desirous of hiding the matter from Kathleen in her tearless silence.

Now Kathleen, you must know, had a double grief to bear; besides her father, she had also lost Willie. She had never seen him since that evening; she knew nothing of his appearance at Coombes's cottage, and nothing had been seen or heard of him in all the village as far as she could learn.

Even 'parson' could tell her nothing, and she felt sure knew nothing to tell; and the mystery was even more dreadful to her than was the certainty that her father was killed.

One fancy had, however, occurred to her. Suppose Willie, too, were killed, and they would not tell her?

But she would find out the truth, and that was why with that determined air she had set off up the bay that morning.

The gilly-flowers were very sweet: the only quiet task which Willie ever did was to water them in the evenings, when he would call his sister to come and smell how sweet they were. If Willie was to be buried to-day she would lay those gilly-flowers with him in his grave.

In at the churchyard gate Kathleen passed with the same quick step, until presently she came to where a heap of earth had been newly dug and cast aside.

Then she stopped, and stood wondering who was to be laid there.

As she thus stood, with her bunch of flowers in her hand, she heard an approaching footstep. She knew that footstep well, as well as she knew the tap at the door, and she turned, with a courtesy, to the parson.

'Kathleen, you had better not stand here, my child; come with me,' said the parson; but Kathleen, usually so meek and tractable, never stirred an inch, but remained standing gazing before her, grasping in both hands her bunch of gilly-flowers.

'Kathleen, come away, my child,' repeated her friend; but still Kathleen took no heed.

Then the good man folded his hands together, and in a voice so low and quiet that only Kathleen standing beside him could hear it, he prayed to the God of the fatherless.

Then, for the first time, Kathleen cried: all at once tears came, and she sobbed as if her poor little heart would break.

'Oh, father, mother, Willie!' she sobbed; and parson said not a word to check her weeping.

At last the crying grew quieter. Then parson laid his hand kindly on her head, and said very gently, 'Now, my child, come away.'

But Kathleen lingered.

'Please, sir, is that for father and Willie?' she said piteously through her tears.

'No, my poor child, not for Willie; Willie I hope may come back yet. It is for father; but that will not be this morning, so come away.'

Then Kathleen was quite obedient, and as her kind friend led her towards the gate she walked beside him, weeping for father dead and Willie lost, with tears which were good.

That day Kathleen, by Mrs. Atkin's desire, was taken to the Hall, where she was received quite lovingly by the old housekeeper, with whom her mother had been a great favourite; while all the servants who remembered Kitty—and most of them had been there long enough to remember her, for in those days servants took pride in keeping their places—were ready to be kind to her little daughter for her sake; and those who had come since Kitty's time were just as ready to be kind out of simple pity to the poor fatherless, motherless, brotherless girl.

At first, after her arrival at the Hall, Kathleen would sit silent in the housekeeper's room all day, just performing in a dreamy manner any little service which might be asked of her; and at night in her little bed in a corner of her good friend's room she would cry herself to sleep.

Nothing diverted her, nothing cheered her; none of the good words which some spoke to her about God watching over her, and God knowing best, seemed to comfort her in the least. Once she was very gently bidden to get her work, and come and sit at the window; but her only work was Willie's blue worsted stocking, and that set her crying bitterly. At last it was generally agreed to let her alone, and 'let God cure her His own way,' as her friend the housekeeper said.

Poor Kathleen! the thought of Willie was a deep and abiding grief for her; it was harder to bear even than the death of her father, sadder to her than her own desolation. Willie had vanished no one knew whither; no one, at least, seemed to know. Parson she was certain knew nothing: if he had known she would have felt more content, she thought. No one, however, seemed to know anything but just what she could tell them, which was only that Willie had left home at dusk that evening, and had never come back. 'And he never will come back, never!' Kathleen would whisper to her pillow as she cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER V.—NEWS.

TIME went on: day after day, week after week, month after month, and at last year after year, and still nothing was heard of Willie Drye. Kathleen did not cease to grieve for him, but little by little her grief became less gloomy; and she grew up a quiet, somewhat sad, but by no means fretful, maiden.

Shall I tell you why she grew less gloomy? It was because, little by little and very patiently, the good parson had led her to think more of God; to tell Him her griefs and to pray for Willie, that wherever he might be He would watch over him and guide him, and that it might please Him to bring him safely home. There was wonderful comfort, so Kathleen at last found, in this; and wonderful comfort in the thought that she was speaking to One Who knew everything about her lost brother.

'I can't see Willie, but God can,' she would often say to herself now. 'God knows just what he is doing at this very moment, and all about him; and I hope God will take care of him.'

By-and-by it became, 'I'm sure God will take care of him,' because the more she thought about God, and the more she prayed, the more sure she felt that He would help her. All this took so great a load from Kathleen's once heavy heart, that, though she grew up what her fellow-servants called 'serious,' which meant that she was not silly nor flighty like others, she could laugh sometimes a sweet, pleasant laugh, and always do cheerfully whatever fell to her lot to be done.

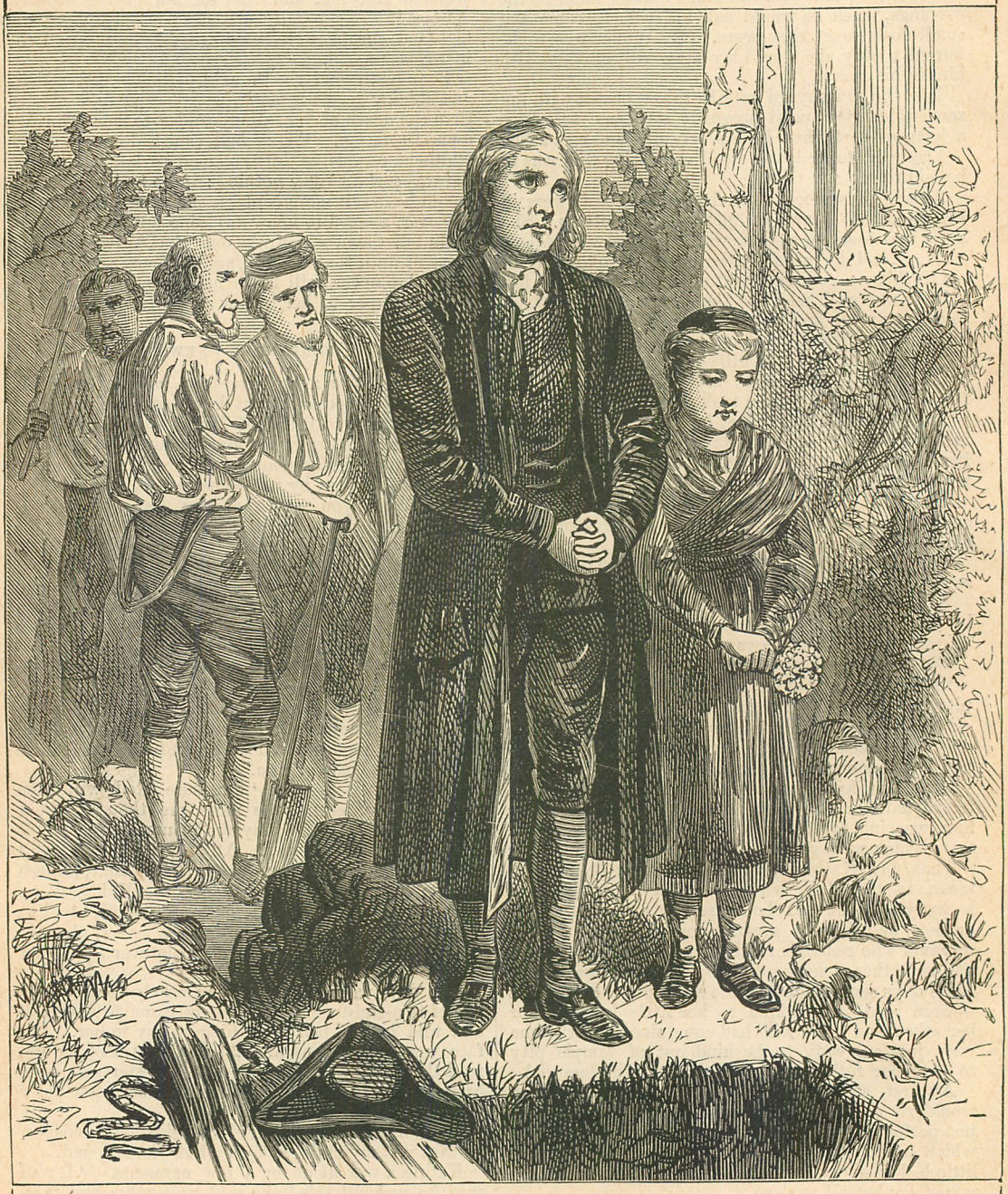
One day, when Kathleen had nearly reached the age of two-and-twenty, the parson came to the Hall and told her he had something to say to her. His face was grave as usual; but Kathleen, looking up, read there that he had news to tell. Her soft eyes brightened with eager hope, but her face grew paler than ever, and she trembled.

'Is Willie come home, sir?' she asked, in a whisper.

'Not yet, my child, not yet; but—he is found.'

Kathleen was silent for a few moments. 'I was sure he was all safe,' she said presently; and then she burst into happy tears.

(*Concluded at page* 157.)



The Good Man prayed to the God of the Fatherless.



Jack in Spain.

NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

THE prejudices of Englishmen against foreigners were formerly much stronger than they are now. When even the learned Doctor Johnson, who understood several languages, declared that he thought most foreigners were fools, it is not surprising that ignorant people, who did not understand their language, should think they were talking 'gibberish,' and calling things by wrong names; but it is singular that sailors, who visited every part of the globe, and come in contact with men of all nations, should have so despised 'foreign lingo,' as they called every language but English. Of course, a Frenchman at that time was the national enemy; but it was his language that made Jack think him a fool into the bargain, as the sailor did, who, in expressing his contempt for the French, said, 'What can you expect from a set of fellows who call a hat a chopper, and a horse a shovel?' the French word for a hat being *chapeau*, and that for a horse *cheval*.

Captain Basil Hall, in the book he wrote about his voyages, tells us of two sailors who were walking up the main street of Valparaiso. One said to the other, in reference to the natives who were passing them, 'What do you think of these fellows, Jack?'

'Think of 'em!' exclaimed Jack, 'why, the precious fools call a hat a *sombrero*!'

To be sure that was a long time ago when Jack wore a pig-tail and 'love-locks;' and perhaps since he has cut off his pig-tail he has become more liberal in his estimate of foreigners. He would hardly, nowadays, think a Spanish American was a fool because he did not call his head-covering a hat, but it is a pity he parted with his jacket, which was of a much prettier and brighter blue than that which he now wears.

A. R.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 147.)

HILDA'S cheek rivalled the raspberries in bloom as she bent over them to inhale their fragrance. The farmer had picked these himself for her—had probably left his work to do so; and she had called him an odious old savage, and an unkempt monster, and oh, dear! decidedly the old Hilda was a very disagreeable girl. But here were the eggs, each blushing behind its veil of white, and here was the milk, and a little firm nugget in a green leaf, which was too beautiful to be butter, and yet too good to be anything else. And the new Hilda might eat her breakfast with a thankful heart, and did so. The white rose nodded to her from the west window much more cordially than it had done the night before. It even brought out a little new bud to take a peep at the girl who now smiled instead of scowling across the room. The vines rustled and shook, and two bright black eyes peeped between the leaves.

'Tweet!' said the robin, ruffling his scarlet waistcoat a little. 'When you have quite finished your worms you may come out, and I will show you the garden. There are cherries!' and away he flew, while Hilda laughed and clapped her hands, for she had understood every word.

'May I go out into the garden?' she asked, when she had finished her breakfast, and taken her first lesson in dish-washing, in spite of Dame Hartley's protest. 'And isn't there something I can do there, please? I want to work; I don't want to be idle any longer.'

'Well, honey,' replied the dame, 'there are currants to pick, if you like such work as that. I am going to make jelly to-morrow, and if you like to begin the picking I will come and help you when my bread is out of the oven.'

Gladly Hilda flew up to her room for the broad-leaved hat with the daisy-wreath; and then, taking the wide shallow basket which Dame Hartley handed her, she fairly danced out of the door, over the bit of green, and into the garden.

Ah! the sweet, heartsome country garden that this was, the very thought of it is a rest and a pleasure. Straight down the middle ran a little gravel path, with a border of fragrant clove-pinks on either side. And over the border! Oh, the wealth of flowers, the blaze of crimson and purple and gold, the bells that swung, the spires that sprang heavenward, the clusters that nodded and whispered together in the morning breeze! Here were ranks upon ranks of silver lilies, drawn up in military fashion, and marshalled by clumps of splendid tiger-lilies—the drum-majors of the flower-garden. Here were roses of every sort, blushing and paling, glowing in gold and mantling in crimson. And the carnations showed their delicate fringes, and the geraniums blazed, and the heliotrope languished, and the 'Puritan pansies' lifted their sweet faces and looked gravely about, as if reproving the other flowers for their frivolity; while shy mignonette, thinking herself well hidden behind her green leaves, still made her presence known by the exquisite perfume which all her gay sisters would have been glad to borrow.

Over all went the sunbeams, rollicking and playing; and through all went Hildegarde, her heart filled with a new delight, feeling as if she had never lived before. She talked to the flowers. She bent and kissed the damask rose, which was too beautiful to pluck. She put her cheek against a lily's satin-silver petals, and started when an angry bee flew out and buzzed against her nose. But where were the currant-bushes? Ah! there they were—a row of stout green bushes forming a hedge at the bottom of the garden.

Hilda fell busily to work, filling her basket with the fine, ruddy clusters.

'How beautiful they are!' she thought, holding up a bunch so that the sunlight shone through it. 'And these pale, pinky golden ones which show all the delicate veins inside. Really, I *must* eat this fat bunch; they are like fairy grapes!'

While her fingers were thus busily employed,

Hilda was startled by the sound of a voice which seemed to come from beyond the currant-bushes very near her. She stood quite still and listened.

'A-g, ag,' said the voice; 'g-l-o-m, glom—agglom; e-r, er—agglomer; a-t-e, ate—agglomerate.' There was a pause, and then it began again: 'A-g, ag; g-l-o-m, glom,' and so on.

Hilda's curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, and laying down her basket, she cautiously parted the leaves and peeped through. She hardly knew what she expected to see. What she did see was a boy about ten years old, in a flannel shirt and a pair of ragged breeches, busily weeding a row of carrots; for this was the vegetable garden, which lay behind the currant-bushes. On one side of the boy was a huge heap of weeds, on the other lay a tattered book, at which he glanced from time to time, though without leaving his work.

'A-n, an,' he was now saying; 't-i, ti—anti; c-i-p, cip—anticip; a-t-e, ate—anti*cip*-ate. "To expect." Well, that *is* a good un! Why can't they *say* expect, instead of breakin' their jaws with a word like that?'

At this Hilda burst into a merry peal of laughter; and as the boy started up with staring eyes and open mouth, she pushed the bushes aside and came towards him.

'I am sorry I laughed,' she said, not unkindly. 'You said that so funnily, I couldn't help it. You did not pronounce the word quite right either. It is an*ti*cipate, not antic*ip*-ate.'

The boy looked half bewildered and half grateful. 'An*ti*cipate!' he repeated, slowly. 'Thanky, miss! it's an unreasonable sort of word.' And he bent over his carrots again.

But Hilda did not return to her currant-picking. She was interested in this freckled, tow-headed boy, wrestling with four-syllabled words while he worked.

'Why do you study your lesson out here?' she asked, sitting down on a convenient stump, and refreshing herself with another bunch of white currants. 'Couldn't you learn it better indoors?'

'Don't know,' replied the boy. 'I've got no time to stay indoors.'

'You might learn it in the evening,' suggested Hilda.

'I can't keep awake evenin's,' said the boy, simply. 'I have to be up at four o'clock to let the cows out, an' I get sleepy, come night. And I like it here, too,' he added. 'I can learn them easier, weeding; take ten weeds to a word.'

'Ten weeds to a word?' repeated Hilda. 'I don't understand you.'

'Why,' said the boy, looking up at her with wide-open blue eyes, 'I take a good stiff word (I like them stiff, like that an—an*ti*cipate fellow), and I says it over and over while I pull up ten weeds—big weeds. I don't count chickweed. By the time the weeds is up, I know the word. I've learned fifteen this spell!'—and he glanced proudly at his tattered spelling-book.

Hilda watched him for some moments, many new thoughts revolving in her head. How many country boys were there who taught themselves in this way? How many among the clever girls at Mademoiselle Haut-ton's school had this sort of ambition to learn, of pride in learning? Had she, the best scholar in her class, had it? She had always known her lessons because they were easy for her to learn, because she had a quick eye and ear and a good memory. She could not help learning, Mademoiselle said. But this—this was something different.

'What is your name?' she asked, with a new interest.

'Bubble Chirk,' replied the freckled boy, with one eye on his book, and the other measuring a tall spire of pigweed, towards which he stretched his hand.

'WHAT!' cried Hilda, in amazement.

'Bubble Chirk!' said the boy. 'Curious name, isn't it? The whole of it is Zerubbabel Chirk; but most folk haven't got time to say all that. Bubble's what they call me, unless it's Bub.'

The contrast between the boy's earnest and rather pathetic face, and his absurdly volatile name, was almost too much for Hilda's gravity. But she checked the laugh which rose to her lips, and asked, 'Don't you go to school at all, Bubble? It is a pity that you shouldn't, when you are so fond of study.'

'I go for a spell in the winter,' replied Bubble. 'There's no school in summer, you know. Boys has to work, round here. Mother has got nobody but me and Pink, since father died.'

'Who is Pink?' asked Hilda, gently.

'My sister,' replied Bubble. 'That's not *her* real name. Mother had her christened Pinkrosia, along of her being so fond of roses; but we don't call her nothing only Pink.'

'Pink Chirk,' repeated Hilda to herself; 'what a name! What can a girl be like who is called Pink Chirk?'

But now Bubble seemed to think that it was his turn to ask questions. 'I reckon you're the girl that's come to stay at Mr. Hartley's?' he said.

Hilda's brow darkened for a moment at the word 'girl,' which came with innocent frankness from the lips of the ragged urchin before her. But the next moment she remembered that it was only the old Hilda who cared about such trifles, so she answered pleasantly enough, 'Yes, I am staying at Mr. Hartley's. I only came yesterday, but I am to stay some time.'

'And what might *your* name be?' inquired Master Chirk.

'Hildegardis Graham.' It was gently said, in a very different voice from that which had answered Farmer Hartley in the same words the night before; but it made a startling impression on Bubble Chirk.

'Hildy——' he began; and then, giving it up, he said, simply, 'Well, I never! Do ye carry all that round with you all the time?'

Hilda laughed outright at this.

'Oh, no!' she said; 'I am called Hilda generally.'

'But you can spell the whole of it?' asked the boy anxiously.

'Yes, certainly!'

Bubble's eager look subsided into one of mingled awe and admiration.

(*Continued at page* 162.)



Hilda in the garden.

THE DOCTOR'S MISTAKE.

'DOCTOR, just an instant, please?'

'I'll see you shortly, sir,' was the curt reply.

'But a second is all I want,' persisted the caller.

'I'll see you directly, sir'—with sternness.

The visitor took a seat, and after thirty minutes or more had passed, the medicine man came out of his den, and with an air of condescension said to his visitor, 'Well, now, my man, I am at your service. Your turn has come. What can I do for you?'

'Oh, nothing in particular,' was the reply. 'I just dropped in to tell you that Farmer Stork's three cows have escaped through the fence from the field, and are having a picnic in your garden.'



"He turned his lantern seaward."

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

(*Concluded from page* 151.)

PARSON now sat down beside her and told her a long story. Coombes had that morning told it to him; poor Coombes who was dying. He had never recovered from the dreadful hurts he had received when he broke his arm now eight years ago; had never been able to return to his old occupation of fishing, but had spent those eight years quietly in and about his little home in the bay, scarcely able at any time to drag himself so far as down to the beach; and whether it was this dreary life, or whether it was his hopeless suffering, none could tell; but he became sad and silent, with a worried look upon his face.

I need not say that the parson was ever his faithful friend; but to all he said Coombes would only

respond with a sigh, seeming to take no comfort. At last one day, the day just alluded to, he had something almost like a smile for the parson as he entered the cottage.

'Look ye here, sir,' said he, eagerly, stretching out his hand; 'look ye here, sir; I've something to tell ye. Robbie Sands has been here.

Now, Robbie Sands, being an old friend, it was by no means uncommon for him to pay a visit there; but of this the parson said nothing, he only answered,—

'Robbie Sands has been here, has he? And what had he to say?'

The sick man beckoned his visitor still nearer, and sank his voice to a very low tone,—

'Ye see, sir, he's the last of 'em.'

'Last of whom?' inquired the parson; he knew very well that of the smugglers Robbie was by no means the last.

'Last o' them that were in poor Jack Drye's affair.'

'Ah, yes; but what then?'

'Well, sir, he has a kind heart, has Robbie; and he pitied me going out of the world with all this on my mind.' Here the poor man paused for strength to say all he had to say. Presently he went on. 'Ye see, sir, Robbie's got neither wife, nor child, nor old folk, depending on him; and so he said, "and, Dick," he said, "I'll take my chance." Now ye don't think, sir, that anything would be done to Robbie now after all these years, seeing, too, that there's but little doing in the old trade?'

The parson readily undertook that, at any rate, no harm should come to Robbie through anything being revealed to himself by a dying man. Then Coombes told him a very long story, so long and rambling that we will not give it in his own words; the substance merely will be enough.

The story concerned Willie. On that night of the fatal affray he had been sent by his father to a certain part of the cliff at some short distance from the bay, taking with him an unlighted lantern. Willie was an expert climber, as he needed to be to gain that dangerous spot; and, being also very daring, the errand was greatly to his liking. So off he set at dusk, his lantern under his jacket, and a hammer thrust into his belt, with which, if needful, to chip away a bit of the cliff here and there for foothold. Arrived at the spot whither he had been sent, Willie sat down to wait until he should hear from below a certain long, low whistle; on hearing this he was to strike a light and hold up his lantern, whistling in return. Once, twice, thrice he was to show a flash of light; after which he was to extinguish it, and might go his way. Of the meaning of all this Willie was told nothing; that it was, however, something to do with dodging the king's men he understood very well.

The night drew on; but hours went by without any signal, until at last, when Willie was beginning to think it would never sound, the long, low whistle was heard from below. The boy replied; and, speedily striking a light, he turned his lantern seaward, flashing it three times; then, extinguishing it, he crouched down where he was, quite still, to see what would happen. Presently he became aware of a boat approaching very stealthily; the oars were muffled, so that they made no sound in the rowlocks, and they were dipped carefully; but Willie, whose sight and hearing were strained to catch the least sign of anything going on, now descried, on the dark water, a thing still darker, and fancied he heard the dip of oars.

Cautiously he now groped his way down the dangerous cliff, that he might learn what was going to be done; for that they were friends in the boat, running a cargo ashore into the cave beneath, he never doubted; and he was eager to see the ending of a matter in which he proudly felt he had taken no mean part. He had descended a good distance, and had paused on a safe piece of rock to listen, when sounds altogether unexpected arose and bewildered him—sounds of sudden strife, with many a furious exclamation and oath. He very soon understood what it meant: the smugglers and the king's men were engaged in a fight.

The matter was this: a cargo had been expected that night in Kaymouth Bay; but there was every reason to suppose that the cruiser had received some information respecting it, and were preparing to intercept it. There was no possible way of sending a warning to their comrades; so the only thing was for the Kaymouth men to mislead the cutter, if possible, and entice her boat to a wrong spot. If the boat fell into the snare and landed her men, and hung about the spot long enough to allow of the safe discharge of the cargo in the Bay, all well and good; but, in case it might be otherwise, there was a chain of communication established along the cliff, between bay and bay, one man to signal to another until the sign was passed to prevent the cruiser's men from re-embarking. In order to do which a few desperate and well-armed fellows (of whom Jack Drye was one) were stationed in hiding on the beach below, where Willie's lantern had drawn the boat ashore.

The remainder may be guessed. The cruiser's men did attempt to re-embark before the convenient time, the smugglers did come forward to prevent them, and then arose the fight, into the midst of which Willie nearly descended.

Willie was able to distinguish the voices of several men whom he knew, whose names Coombes hushed on his lips that night; and, plainest of all, the voice of his own father. Presently Willie became aware that his father was faring badly in the fight; and then, with some hope of rendering aid, the brave little lad slipped from his place of safety; but just as he reached the beach, a man fell at his feet with a groan. At that instant a lantern was turned upon the scene by one of the cruiser's men, in another instant the lantern was dashed from the man's hand; but that flash had been sufficient to show Willie that his father was dead.

The sudden shock was too much for the poor lad, who was after all but a child, and, with a cry of 'father! father!' he turned and fled with the speed of madness, never stopping until, as we have seen, he gained Coombes's cottage and fell fainting to the ground.

CHAPTER VI.—FOUND AT LAST.

THE remainder of the story we may gather from Willie himself, as, some few weeks after the parson's interview with Kathleen, he sat in the housekeeper's room at the Hall, telling it over again to his sister. For Willie, indeed, came back; not, however, wild

Willie any more, but almost as quiet and as gentle in manner, and quite as thoughtful and steady, as Kathleen herself.

Robbie knew where he was to be found—across the water; and, at his dictation, the parson wrote, bidding him return. In consequence of which, one fine day the mail coach, as it passed through a village not far from Kaymouth, set down a handsome young stranger, for whom Robbie Sands had been waiting; and the two walked together, over unforgotten fields, towards Kaymouth Hall. At the garden gate, by which, eight years ago, his father had stolen in disguise to the Hall to ask Madam's favour for Kathleen, Willie now paused to take leave of his companion.

'I'm in your hands now, my lad, as ye were once in mine: deal true by me, as I have dealt by you,' said Rough Robbie.

'You may trust me; and, indeed, Robbie, you have dealt well by me,' answered Willie. And with this the two parted: Robbie to seek his pipe and his fireside, and Willie to seek the sister, who was eagerly on the watch for him.

It is of no use to describe the meeting; we will only look in upon the two as they sat that afternoon, Kathleen listening intently to her brother's account of the past eight years.

'You see how it was, Kathleen; they were afraid to trust me, child as I was, to keep secret the names of the men I had recognised. They were obliged to get me out of the way, across the water; but they did well by me, asyou may see—put me to a better trade than smuggling, I need not say. But not a word is ever to be spoken about it from this time. No one is let into the secret but parson and you. There's only one man left of all that fought the king's men that night (the others are dead or out of the country), and that man has been a good friend to me. Parson answered for you that you were as safe as himself; and so Coombes let him tell you, for he owed it you, he said, after all the grief you had gone through. Poor Dick Coombes! I wish he could have lived to hear me say that he did us a good turn after all, not a bad one, since it has all ended well.'

Kathleen listened silently, taking in every word, thinking how wonderful it all was; thanking God in her heart that, of His great kindness, He had so heard her prayer, and brought good out of evil.

E. M. A. F. S.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

IN Denmark, the peasants believe firmly in these singular creatures, who are said to be half human and half fishy. In the village church of Glosup there are carvings of mermen and mermaidens, which sustain the heavy vaulted roof. It is strange that the architect admitted these sea monsters into the sacred building, because they were regarded with pious horror by the Church in the Middle Ages.

In 1576, an old labourer appeared at the palace of the King of Denmark, and made this statement:—'Please your Majesty, I was ploughing in a field near the sea-shore when a mermaid came up out of the water, and told me that her name was Isbrand, and also that she was the grand-daughter of a mermaid who protected your Majesty's ancestress, Margaret, in her cradle. Isbrand told me to come and say to you that you would have a son next year.'

This pleased the King (he was Frederick the Second), for as yet he had no heir. So he sent the old labourer home with his arms full of presents. The mermaid's words were made good, and in April, 1577, the Prince Christian was born. But, once more the aged peasant toiled staff in hand from his seaside farm with a message from Isbrand. This time it was a solemn warning. 'If your Majesty does not leave off tippling, you will never live to see little Christian grow into manhood.' Now this message did not please Frederick, and he therefore sent the messenger home with, as we say, 'more kicks than halfpence.'

Isbrand's warning from the deep made a transient impression on the King's mind, but he soon returned to his cups of strong drink, and before Christian was eleven years old his father was dead. And yet, in spite of this unfortunate habit, Frederick was one of the best and wisest kings Denmark ever had. He rebuilt Kronberg, a strong castle protecting the Sound. Above the entrance in the clock-tower you may see the head, carved in stone, of a huge dog named Wiltbratt, with a heart-shaped shield between his fore-paws, on which is graven the motto, 'Treu ist Wiltbratt.' This dog was Frederick's great favourite; but it was the terror of the court, for Wiltbratt bit everybody except his royal master. G. S. O.

THE CZAR'S DWARFS.

DWARFS have always been objects of curiosity, and of interest also, when they happened to be pretty and intelligent, as well as little. Formerly, it was the custom of the great to maintain dwarfs in their retinue; and in the Middle Ages there were few royal courts without one; and there are some instances of these little people rising to distinction. One of the Dukes of Mantua was so partial to dwarfs, that he had a tiny suite of rooms constructed in the palace for their use, which may be seen in the Ducal Palace to this day, though they are now denuded of their miniature furniture.

Peter the Great, czar of Russia, who was himself between six and seven feet high, was very fond of dwarfs. When he set out on his travels he had in his retinue four dwarfs. And the Princess Sophia Charlotte, the wife of the Elector of Brandenburg, tells us that two of them were very well proportioned and perfectly well-bred; and adds that sometimes he kissed, and sometimes pinched the ear of his favourite dwarfs.

But the most celebrated of Czar Peter's dwarfs, was a little lady whom he called Poupée. When fully grown to womanhood, she was only as tall as a child of five or six years of age. She was very pretty and extremely clever, and the gigantic Czar took the greatest delight in her company, and was never tired of amusing himself with the lively little creature. Dwarfs seldom live to a great age, but this tiny mite outlived her friend the Czar, and all the members of his court, and reached the age of one hundred years. She had never suffered from any illness, and preserved all her faculties to the close of her long life. A. R.



Peter the Great and his Dwarf Poupée.



Excise Dogs. By Harrison Weir.

EXCISE DOGS.

THE making use of, and training dogs for smuggling purposes between France and Belgium, as well as elsewhere, led those engaged in the customs to meet the difficulty by having dogs trained also for the protection of goods, and for the tracking of those attempting an illicit trade. To accomplish this, the education of the excise dog is, of course, quite different to that of the smuggling animal. From their earliest puppyhood they are taught to play hide-and-seek with pieces of tobacco and small bags of coffee or rolls of lace. When six or eight months old their education in these matters is taken seriously in hand, and they are taught to sit quietly in ambush, *never* barking, but merely giving a very low growl, or cocking their ears to attract the attention of their master, whensoever they detect any unusual sound. Should they be guilty of barking, a severe punishment is the consequence; but a wise dog, who draws his master's attention to mischief without letting his own presence become known, is rewarded with lumps of sugar. After some practice a well-trained excise dog will scent out even one solitary smuggler dog at a distance of 200 yards, and he soon becomes wonderfully expert in tracking the law-breakers, human or canine.

K. W.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 155.)

'RECKON you must know a heap,' he said, rather wistfully. 'Wish I did!'

Hilda looked at him for a moment without speaking. Her old self was whispering to her. 'Take care what you do!' it said. 'This is a coarse, dirty boy. What have you in common with such a creature? He has not even the sense to know that he is your inferior.'

'I don't care!' said the new Hilda. 'I know what mother would do if she were here, and I shall do it—or try to do it, at least. Hold your tongue, you supercilious minx!'

'Bubble,' she said aloud, 'would you like me to teach you a little, while I am here? I think perhaps I could help you with your lessons.'

The boy looked up with a sudden flash in his blue eyes, while his face grew crimson with pleasure.

'Would I like it?' he cried eagerly. But the next moment the glow faded, and he looked awkwardly down at his ragged book and still more ragged clothes. 'Guess I've no time to learn that way,' he muttered.

'Nonsense!' said Hilda, decidedly. 'There must be *some* hour in the day when you can be spared. I shall speak to Farmer Hartley about it. Don't look at your clothes, you foolish boy,' she continued, with a touch of Queen Hildegardis' quality, yet with a kindly intonation which was new to that potentate. 'I am not going to teach your clothes. *You* are not your clothes!' cried Her Majesty, wondering at herself, and a little flushed with her recent victory over the 'minx.'

The boy's face brightened again.

'That's so!' he said, joyously; 'that's what Pink says. But I didn't suppose *you* would think so,' he added, glancing bashfully at the delicate face, with its flashing eyes and imperial air.

'I *do* think so!' said Hilda. 'So that is settled, and we will have our first lesson to-morrow. What would you——'

'Hilda! Hilda! Where are you, dear?' called Dame Hartley's voice from the other side of the currant-bush hedge. And catching up her basket, and bidding a hasty good-bye to her new acquaintance and future scholar, Hildegarde darted back through the bushes.

Zerubbabel Chirk looked after her a few moments, with kindling eyes and open mouth of wonder and admiration, and then he fell to weeding again as if his life depended on it.

CHAPTER V.—THE BLUE PLATTER.

'Merry it is in the green forést,
Among the leavés green!'

THUS sang Hildegarde as she sat in the west window, busily stringing her currants. She had been thinking a great deal about Bubble Chirk, making plans for his education, and wondering what his sister Pink was like. He reminded her, she could not tell why, of the 'lytel boy' who kept fair Alyce's swine, in her favourite ballad of 'Adam Bell, Clym o' the Clough, and William of Cloudeslee,' and the words of the ballad rose half unconsciously to her lips as she bent over the great yellow bowl, heaped with scarlet and pale-gold clusters.

'Merry it is in the green forést,
Among the leavés green,
Whenas men hunt east and west
With bows and arrowés keen,

'For to raise the deer out of their denne—
Such sights have oft been seen;
As by three yemen of the north countree,
By them it is, I mean.

'The one of them hight Adam Bell,
The other Clym o' the Clough;
The third was Willyam of Cloudeslee—
An archer good enough.

'They were outlawed for venison,
These yemen every one.
They swore them brethren on a day
To English wood for to gone.

'Now lythe and listen, gentylmen,
That of myrthes loveth to hear——'

At this moment the door opened, and Farmer Hartley entered, taking off his battered straw hat as he did so, and wiping his forehead with a red bandanna handkerchief. Hilda looked up with a pleasant smile, meaning to thank him for the raspberries which he had gathered for her breakfast; but to her utter astonishment, the moment his eyes fell upon her he gave a violent start and turned very pale; then, muttering something under his breath, he turned hastily and left the room.

'Oh! what is the matter?' cried Hilda, jumping up from her chair. 'What have I done, Nurse Lucy? I have made the Farmer angry, somehow. Is this his chair? I thought——'

'No, no, honey dear!' said Nurse Lucy, soothingly. 'Sit ye down; sit ye down! You have done nothing. I'm right glad of it,' she added, with a tone of sadness in her pleasant voice. 'Seeing as it is all in God's wisdom, Jacob must come to see it so; and it is no help, but a deal of hindrance, when folk set aside chairs and the like, and see only them that's gone sitting in them.' Then, seeing Hilda's look of bewilderment, she added, laying her hand gently on the girl's soft hair, 'You see, dear, we had a daughter of our own this time last year. Our only one she was, and just about your age—the light of our eyes, our Faith. She was a good girl, strong and loving and heartsome, and almost as pretty as yourself, Hilda dear; but the Father had need of her, so she was taken from us for a while. It was cruel hard for Jacob; cruel, cruel hard. He can't seem to see, even now, that it was right, or it wouldn't have been so. And so I can tell just what he felt, coming in just now, sudden like, and seeing you sitting in Faith's chair. Like as not he forgot it all for a minute, and thought it was herself. She had a blue dress that he always liked, and she'd sit here and sing, and the sun coming in on her through her own window there, as she always called it; like a pretty picture she was, our Faith.'

'Oh!' cried Hilda, taking the brown, motherly hand in both of hers, 'I am so very, very sorry, dear Nurse Lucy! I did not know. I will never sit here again. I thought—'

But she was ashamed to say what she had thought—that this chair and table had been set for her to tempt her to sit down 'in a kitchen.' She could hear herself say it as she had said it last night, with a world of scornful emphasis. How long it seemed since last night! how much older she had grown! And yet—and yet somehow she felt a great deal younger.

All this passed through her mind in a moment; but Nurse Lucy was petting her, and saying, 'Nay, dearie; nay, child! This is just where I want you to sit. It will be a real help to Farmer, once he is used to it. Hark! I hear him coming now. Sit still! To please me, my dear, sit still where you are.'

Hilda obeyed, though her heart beat painfully; and she bent in real distress over the currants as Farmer Hartley once more entered the room. She hardly knew what she feared or expected; but her relief was great when he bade her a quiet but cheerful 'Good-day,' and crossing the room, sat down in his great leather arm-chair.

'Dinner will be ready in five minutes, Jacob,' said the good dame, cheerily; 'I've only to lay the table and dish the mutton.'

'Oh, let me help!' cried Hilda, springing up and setting her bowl of currants on the window-sill.

So between the two the snowy cloth was laid, and the blue plates and the shining knives and forks laid out. Then they all sat down, and the little maid-servant came, too, and took her place at the end of the table; and presently in came a loutish-looking fellow of about two-and-twenty, with a great shock of sandy hair and little ferret-eyes set too near together, whom Dame Hartley introduced as her nephew. He sat down, too, and ate more than all the rest of them put together. At sight of this man, who gobbled his food noisily, the old Hilda awoke in full force. She could *not* endure this; mother never could have intended it! The Hartleys were different, of course. She was willing to acknowledge that she had been in the wrong about them; but this lout, to expect a lady to sit at the same table with him—it was too much. She would ask if she might not dine in her own room after this, as apparently it was only at dinner that this 'creature' made his appearance.

Farmer Hartley had been very silent since he came in, but now he seemed to feel that he must make an effort to be sociable, so he said kindly, though gravely,—

'I see you're lookin' at that old dish, Huldy. It's a curious old piece, that's a fact. Can you read the motto on it?'

Hilda had not been *looking* at the dish, though her eyes had been unconsciously fixed upon it, and she now bent forward to examine it. It was an oblong platter, of old blue and white crockery. In the middle was a quaint representation of a mournful-looking couple, clad in singularly ill-fitting aprons of fig-leaves. The man was digging with a spade, while the woman sat at a spinning-wheel placed dangerously near the edge of the deep ditch, which her husband had already dug. Round the edge ran an inscription, which, after some study, Hilda made out to be the old distich:—

'When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?'

Hilda burst out laughing in spite of herself.

'Oh, it is wonderful!' she cried. 'Who ever heard of Eve with a spinning-wheel? Where did this come from, Farmer Hartley? I am sure it must have a history.'

'Well,' said the farmer, smiling, 'I don't know that it has so to speak a history, and yet there's something amusing to me about that platter. My father was a sea-faring man most of his life, and only came to the farm late in life, on account of his older brother dying as owned it. Well, he had picked up a sight of queer things in his voyages, father had; he kept some of them stowed away in boxes, and brought them out from time to time, as he happened to think of them. We young ones growed up (four of us there was, all boys, and likely boys, too, if I do say it), and my brother, Simon, who was next to me, he went to college. He was a clever chap, Simon was, and nothing would do for *him* but he must be a gentleman.

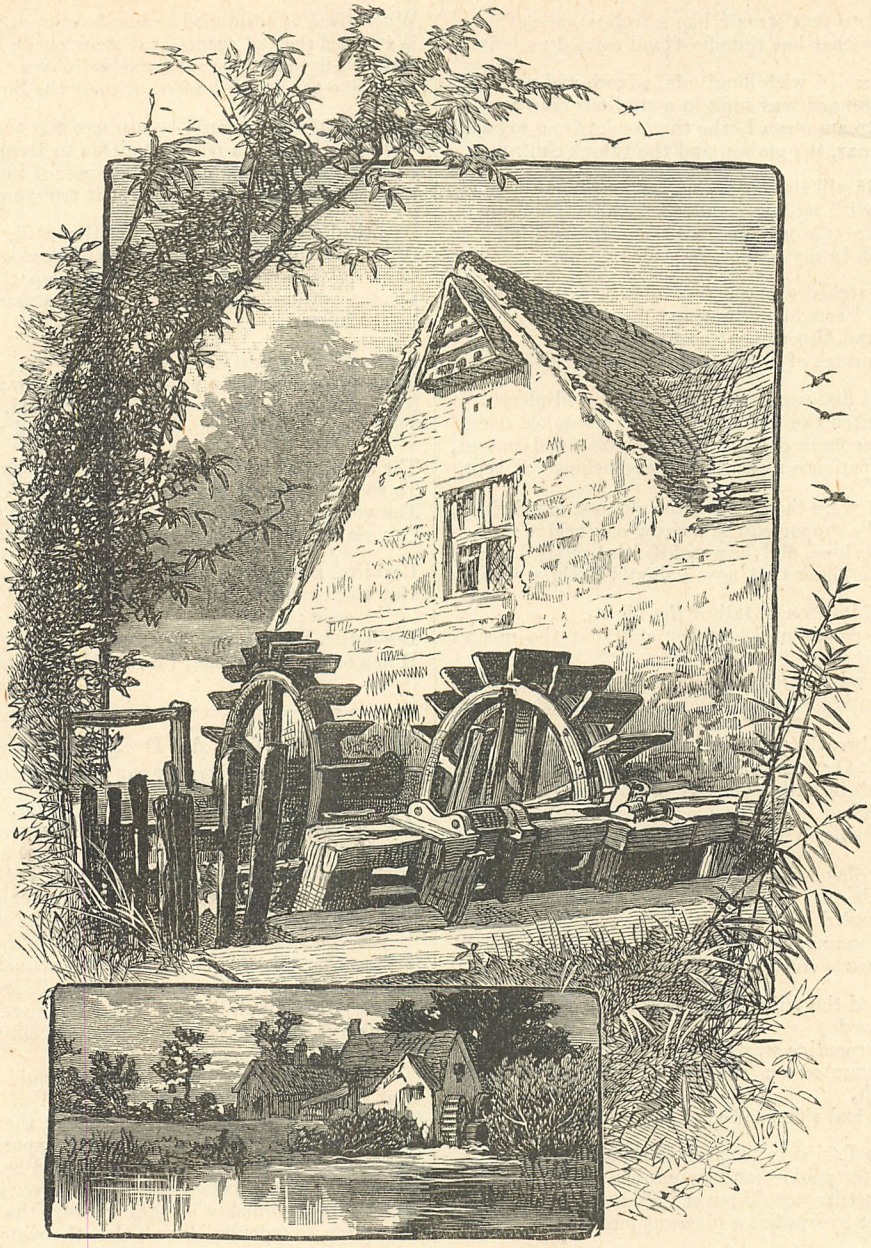
'"Jacob can stick to the farm and the mill, if he likes," says he, "and Tom can go to sea, and William can be a minister; but *I'm* going to be a *gentleman!*" says Simon. He said it in father's hearing one day, and father lay back in his chair and laughed; he was always laughing, father was. And then he went off upstairs, and we heard him rummaging about among his boxes up in the loft chamber. We daren't none of us touch them boxes, we boys, though we warn't afraid of nothing else in the world, only father.



Hilda and Bubble.

Presently he comes down again, still a-laughing, and carrying that platter in his hand. He sets it down afore Simon, and says he, "Wealthy," says he (that was my mother), "Wealthy," says he, "let Simon have his victuals off this platter every day, d'ye hear. There's none other that's good enough for him," and then he laughed again till he fairly shook, and Simon looked black as thunder, and took his hat and went out. And so after Simon went to college, every time he come home for vacation and set down to table with his nose kind of turned up, as if he was too good to sit with his own kith and kin, father would go and get the old blue platter and set it afore him, and say, "Here's *your* dish, Simon; been digging any lately, my son?" and then lay back in his chair and laugh.'

(*Continued at page* 174.)



THE OLD MILL-STREAM.

BEAUTIFUL streamlet! how precious to me
Was the green-swarded paradise watered by thee;
I dream of thee still, as thou wert in my youth,
Thy meanderings haunt me with freshness and truth.

I had heard of full many a river of fame,
With its wide rolling flood, and its classical name;
But the Thames of Old England, the Tiber of Rome,
Could not vie with the mill-streamlet close to my home.

Full well I remember the gravelly spot,
Where I slyly repair'd, though I knew I ought not;
Where I stood with my handful of pebbles to make
That formation of fancy, a duck and a drake.

How severe was the scolding, how heavy the threat,
When my pinafore hung on me dirty and wet;
How heedlessly silent I stood to be told
Of the dangers of drowning, the risk of a cold!

'Now mark!' cried a mother, 'the mischief done there
Is unbearable—go to that stream if you dare!'

But I sped to that stream like a frolicsome colt,
For I knew that her thunder-cloud carried no bolt.

Though puzzled with longitude, adverb and noun,
Till my forehead was sunk in a studious frown;
Yet that stream was a Lethe that swept from my soul
The grammar, the globes, and the tutor's control.

I wonder if still the young anglers begin,
As I did, with willow-wand, pack-thread, and pin;
When I threw in my line, with expectancy high
As to perch in my basket, and eels in a pie:

When I watched every bubble that broke on a weed,
Yet found I caught nothing but lily and reed;
Till time and discernment began to instil
The manœuvres of Walton with infinite skill.

Full soon I discovered the birch-shadowed place
That nurtured the trout and the silver-backed dace;
Where the coming of night found me blest and content,
With my patience unworn, and my fishing-rod bent.

How fresh were the flags on the stone-studded ridge,
That rudely supported the narrow oak bridge:
And that bridge, oh! how boldly and safely I ran
On the thin plank that now I should timidly scan.

I traversed it often at fall of the night,
When the clouds of December shut out the moon's light;
A mother might tremble, but I never did; [hid.
For my footing was sure, though the pale stars were

When the breath of stern winter had fettered the tide,
What joy to career on its feet-warming slide;
With mirth in each eye, and bright health on each cheek,
While the gale in our faces came piercing and bleak.

The snow-flakes fell thick on our wind-roughened curls,
But we laugh'd as we shook off the feathery pearls;
And the running, the tripping, the pull, and the haul
Had a glorious end in the slip and the sprawl.

Oh! I loved the wild place where the clear ripples flowed
On their serpentine way o'er the pebble-strewed road;
Where, mounted on Dobbin, we youngsters would dash,
Both pony and rider enjoying the splash.

How often I tried to teach Pincher the tricks
Of diving for pebbles and swimming for sticks;
But my doctrines could never induce the loved brute
To consider hydraulics a pleasant pursuit.

Did a *forcible* argument sometimes prevail,
What a woeful expression was seen in his tail;
And, though bitterly vexed, I was made to agree
That Dido, the spaniel, swam better than he.

What pleasure it was to spring forth in the sun,
When the school-door was opened, and lessons were done;
When, 'Where shall we play?' was the doubt and the call,
And 'Down by the mill-stream' was echoed by all.

When tired of childhood's rude, boisterous pranks,
We pulled the tall rushes that grew on its banks;
And, busily quiet, we sat ourselves down
To weave the rough basket, or plait the light crown.

The first of my doggerel breathings was there,—
'Twas the hope of a poet, 'An Ode to Despair;'
I won't vouch for its metre, its sense, or its rhyme,
But I know that I then thought it truly sublime.

Beautiful streamlet! I dream of thee still,
Of thy pouring cascade, and the tick-tack-ing mill;
Thou livest in memory, and will not depart,
For thy waters seem blent with the streams of my heart.

Home of my youth! if I go to thee now,
None can remember my voice or my brow;
None can remember the sunny-faced child,
That played by the water-mill joyous and wild.

The aged, who laid their thin hands on my head,
To smooth my dark shining curls, rest with the dead;
The young, who partook of my sports and my glee,
Can see naught but a wandering stranger in me.

Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again,
But the changes that marked thee awakened deep pain;
Desolation had reigned, thou wert not as of yore—
Home of my Childhood, I'll see thee no more!

ELIZA COOK.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. III.—THE HEAT OF THE WORLD.

HEAT is the great life-giving power. At least, without heat there would be universal death. There would be no dew, no circulation of air, no ripe fruits, no change of seasons, but winter in its severest form. Ice is water without heat. Water is ice with heat added to it. Steam is ice with more heat added to it. Happily for us, ice is lighter than water. This is contrary to the general rule, namely, that as bodies get colder they get heavier. It is fortunate that ice does not sink. For if it did the sea and river bottoms would be a mass of it, and our climate would be like that in the polar circle.

Other solids as well as ice become liquid by having heat applied to them. The metals, all of them, can be melted by means of heat; one of them, that is quicksilver, being always liquid until exposed to very severe cold, when it becomes solid and heavier than it was. If you plunge frozen quicksilver into warm water it melts quickly by taking away the heat from the water, so quickly, indeed, that the water becomes a lump of ice. Some metals do not liquefy unless a great heat is applied to them. Gold requires the heat of 1300 degrees. We all know, also, that heat can turn liquids into vapour—for instance, water into steam. If this were not so, that is, if the sun's heat could not raise up, in the form of vapour, the water in the earth and sea, we should have no dew nor rain, which are merely vapour so cooled as once more to regain the shape of water. Many millions of gallons are raised every hour from the sea, then formed into clouds and carried about by the wind. In our world

there are constant changes, but nothing can ever cease to be. You burn wood, straw, or paper in a furnace. It soon becomes ashes, but it has not been destroyed. The materials of which the wood or paper were made have been changed into gases and vapours, and are flying about the air, to be inhaled by the plants. All things are expanded by heat: the greater the heat, the greater the expansion. As in the thermometer, if you thrust it into hot water, or expose it to the sun, the quicksilver is seen to rise in the tube. This is because the heat applied to the bulb, as it is called, causes the mercury to swell or expand, and as the glass prevents it from expanding in all directions, as it would if it could, the liquid metal is forced upwards where it is not restrained. On the side of the thermometer is a scale of degrees. Thirty-two is the point where water freezes, that is, when water freezes the mercury is level with that particular point. Sea-water, however, does not freeze until it is about four degrees colder. When water boils the quicksilver rises to 212 degrees. It boils at that point, but you cannot make it hotter, for when it passes that point it ceases to be water, it becomes steam. Water boils at 212, but spirits of wine boil at a less heat, and ether at one still lower, while mercury itself does not boil till you get a heat more than three times as great as that at which water boils. Heated bodies give out their heat to other bodies. This is why the fire warms us and cooks our food. The heat goes out in straight lines and in all directions, but particularly above the heated body. Hence much heat from a fire is lost, for the hottest particles go straight up the chimney.

We have said there would be no dew if there was no heat. Now, every temperature between the freezing-point and boiling-point can convert water into vapour. As the air gets colder again part of the vapour it contains is turned into water. If the air is very full of vapour, a slight increase of cold will cause it to deposit wet. When a hot day is followed by a cold night, then the dews are most abundant, for the heat has turned much water into vapour, and the air has become overcharged with it, and the chills of evening speedily reconvert it into dewdrops. A gentleman once put a glass cup into a silver basin when the night was very dewy. Next morning the silver basin was found dry, while the glass cup was wet with dew. The reason was that the glass became cooler than the silver (parting with its latent heat more readily), and as the glass therefore cooled the neighbouring air more than the silver, the glass had dew on it while the silver had none. Grass, too, parts with its heat sooner than many other substances, and therefore dew is deposited on it sooner than on them. Cloudy nights are not dewy nights, for the clouds act as a meat-screen acts—they send the escaping heat back again, and prevent the earth from becoming cold enough to extract moisture from the air.

Some materials conduct heat from bodies more rapidly than others do. Linen conducts rapidly, flannel slowly. Therefore a flannel shirt keeps us warmer, as we say, than a linen one. Stone conducts more rapidly than carpet, as we feel when we put one bare foot on the hearthstone, and the other on a rug. Metals conduct heat quicker than pottery, pottery than wood. Why is the air colder as we ascend high mountains? Because it becomes rarer, thinner, less compressed, and it requires a greater heat to warm it, and the heated air from below does not rise fast enough to meet the difficulty.

Different substances when burning give out different degrees of heat. Charcoal gives out about twice as much heat as wood, and one sort of coal will be twice as hot when kindled as another. Dry wood is better for heat than damp, because much of the heat generated by the damp wood when burning is used up in turning its dampness into vapour. And the smoke arising from coal when first put on the fire is in a great measure caused by the vapour of the water in the coal. As it dries, the smoke becomes less, and we see more of those blue and yellow flames, which show where the different gases are burning.

The flame of a candle is worthy of study. The tallow is melted, and drawn up to the top of the wick, where it is boiled and turned into vapour, which when at a white heat combines with the oxygen in the air about it. Everything that will burn does not begin to burn until it is raised to a heat that suits it. Thus, spirits of wine will burn at a lower heat than oil.

Coal gas, or fire-damp, often ignites in mines, and causes terrible accidents. As it requires a strong heat before it inflames, the Davy lamp was invented to prevent the gas taking fire. The flame inside the lamp loses its heat in passing through the wire gauze of which the lamp is made, and is too cold to set fire to the fire-damp outside. Heat is not only made by the sun and by burning, but also by rubbing things together, hammering iron on an anvil, and so on. Damp hay sometimes ignites from fermentation, and people who have drunk much spirits will sometimes catch fire, and burn to a heap of black ashes.

G. S. O.

Answers to Puzzlers for Wise Heads.

9. Byzantium, now Constantinople.

10. (1) O w l
w e e
l e a

(2) M a p
a p e
p e t

(3) M a c e
a l o e
c o a l
e e l s

11. Paris—Lyons.

1. P edesta L
2. A ristocrac Y
3. R ome O
4. I talia N
5. S ister S

Answers to Scenes from History.

VI.—Robert Bruce and the Spider.

VII.—Prince Henry taking his father's crown, or, Death of Henry IV.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

12.—Puzzle.

Arrange the figures from 1 to 9 in three columns, so that when added up perpendicularly, horizontally, or diagonally the amount shall always be 15. C. C.

[*Answer at page* 203.]

Know Thyself.

LET each one learn to know himself;
To gain that knowledge let him labour,
Improve those failings in himself
Which he condemns so in his neighbour.

How lenient our own faults we view,
And conscience' voice adroitly smother!
But oh, how harshly we review
The self-same failings in another!

And if you meet an erring one,
Whose deeds are blameable or thoughtless,
Consider, ere you cast the stone,
If you yourselves be pure or faultless.

Oh, list to that Small Voice within,
Whose whisperings oft make men confounded,
And trumpet not another's sin;
You would blush deep if yours were sounded.

Or in self-judgment, if you find
Your deeds to others are superior;
To you has Providence been kind,
As you should be to those inferior.

Example sheds a genial ray
Of light which men are apt to borrow;
Then first improve yourselves to-day,
And then improve yourselves to-morrow.

—*Selected.*



Little Children.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

A DREARY place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to icy coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

ABOUT twenty years ago we were spending a few days in a beautiful inland town. The sessions were being held, and we stepped into the court-house.

Among the prisoners we saw a lad about ten years of age, whose pensive countenance and innocent appearance caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy left us no room to doubt that she was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene to inquire the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of the offence of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and from the interest manifested by the crowd we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile of youth had vanished from his face. His young sister—a bright-eyed girl—had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him. The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a sixpenny-piece—no more.

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly, and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it for the purpose of what he called 'testing the boy's honesty.' It was placed where, from its very position, the lad would often see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so he let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The sixpence was taken. A simple present for that sister was purchased by it. But while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft—a crime the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were proved by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. The counsel for the prosecution urged upon the jury the necessity of making this 'little rogue' an example to others. His address had great effect upon all that heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother, and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for or expected aught else but a conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling, as if in fiend-like exultation over the misery he had brought upon that poor but once happy family.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy, and the youthful appearance of the barrister who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement—as we learned it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused, and reached to a desk near him, from which he took a Bible. The movement was received with a general smile. We heard a harsh fellow close by us whisper, 'He forgets where he is. Thinking to take hold of some law book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible.'

The remark made the young counsellor colour with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience he convinced them it was no mistake, saying, 'Justice needs no other book.'

His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him, as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence he read to the jury this sentence:—'Lead us not into temptation.'

We felt our heart throb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking, and the jurymen mutely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address, which for its pathetic eloquence we have never heard excelled.

Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful, the mother smiled again, and before its conclusion there was not an eye in court that was not moist.

The little time that was necessary before the verdict of the jury could be learned was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased, and those happy words 'Not guilty' came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip. The dignity of the court was forgotten, and the lad's release was hailed with acclamation.

The barrister's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favourite, and he now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrance, and we, by the affecting scene herein described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than that of the tempted.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

13.—Geographical Acrostic.

A small island situated in a large sea, of little geographical importance, but famous as having been the temporary residence of a very remarkable and very ambitious man.

1. The chief town of a southern county of England, taking its name from the river upon which it stands.
2. A town in Germany, famous as having been the scene of a great battle.
3. A town on an island of the same name belonging to Hindoostan.
4. A town in the north of the British Isles famous for its University.

[*Answer at page* 203.]

ZHINGA.

IN the sixteenth century the Portuguese planted several settlements on the West Coast of Africa. They made Loanda the seat of their government, established a viceroy there, and began to encroach on the powerful kingdoms of Congo and Angola. The people of these countries, though belonging to the Negro race, are not black but brown; their lips are not so thick as those of the Negroes usually are, and their noses are slightly aquiline instead of being flattened.

In the year 1622 the Princess Zhinga came to Loanda as ambassadress from her brother, the King of Angola, to treat of peace with the Portuguese Viceroy. She was attended by a numerous train and was received with great honour. A palace was prepared for her, and in the audience-chamber a chair of state was placed for the Viceroy, whilst the floor was spread with a rich carpet and velvet cushions for the use of the Princess. This was done under the impression that Negroes usually sat on the ground; but the haughty Princess thought it was a slight, and made a signal to one of her women, who, kneeling down, supported herself on her hands whilst Zhinga, calmly taking her seat on her back, as on a throne, awaited the entrance of the Viceroy.

She conducted the negotiation with the greatest spirit and dignity, and rejected with disdain the Viceroy's proposal of an alliance on condition of her paying an annual tribute to Portugal, and would only conclude a treaty on the consideration of her restoring all the Portuguese prisoners. This was at length conceded, and she rose to depart; but as the Viceroy was conducting her from the room he observed to her that the woman on whose back she had been seated remained on the floor in the same posture. 'It is not fit that the ambassadress of a great king should be twice served with the same seat,' replied Zhinga. 'I have no further use for her.'

The Viceroy and his court were filled with admiration of the great abilities of this Negro princess, and persuaded her to become a Christian; and she is said to have allowed herself to be baptized, but she does not appear to have attached much importance to the rite at that time. Shortly after her return to her native country her brother died, and she was involved in a war with her nephew for the crown. After several defeats she succeeded in overcoming her adversaries, and putting her nephew to death became Queen of Angola. She was soon at war with the Portuguese, who were victorious, and offered her the crown on condition of her paying an annual tribute. This she refused, as she had done before; the Portuguese set up another sovereign, and Zhinga was obliged to fly. She now devoted herself exclusively to war; she renounced Christianity as the religion of her enemies, and dressing herself like a warrior, clothed in leopard skins with a sword suspended from her neck, an axe at her side and a bow and arrows in her hand, she occupied herself for eighteen years in constantly harassing the Portuguese, and would not listen to any terms but the restoration of her kingdom. Amongst the captives she had taken were several priests, whom she treated with great kindness; and a sister, to whom she was fondly attached, happening to die, they took advantage of the softened disposition of the Queen to induce her to once more embrace the Christian faith. This she did and became a zealous convert, and being reinstated in her kingdom made efforts to spread Christianity amongst her subjects, abolishing their pagan customs and putting an end to human sacrifices. She sent an embassy to the Pope, asking for missionaries to spread the Gospel throughout the country: and when the pontiff's answer was received she held a great festival, at which she and the ladies of her court, dressed as warriors, performed a mimic battle; and though more than eighty years of age, the old Queen danced with the strength and agility of five-and-twenty. But nothing could induce her to become a vassal of Portugal. She died at the age of eighty-two, a free Queen of Angola; and after her death her body lay in state, clothed in royal robes and with her bow and arrows in her hand. A. R.

A WELCOME HOME.

AND so you're home at last, my bonny bairn!
The very image of your father dear,
My best and only son! Ah, Lucy love,
It is so sweet to have his girlie here!

My child, you have his eyes! his soft dark eyes,
Which never looked at me without a smile.
He was a winsome lad! Full often did
His cheerful laugh my heavy heart beguile.

For, Lucy, I had many cares and griefs,
And sometimes thought my very heart would break;
But then my boy would come, as you do now,
And clasp his loving arms about my neck,

And whisper to me, 'Mother, wait a bit,
And I shall work for you when I'm full grown.
And so he did, with all his youthful strength,
My bonny boy, my dearly loved, my own!

At length he wedded with a sweet young wife
(Your mother dear). I knew and loved her well.
Ah, when our Heavenly Father took them both
It was a grief too deep for words to tell!



The Princess Zhinga treating with the Portuguese Viceroy.



She—poor young thing—she was the first to go,
And next your father. With his dying hand
He wrote, 'Beloved mother, when I'm gone
You'll take my Lucy to the old home-land?

Ah, bairn, it put new life into my heart!
I dried my tears; I think I almost smiled
To know that in a month my poor old arms
Would clasp a little Lucy—Walter's child!

And here she is! a winsome little maid;
And, oh, so like him, bairn, you touch my heart!
As long as I am left upon this earth,
My Lucy, you and I will never part.

But, child, you're young, while I am very old;
Youth sometimes does not love the aged one,
And it may be that little Lucy fears
Her granny may not care for mirth or fun.

But, ah, it is not so! my heart feels young,
Though trembling limbs are mine, and snow-white hair;
And if you learn to love me, little one,
'Twill fill my heart with joy beyond compare!

Ah, Lucy, love is all the joy of life!
I've passed my seventieth year, and so I know;
And if love can illumine this sad life
(For many are the tears we shed below),

What will it be in Heaven, where God is Love,
And where each face we see on us will smile?
Ah, child, it almost makes me long to go!
But God will leave me with you yet a while. D. B.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 164.)

AND did Simon become—a—a gentleman?' asked Hilda, taking her own little lesson very meekly, in her desire to know more.

Farmer Hartley's brow clouded instantly, and the smile vanished from his lips. 'Poor Simon,' he said, sadly. 'He might have been anything he liked, if he had lived, and—been fortunate.'

'Simon Hartley is dead, Hilda dear,' interposed Dame Hartley, gently; 'he died some years ago. Will you have some of your own currants, my dear?—Hilda has been helping me a great deal, father,' she added, addressing her husband. 'I don't know how I should have got all my currants picked without her help.'

'Has she so?' exclaimed the farmer, fixing his keen grey eyes on the girl. 'Well! well! to think of that! Why, we shall have her milking that cow soon, after all; hey, Huldy?'

Hildegarde looked up bravely, with a little smile. 'I will try,' she said, cheerfully, 'if you will risk the milk, Farmer Hartley.'

The old farmer returned her smile with one so bright and kind and genial that somehow the ice bent, then cracked, and then broke. The old Hilda shrank into so small a space that there was really very little left of her, and the new Hilda rose from table feeling that she had gained a new friend.

So it came to pass that about an hour later our heroine was walking beside the farmer on the way to the barnyard, talking merrily, and swinging the basket which she was going to fill with eggs. 'But how shall I find them,' she asked, 'if the hens hide them away so carefully?'

'Oh, you'll hear them scrattling round!' replied the farmer. 'They're great fools, hens are—greater than folk, as a rule, and that is saying a good deal.'

They crossed the great sunny barnyard, and paused at the barn door, while Hilda looked in with delight. A broad floor, big enough for a ball-room, with towering walls of fragrant hay on either side reaching up to the rafters; great doors open at the farther end, showing a snatch of blue sky, dusty, golden, cobwebby sunbeams slanting down through the little windows, and in the middle, hanging from the great central beam, a swing, almost big enough for a giant—such was the barn at Hartley Farm; as pleasant a place, Hilda thought, as she had ever seen.

'Well, Huldy, I'll leave you here,' said the farmer; 'you can find your way home, I reckon.'

'Oh, yes, indeed!' said Hilda. 'But stop one moment, please, Farmer Hartley. I want to know—will you please—may I teach Bubble Chirk a little?' The farmer gave a low whistle of surprise; but Hilda went on eagerly: 'I found him studying, this morning, while he was weeding the garden—oh, studying so hard—and yet not neglecting his work for a minute. He seems a very bright boy, and it is a pity he should not have some education. Could you spare him, do you think, for an hour every day?' She stopped, while the farmer looked at her with a merry twinkle in his eye.

'You teach Bubble Chirk!' he said. 'Why, what would your fine friends say to that, Miss Huldy? Bubble is nothing but a common farm-boy, if he *is* bright; and I'm not denying that he is.'

'I don't know what they would say,' said Hildegarde, blushing hotly, 'and I don't care, either! I know what mother would do in my place, and so do you, Farmer Hartley!'

'Well, I reckon I do!' said Farmer Hartley. 'And I know who looks like her mother, this minute, though I never thought she would. Yes!' he said, more seriously, 'you shall teach Bubble Chirk; and it's my belief it will bring you a blessing as well as him. You are your mother's daughter, after all. Shall I give you a swing now, before I go; or are ye too big to swing?'

'I—don't—know!' said Hildegarde, eyeing the swing wistfully. 'Am I too big, I wonder?'

'Your mother was not when she was here three weeks ago!' said the farmer. 'She just set here and took a good solid swing, for the sake of old times, she said.'

'Then I will take one for the sake of new times!' cried Hilda, running to the swing and seating herself on its broad, roomy seat. 'For the sake of this new time, which I know is going to be a happy one, give me three *good* pushes, please, Farmer Hartley, and then I can take care of myself.'

One! two! three! up goes Queen Hildegarde, up and up, among the dusty, cobwebby sunbeams, which settle like a crown upon her fair head. Down with a rush, through the sweet hay-scented air; then up again, startling the swallows from under the eaves. Up and down, in broad, free sweeps, growing slower now, as the farmer left her and went to his work. How perfect it was! Did the world hold anything else so delightful as swinging in a barn? She began to sing for pure joy a little song that her mother had made for her when she was a little child, and used to swing in the garden at home. And Farmer Hartley, with his hand on the brown heifer's back, paused with a smile and a sigh as he heard the girl's sweet fresh voice ring out gladly from the old barn. This was the song she sang:—

If I were a fairy king
(Swinging high, swinging low),
I would give to you a ring
(Swinging, oh!)
With a diamond set so bright
That the shining of its light
Should make morning of the night
(Swinging high, swinging low)—
Should make morning of the night
(Swinging, oh!)

On each ringlet as it fell
(Swinging high, swinging low)
I would tie a golden bell
(Swinging, oh!)

And the golden bells would chime
In a little merry rhyme,
In the merry morning time
(Swinging high, swinging low)—
In the happy morning time
(Swinging, oh!)

You should wear a satin gown
(Swinging high, swinging low),
All with ribbons falling down
Swinging oh!)
And your little twinkling feet,
O my Pretty and my Sweet!
Should be shod with silver neat
Swinging high, swinging low)—
Shod with silver slippers neat
(Swinging, oh!)

But I'm not a fairy, Pet
(Swinging high, swinging low),
And not even a king, as yet
(Swinging, oh!)
So all that I can do
Is to kiss your little shoe,
And to make a queen of you
(Swinging high, swinging low),
Make a fairy queen of you
(Swinging, oh!)

CHAPTER VI.—HARTLEY'S GLEN.

Not far from the old farm is a green glade, called Hartley's Glen, down which a merry brook runs laughing and singing on its way to the sea. On one side of this glen the steep bank is clothed with birch-trees, clinging as best they may to the rocky soil; the other side of the valley is not so steep, and is fringed with barberry bushes and climbing eglantine.

And between these two banks there is a green velvet carpet of turf, and here Hilda and her pupil, Zerubbabel Chirk, have made themselves extremely comfortable under a great ash-tree which stands in the centre of the glen. The teacher has curled herself up against the roots of the tree, and has a piece of work in her hands; but her eyes are wandering dreamily over the lovely scene before her, and she looks as if she were really too comfortable to move even a finger. The scholar lies at her feet, face downwards, his chin propped on his hands, his head bobbing up and down. The silence is only broken by the noise of a waterfall and the chirping of some very cheerful little bird.

Presently the boy raised his head, and cried joyfully, 'I've fetched him, Miss Hildy; I know it now just like pie!' Whereupon he stood up, and assuming a military attitude, he submitted to a severe geographical catechising, and came off with flying colours.

'That was very good,' said Hilda, approvingly, as she laid the book down. 'You shall have another ballad to-day as a reward. But, Bubble,' she added, rather seriously, 'I do wish you would not use so much slang. It is so senseless! Now what did you mean by saying "just like pie," in speaking of your lesson just now?'

'Oh, come now, Miss Hildy!' said Bubble, bashfully, 'there's no use in your telling me you don't know what pie is.'

'Of course I know what pie is, you silly boy,' said Hilda, laughing. 'But what has pie to do with your geography lesson?'

'That's so,' murmured the boy. 'I won't say "like pie" no more; I'll say "like blazes" instead.'

'You needn't say "like" anything,' cried Hilda, laughing again; 'just say I know my lesson "well," or "thoroughly." There are plenty of *real* words, Bubble, that have as much meaning as the slang ones, and often a great deal more.'

'That's so,' said Bubble, with an air of deep conviction. 'I'll try not to talk no more slang, Miss Hildy. I will, I swan!'

'But, Bubble, you must not say "I swan" either; that is *abominable* slang.'

Bubble looked very blank. 'Why, what *shall* I say?' he asked, simply.

'Why *must* you say anything, Bubble—anything of that sort, I mean?'

'Oh!' said the boy, 'I don't know that I can say *why*, Miss Hildy; but—things don't seem to have no taste to them, without you say *something*.'

'Let me think,' said Hilda; 'perhaps I can think of something that will sound better.'

'I might say, "Gee Whittekers,"' suggested Bubble, brightening up a little. 'I know some fellows as says that.'

'I don't think that would do,' replied Hilda, decidedly. 'What does it mean?'

'Don't mean nothing as I knows on,' said the boy; 'but it sounds kind of handsome, don't it?'

Hilda shook her head with a smile. She did not think 'Gee Whittekers' a 'handsome' expression.

'Bubble,' she said after a few moments' reflection, during which her scholar watched her anxiously, 'I have an idea. If you *must* say "something," beside what you actually have to say, let it be something that will remind you of your lessons, then it may help you to remember them. Instead of Gee—what is it?—Gee Whittekers, say Geography, or Spelling, or Arithmetic; and instead of "I swan," say "I study!" What do you think of this plan?'

'First-rate,' exclaimed Bubble, nodding his head. 'I like it first-rate! Ge-ography! Why, that sounds just like pie. I—I don't mean that, Miss Hildy. I didn't mean to say it, nohow. It slipped out, you know.' Bubble paused, and hung his head in much confusion.

'Never mind,' said Hilda, kindly; 'of course you cannot make the change all at once, Bubble. But little by little, if you really think about it, you will bring it about. Next week,' she added, 'I think we must begin upon grammar. You are doing very well indeed in spelling and geography, and pretty well in arithmetic; but your grammar, Bubble, is simply frightful.'

'Be it?' said Bubble, resignedly. 'I want to know.'

'And now,' said the young instructress, rising and shaking out her crumpled frock, 'that is enough for to-day, Bubble. We must be going home soon; but first I want to take a peep at the lower part of the old mill, that you told me about yesterday. You have been in there you say? And how did you get in?'

(*Continued at page* 178.)



Hilda swinging in the Barn.



Jenny's Visit to the Parish Church.

JENNY.

JENNY was a donkey of a wandering disposition. Her master, who lived in a northern suburb of London, having no need for her services, was glad to be saved the expense of keeping her, and let her pick up her living where she could. Every one knew Jenny, and she might be met with any day, quietly walking along the roads, sometimes miles away from her own place. She took no notice of anybody, but always seemed to be absorbed in profound thought; but if the boys attempted to have any fun with her, or tried to get on her back for a ride, she suddenly lashed out her heels at them and galloped off. She took her meals wherever she found a garden gate open, and it was difficult to convince her that she was doing any harm in browsing on expensive plants; and when a woman came out and belaboured her with a stick Jenny merely hollowed her back to receive as little of the blows as possible, and went on with her repast, and when she had finished walked slowly out at the gate with a satisfied air. When her master was remonstrated with about her depredations, he always replied that he 'was goin' to look arter 'er,' but he never did.

One very hot Sunday morning Jenny, having taken her breakfast, and being tired with her morning's walk, felt a need for repose. She approached the parish church, and saw through the open door the cool shade within; the sun was shining fiercely without, so she quietly walked into the porch. The sermon had just begun, and the clattering of her hoofs caused some of the congregation to turn round; the boys began to giggle when they saw Jenny, and the beadle, a solemn personage in gorgeous costume, who had been keeping a sharp eye on them, looking towards the door, beheld, to his horror, a donkey entering the church! Seizing his staff of office he rushed forward to bar the intruder's way and save the sacred edifice from desecration. Jenny was forced to retreat; but her offence in interrupting Divine service could not be overlooked, and her master received a notice that unless he confined her within proper limits proceedings would be taken against him for her trespasses. His excuse that his donkey was of a religious turn of mind and wanted to go to church was disregarded; so, finding that in future he would have to support her instead of letting her forage for herself, he sold her, and poor Jenny was reduced to servitude. I afterwards saw her drawing a costermonger's cart, but she still retained her thoughtful air, and seemed resigned to her fate.

A. R.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 175.)

'I'LL show you,' cried Bubble, springing up with alacrity, and leading the way towards the mill. 'I'll show you the very place, Miss Hildy. It isn't easy to get in, and it's no place for a lady, nohow; but I can get in just like—like arithmetic.'

'Bravo, Bubble!' said Hilda, laughing merrily. 'That is very well for a beginning. How long is it since the mill was used?' she asked, looking up at the frowning walls of rough, dark stone, covered with moss and lichens.

'Farmer Hartley's gran'father was the last miller,' replied Bubble Chirk. 'My father used to say he could just remember him, standing at the mill door, all white with flour, and rubbing his hands and laughing just the way Farmer does. He was a good miller, father said, and made the mill pay well. But his eldest son, that came after him, was no great shakes, and he let the mill go to rack and ruin, and just stayed on the farm. And then he died, and Captain Hartley came (that's the Farmer's father, you know), and he was kind of crazy, and didn't care about the mill either, and so there it stayed. This way, Miss Hildy,' added the boy, breaking off suddenly, and plunging into the tangled thicket of shrubs and brambles that hid the base of the mill. 'There, you see that hole? That's where I get in. Wait till I clear away the briers a bit. There! now you can look in.'

The 'hole' was a square opening a couple of feet from the ground, and large enough for a person of moderate size to creep through. Hildegarde stooped down and looked in. At first she saw nothing but utter blackness, but presently her eyes became accustomed to the place, and the feeble light, which struggled in past her through the opening, revealed strange objects which rose here and there from the vast pit of darkness—fragments of rusty iron, bent and twisted into unearthly shapes; broken beams, their jagged ends sticking out like stiffly-pointing fingers; cranks and bits of hanging chain; and on the side next the water, a huge wheel rising apparently out of the bowels of the earth, since the lower part of it was invisible. A cold, damp air seemed to rise from the earth. Hilda shivered and drew back, looking rather pale. 'What a *dreadful* place!' she cried. 'I think you were very brave to go in there, Bubble. I am sure *I* should not dare to go; it looks so frightful.'

'Peters stumped me to go,' said Bubble, simply, 'so of course I went. Most of the boys daren't. And it's not bad, after the first time. They do say it's haunted, but I never see nothing.'

'Haunted!' cried Hilda, drawing back still farther from the black opening. 'By—by what, Bubble?'

'Captain's ghost,' replied the boy. 'He used to go rooklin' round in there when he was alive, folk say, and some thinks his spirit haunts there now.'

'Oh, nonsense!' said Hildegarde, with a laugh which did not sound quite natural. 'Of course you don't believe any such foolishness as that, Bubble. But what did the old—old gentleman want there when he was alive? I can't imagine any one going in there for pleasure.'

'Dunno, I'm sure,' replied Bubble. 'Father, he come down here one day, after blackberries, when he was a boy. He heard a noise in there, and went and peeked in, and there was the old Captain poking about with his big stick in the dirt. He looked up and saw father, and came at him with his stick up, roaring like a mad bull, father said. And he cut and run, father did, and he heard the old Captain laughing after him as if he would have a fit.'

Bubble let the wild briers fly back about the gloomy opening, and they stepped back on the smooth green-

sward again. Ah, how bright and warm the sunshine was, after that horrible black pit! Hilda shivered again at the thought of it, and then laughed at her own cowardice. She turned and gazed at the waterfall, creaming and curling over the rocks, and making such a merry, musical jest of its tumble into the pool. 'Oh, lovely, lovely!' she cried. 'Bubble, do you know that Hartley's Glen is the most beautiful place in the world?'

'No, miss! Be it really?' asked Zerubbabel, seriously. 'I always thought it was kind of a sightly gully, but I didn't know it was all that.'

'Well, it is,' said Hilda. 'It is all that, and more; and I love it. But now, Bubble,' she added, 'we must make haste, for the Farmer will be wanting you, and I have a dozen things to do before tea.'

'Yes, miss,' said Bubble, but without his usual alacrity.

Hilda saw a look of disappointment in his honest blue eyes, and asked what was the matter.

'I've not had my ballad,' said Zerubbabel, sadly.

'Why, you poor lad, so you haven't,' said Hildegarde. 'But you shall have it; I will tell it to you as we walk back to the farm. Which one will you have, or shall I tell you a new one?'

The blue eyes sparkled with the delight of anticipation. 'Oh, please!' he cried; 'the one about the bold Buckle-oh!'

Hilda laughed merrily. 'The bauld Buccleugh?' she repeated. 'Oh! you mean "Kinmont Willie." Yes, indeed, you shall have that. It is one of my favourite ballads, and I am glad you like it.'

'Oh, I tell you!' cried Bubble. 'When he whangs the table, and says do they think his helmet's an old woman's bonnet, and all the rest of it,—I tell you that's *some*, Miss Huldy!'

'You have the spirit of the verse, Bubble,' said Hilda, laughing softly; 'but the words are not *quite* right.' And she repeated the splendid, ringing words of Buccleugh's indignant outcry:

'Oh! is my basnet a widow curch,
Or my lance a wand o' the willow-tree,
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly me?

'And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleugh
Is warden here o' the Scottish side?

'And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleugh
Can back a steed or shake a spear?'

Zerubbabel Chirk fairly danced up and down in his excitement. 'Oh! but begin again at the beginnin', *please*, Miss Huldy,' he cried.

So Hilda, nothing loth, began at the beginning; and as they walked homeward, recited the whole of the noble old ballad, which if any girl-readers do not know, they may find it in any collection of Scottish ballads.

'And the best of it is, Bubble,' said Hilda, 'that it is all true—every word of it; or nearly every word.'

'I'll bet it is!' cried Bubble, still much excited. 'They couldn't make lies sound like that, ye know. You kind of *know* it's true, and it goes right through you, somehow. When did it happen, Miss Hildy?'

'Oh! a long time ago,' said Hildegarde; 'near the end of the sixteenth century. I forget just the very year, but it was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She was very angry at Buccleugh's breaking into Carlisle Castle, which was an English castle, you see, and carrying off Lord Scroope's prisoner; and she sent word to King James of Scotland that he must give up Buccleugh to her to punish as she saw fit. King James refused at first, for he said that Lord Scroope had been the first to break the truce by carrying off Kinmont Willie in time of peace; but at length he was obliged to yield, for Queen Elizabeth was very powerful, and always would have her own way. So the "bauld Buccleugh" was sent to London and brought before the great, haughty English queen. But he was just as haughty as she, and was not a bit afraid of her. She looked down upon him from her throne (she was very stately, you know, and she wore a crown, and a great stiff ruff, and her dress was all covered with gold and precious stones), and asked him how he dared to undertake such a desperate and presumptuous enterprise. And Buccleugh—O Bubble, I always liked this so much!—Buccleugh just looked her full in the face, and said, "What is it a man dare not do?" Now Queen Elizabeth liked nothing so much as a brave man, and this bold answer pleased her. She turned to one of her ministers and said, "With 10,000 such men our brother in Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe." And so she let him go, just because he was so brave.'

Bubble Chirk drew a long breath, and his eyes flashed. 'I wish I had been alive then!' he said.

'Why, Bubble?' asked Hilda, much amused; 'what would you have done?'

'I'd have killed Lord Scroope!' he cried; 'him and the whole kit of them. Besides,' he added, 'I'd like to have lived then just to see *him*—jest to see the bold Buckle-oh; that's what *I* call a man!' And Queen Hildegardis fully agreed with him.

They had nearly reached the house when the boy asked, 'If that king was her brother, why did she treat him so? My sister don't act that way.'

'What—oh, you mean Queen Elizabeth!' said Hilda, laughing. 'King James was not her brother, Bubble. They were cousins, but nothing more.'

'You *said* she said "brother,"' persisted the boy.

'So I did,' replied Hilda. 'You see, it was the fashion, and is still, for kings and queens to *call* each other brother and sister, whether they were really related to each other or not.'

'But I thought they was always fighting,' objected Bubble. 'Ive got a history book at home, and in that it says they used to fight whenever they got a chance.'

'So they did,' said Hilda. 'But they called each other "our royal brother" and "our beloved sister:" and they were always paying each other fine compliments, and saying how much they loved each other, even in the middle of a war, when they were fighting as hard as they could.'

'Humph!' said Bubble, 'nice kind of folk they must have been. Well, I must go, Miss Hildy,' he added, reluctantly. 'I've had a splendid time, and I'm *real* obliged to you. I'll try to learn that story



Ethel's New Dress.

by heart, about the bold Buckle-oh. I want to tell it to Pink. *She'd* like it—oh, my! wouldn't she like it, just like—I mean just like spelling! Good-bye, Miss Hildy.' And Bubble ran off to bring home the cows, his heart swelling high with scorn of kings and queens, and with a fervour of devotion to Walter Scott, first lord of Buccleugh.

(*Continued at page* 186.)

ETHEL'S NEW DRESS.

YES, Ethel! I at once confess
I do admire your pretty dress;
But listen, dear, and let me tell
You of some things I like as well.

The *face* that never wears a frown
Is lovelier than a velvet gown;
The *gentle words* young people say
More precious are than ribbons gay.

The *hand* that gives, nor seeks again,
The *heart* that feels another's pain,
And loves its little joys to share—
These fit the robes that angels wear.

The *little feet* that onward press
The narrow paths of righteousness,
In shining vesture these shall stand
For ever in the Heavenly land.

AGNES O. HARRIS.



A SONG OF THE CHESTNUT-TREES.

SING me a song of the chestnut-trees,
Of the chestnut-trees in spring;
When the budding boughs swing slow in the breeze,
Or in early blossoming.
Oh! my song will be a song of life,
Of home, and of childhood's hours,
When hope was as spreading buds on the bough,
And faith like the upward flowers.

Sing me a song of the chestnut-trees,
In the sunny summer-time;
When hushed are the spring's sweet minstrelsies,
And the year is in its prime.
Oh! my song will still be a song of life—
Of earnest life and strong;
Of noonday heat, and of shadow sweet,
And of toilers that toil long.

Sing me a song of the chestnut-trees,
When the autumn leaves are sere,
And the way is strewn for the lingering steps
Of the slow-departing year.
Oh! my song will yet be a song of life,
Though of life that is on the wane;
But a tone of joy you will hear in my song
For the past that shall be again.

Sing me a song of the chestnut-trees
With the snows of winter white,
Or silvered with frost, or by wild winds tossed
Through the dark and dreary night.
Oh! my song will now be of life indeed,
And the gladdest song I can sing;
For the frost and the snow, though they come they go,
And the wild, wild winds will at last sink low,
For on winter follows spring.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. IV.—THE AIR OF THE WORLD.

WHAT we call air is a beautiful substance of a fluid nature which envelopes the whole globe. It is always composed alike of about twenty parts of oxygen gas to eighty parts of nitrogen, with a small portion of carbonic acid gas. There is also some watery vapour in it. The proportions of those two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, which compose the air, are always the same, whether on the top of the high mountain or in the atmosphere of the hospital. The air is never still; its atoms are ever in motion. An upper current is always running from the Equator to the Poles, and a lower one from the Poles to the Equator; while a third current, about 4000 miles wide, sweeps round the Equator from east to west. Various causes unite to produce wind, which is the air more or less violently agitated. There is the unequal distribution of heat,—the sun beating on some parts of the earth fiercely, while on others he beats feebly, or scarcely at all. Then there is the spinning of the earth upon its axis, and as it spins, carrying the air with it. Then there is the irregular distribution of land and water, with here and there a snow-capped mountain, and here and there an arid waste of sand. All these things tend to cause that constant fluctuation of air which, as trade winds and monsoons, serves so many useful purposes. Our springtime is notorious for its north winds. And why? They are caused by the dense Polar air pressing forward towards the Equator, to restore the balance which has been disturbed.

Wind travels at any rate per hour, from one mile to a hundred. When it is going at the first it is scarcely felt, and when at the latter it is a violent hurricane, against which strong men can hardly stand. The atmosphere, even in its stillest mood, is always pressing heavily on every object which it surrounds. The weight of the whole is computed at eleven trillions of pounds, or over five thousand billions of tons. One use of this air-pressure is to keep water from becoming vapour too easily. Most of our fluids would evaporate if there were no air. You can prove that the air exerts pressure by the following experiment:—Get a tall glass jar, and put a lighted taper in it, so that the taper will burn with the mouth of the jar downwards. Then put that open mouth in a dish containing water. What will follow? The taper as it burns will exhaust the air in the jar, and it will, of course, lose its power of pressure. As, however, the air outside remains the same, its pressure will be seen to force up the surface of the water inside the jar.

The pressure of the atmosphere becomes less as we rise higher and higher, and many people who have ascended in balloons have felt great pain, because it seems the pressure of the blood in the body is not counterbalanced by the pressure of the thin air. The feet and hands swell in consequence. The same inconvenience is caused, though not so acutely, by changes in the weather. Often in the course of a few hours there is an increase or diminution of a hundredweight or more of air-pressure on each person. A full-grown man will sustain a pressure of about fourteen tons' weight, but as the air presses in every direction equally, he is not injured by the vast weight of the atmosphere, for the equal pressure on all sides resists as much as it is resisted.

The air, as we have said, contains twenty parts of oxygen to eighty of nitrogen. If it were otherwise constituted it would not be fit to breathe. Pure oxygen would speedily kill us if we breathed it, but we cannot do without a certain portion. It has been calculated that we draw air into our lungs about 28,000 times in the twenty-four hours, that is about 240,000 cubic inches of air, of which one-fifth, or 48,000, is oxygen. By far the greater part of this oxygen is retained and combined with the blood as it enters the lungs. Some of this oxygen changes the blood from a purple to a red colour, and some combines with the hydrogen of the blood and forms water. The heat of the body is owing to the oxygen gas we inhale. If we were to inhale pure oxygen, our pulse would beat twice as rapidly, and we should become very hot. The reason why our heat increases during violent exercise is that the breathing is more rapid, and so more oxygen is obtained by the lungs from the air. The chief bulk of air is, as we have said, nitrogen gas. If our head was plunged in a vessel of pure nitrogen, we should die, as surely as if we were put under the surface of water; and a lighted candle is soon extinguished in it, as we see by placing one in a closed vessel. When it has used up all the oxygen in the vessel, it must go out. If oxygen and nitrogen were not blended just as they are in the air, viz., one of oxygen to four of nitrogen, the compound would be hurtful to life. If we took equal quantities of each, the result would be nitrous gas, unfit for any creature to breathe. If we made an air of one-third oxygen and two-thirds nitrogen, we should get what is called 'laughing gas.' If that is inhaled for only

two or three minutes, it makes you feel happy, and as if you were mounting up in a balloon.

The vital air of plants is carbonic acid, of which a small portion is mixed with the air. The leaves inhale this, and get from it the carbon which feeds them. We help to supply this gas by the breath we discharge from our lungs. Every fire also produces some of it. Also beer and other things in a state of fermentation. It is this gas which sparkles in the champagne and soda water. Or pour vinegar on chalk, and you can get it; every bubble you see is full of it. It is very dangerous to sleep in a close room with a charcoal fire, because the carbonic acid gas it gives off is deadly. It is bad, too, to be in a room too full of people, because they exhale this gas. Wells, too, are often dangerous to those who go down them on account of it. A lake in Italy sends forth so much of this gas, that birds flying over it drop down dead.

As to the last constituent of air, namely, vapour of water, we may notice that it is always most abundant when most wanted by plants—that is, in hot weather. Clouds are masses of vapour, sometimes hail, sometimes rain. From their shapes observant people can foretell the weather. A mackerel-sky, for instance, is prophetic of a fine time. The highest clouds are what are called 'cirri,' or curl clouds. They are always white, and are supposed to be formed of frozen vapour; and they are from three to five miles above the earth. Hail-storms are caused by sudden cold, chilling air very full of vapour, and are connected also with violent changes in the electrical state of the air. When electricity passes from one cloud to another, there is a flash and a loud report, which are popularly known as thunder and lightning.

G. S. O.

A SAILOR HERO.

ENGLAND is justly proud of her sailors. They have never failed her in the hour of need. The roll of her sailor heroes is a long and splendid record of names famous in history. To this scroll of honour was added, in 1882, the name of a young lieutenant, who, till the hour of his death, had no place on that scroll. The occasion which came to Rawson, and which brought him his fame, was the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. The Egyptian army was strongly entrenched in force behind desert earthworks. It was necessary for Lord Wolseley, who was in command of the British Army, to drive the Egyptians from these fortified lines, a task which would have entailed heavy loss if it had been attempted by daylight. It was, therefore, decided to advance across the desert by night, and, if possible, to surprise the enemy at dawn. To accomplish this hazardous and difficult feat, a man was needed who could lead the army by the aid of the stars, and the compass, across the trackless desert. A sailor would naturally, from his training, be best fitted for such a purpose, and Rawson was chosen by the General as the man of all others most likely to carry to a successful issue this responsible and dangerous duty. Not only the men under young Rawson's immediate command were intrusted to his charge, but the safety, the victory, or defeat of the entire army were in his hands. Night fell, and this brave and determined young officer led the bold march. He led his men so carefully and correctly that at break of day they were on the exact spot where Lord Wolseley had desired them to be. As the sun rose the pipes and bugles sounded the charge, our men rushed to the attack, scaled the fortifications, and Tel-el-Kebir was ours. But, alas! the first to fall was brave Lieutenant Rawson. As soon as Lord Wolseley heard that the young sailor was mortally wounded, he rode to the spot where Rawson lay dying in the early morning light. The General was received with a happy smile as he knelt by Rawson, and took his hand in his. Looking up with beaming eyes, the dying man asked:

'General, didn't I lead them straight?'

'Nothing could have been done better,' was the answer.

The hero gave a grateful sigh, and fell back dead.

He had led them *straight*, and his chief was satisfied with him; he died content, the death of a brave Englishman, who felt that he had done his duty.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

14.—Acrostic.

A well-known and useful proverb.

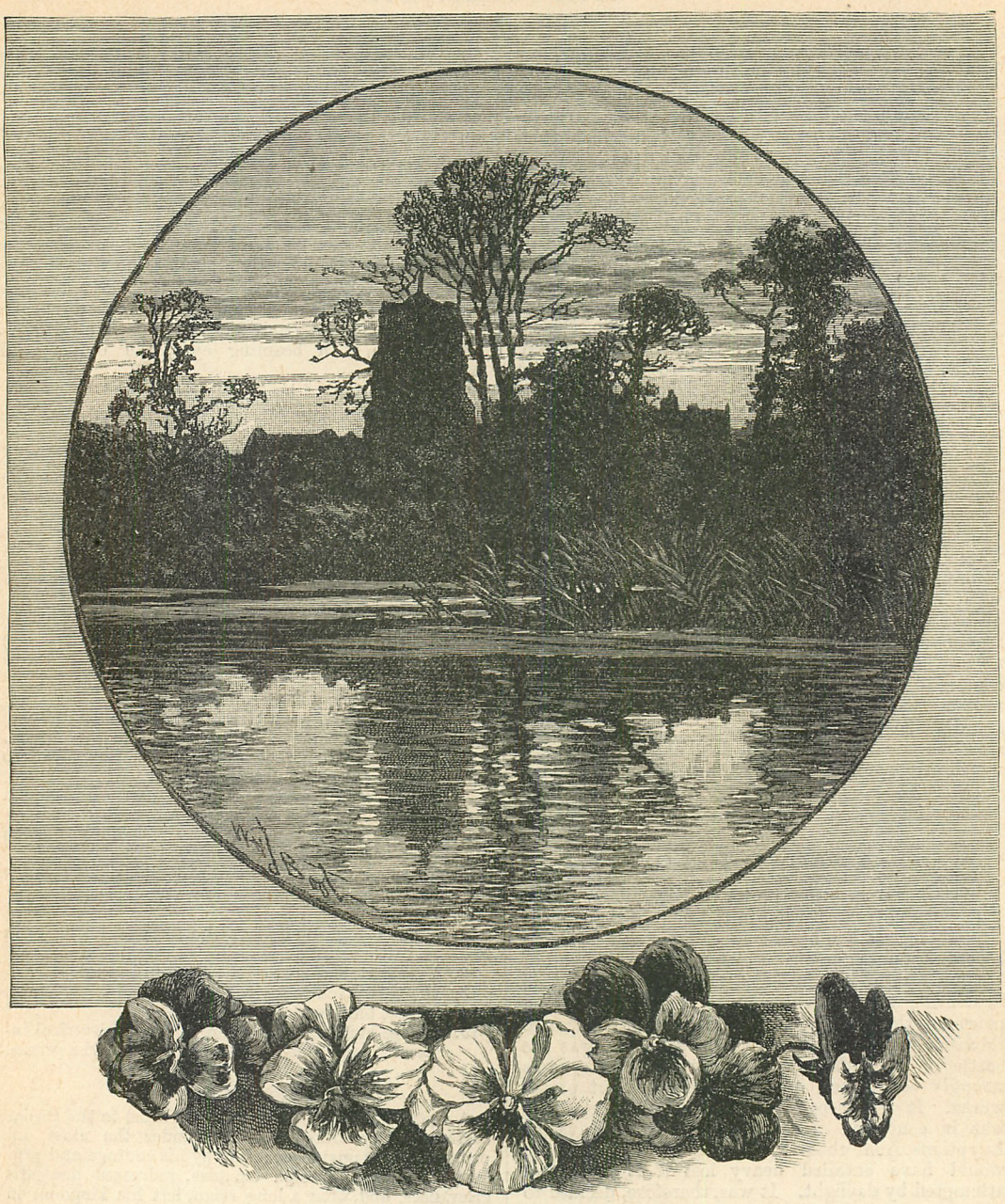
1. The name of four English kings.
2. A beloved prince who lived in this century.
3. The greatest of modern travellers.
4. The name of a great Grecian historian.
5. The second name of the heir to the English throne.
6. A great English philosopher and astronomer who lived in the seventeenth century.
7. The Christian name of a great man, who, though not a king, ruled a kingdom for some years.
8. The name of a royal family of England, of which two of the reigning sovereigns were queens.
9. A brave Scottish knight who defended his country against invaders.
10. The first Roman Emperor.
11. A great English admiral who received his death in a battle in which his country was victorious.
12. A great Italian poet of the sixteenth century.
13. The title given to a great man in India.
14. A great professor of modern science.
15. A large building in London of great historical interest, used formerly both as a palace and a prison.

15.—Historical Acrostic.

A great, good, and wise king, who came to the throne surrounded by difficulties, and under the most unpromising circumstances; but by his courage and prudence, overcame foreign enemies, redressed domestic grievances, and, after a long reign, left his kingdom in a prosperous condition.

1. A celebrated Athenian who was famed for his justice.
2. The Christian name of eighteen kings of France.
3. A celebrated American who made many important discoveries in electricity.
4. A name given to a king to describe his personal appearance.
5. A very great geometrician.
6. One of the most amusing writers of this century.

[*Answers at page* 203.]



EVENING ON THE RIVER.

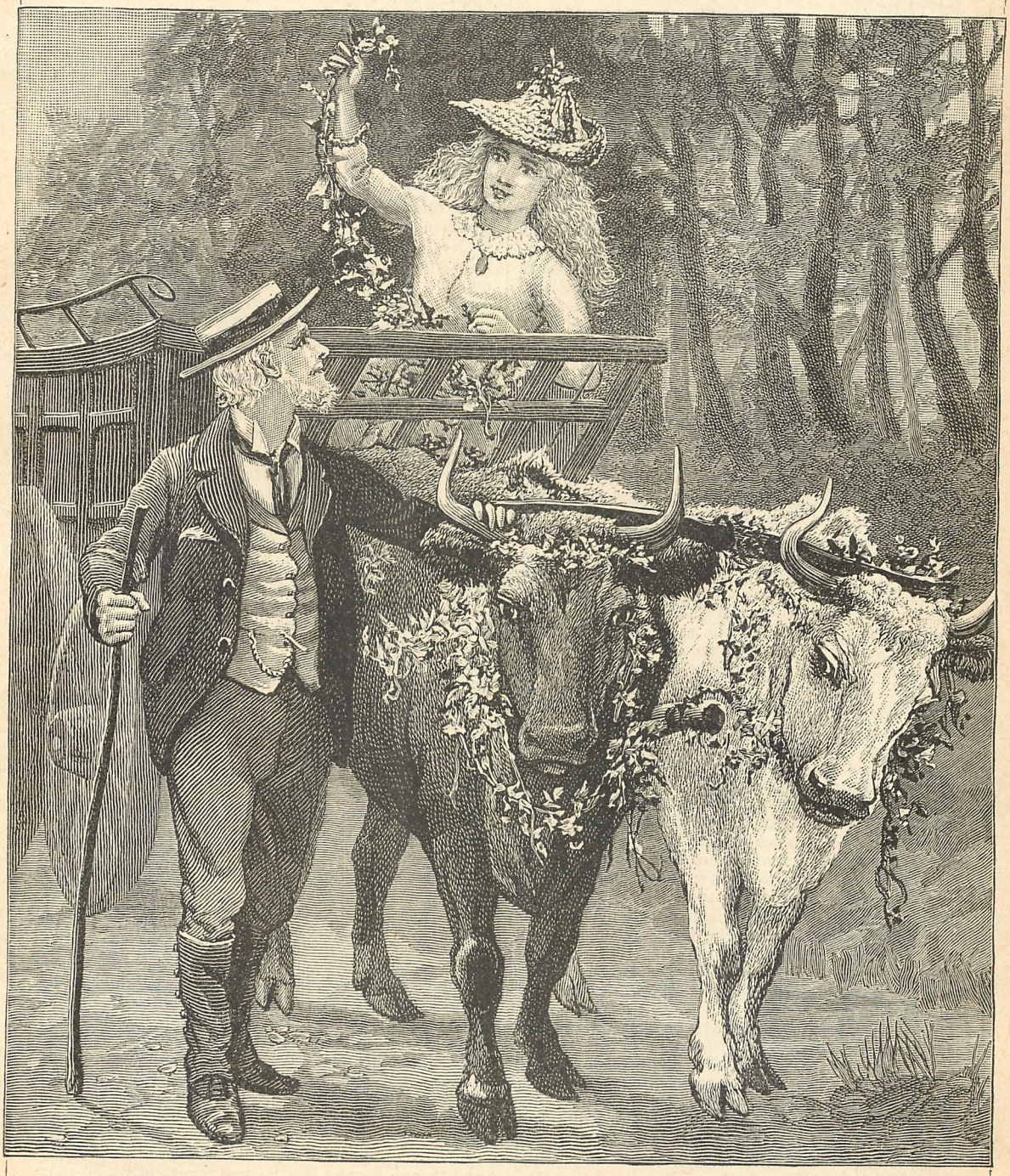
'TIS the calm evening hour,
And slowly, softly stealing
Forth from the grey church tower
Sweet bells are gently pealing.
'Children of Earth,' to us they seem to say,
'The busy day is over—kneel and pray.'

All through the sunlit hours,
Bright children's happy faces
Were seen where Spring's sweet flowers
Grew thick in sheltered places.

Ah, the sweet rapture, the delight they knew,
When gathering perfumed violets wet with dew!

But now night's shadows lie
On the bright flowing river;
Only the western sky
Still seems with light to quiver;
The sweet bells cease, and from the House of Prayer
Soft voices rise upon the evening air.

B. M.



Hilda and Farmer Hartley in the Country Lane.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 180.)

CHAPTER VII.—PINK CHIRK.

ONE lovely morning Hildegarde stood at the back door, feeding the fowls. She wore her brown gingham frock with the yellow daisies on it, and the daisy-wreathed hat, and in her hands she held a great yellow bowl full of yellow corn. So bright a picture she made that Farmer Hartley, driving the oxen afield, stopped for pure pleasure to look at her. Around her the ducks and hens were fighting and squabbling, quacking, clucking, and gobbling, and she flung the corn in golden showers on their heads and backs, making them nearly frantic with greedy anxiety.

'Well, Huldy,' said the farmer, leaning against Bright's massive side, 'you look pretty slick in that gown, I must say. I reckon there's no such gown as *that* on Fifth Avenue?'

'Indeed, I don't believe there is, Farmer Hartley,' replied Hilda, laughing merrily! 'at least I never saw one like it. It *is* pretty, I think, and *so* comfortable! And where are you going this morning with the mammoths?'

'Down to the ten-acre lot,' replied the farmer. 'The men are making hay there to-day. Jump into the cart and come along,' he added. 'You can have a little ride, and see the hay-making. Pretty sight it is, to my thinking.'

'May I?' cried Hilda, eagerly. 'I am sure these fowls have had enough. Go away now, you greedy creatures! There, you shall have all there is!' and she emptied the bowl over the astonished dignitaries of the barnyard, laid it down on the settle in the porch, and jumped gaily into the great hay-cart.

'Haw, Bright! hoish, Star!' said the farmer, touching one and then the other of the great black oxen lightly with his goad. The huge beasts swayed from side to side, and finally succeeded in getting themselves and the cart in motion, while the farmer walked leisurely beside them, tapping and poking them occasionally, and talking to them in that mystic language which only oxen and their drivers understand. Down the sweet country lane they went, with the willows hanging over them, and the daisies and buttercups and meadow-sweet running riot all over the banks. Hilda stood up in the cart and pulled off twigs from the willows as she passed under them, and made garlands, which the farmer obediently put over the oxen's necks. She hummed little snatches of song, and chatted gaily with her kind old host; for the world was very fair, and her heart was full of summer and sunshine.

'And have you always lived here, Farmer Hartley?' she asked. 'All your life, I mean?'

'No, not all my life,' replied the farmer, 'though pretty nigh it. I was ten year old when my uncle died, and father left sea-faring and came home to the farm to live. Before that we had lived in different places, moving round, like. We was at sea a good deal, sailing with father when he went on pleasant voyages, to the West Indies. But since then I've not been away much. I don't seem to find no pleasanter place than the old farm, somehow.'

'I don't believe there *is* any pleasanter place in the world!' said Hilda, warmly. 'I am sure I have never been so happy anywhere as I have here.

Farmer Hartley looked up with a twinkle in his eye. 'You've changed your views, haven't you, Huldy, since the first day you came here? I didn't never think, then, as I'd be giving you rides in the hay-cart, such a fine young lady as you was.'

Hilda gave him an imploring glance. 'Please, Farmer Hartley,' she said, in a low voice, 'please try to forget that first day. It isn't my views that have changed,' she said, 'it is I myself. I don't—I really don't *think* I am the same girl who came here a month ago.'

'No, missie,' said the farmer, heartily, 'I don't think you are.' He walked along in silence for a few minutes, and then said, 'It's curious how folk can sometimes change themselves, one way or the other.'

The green lane broke off suddenly, and such a blaze of sunlight flashed upon them that Hilda raised her hand to shield her eyes. The great meadow lay before them, an undulating plain of gold. The hay-cocks looked dull and grey-green upon it; but where the men were tossing the hay with their long wooden rakes, it flashed pale-golden in the sunlight, and filled the air with flying gleams. Also the air was filled with the sweetness of the hay, and every breath was a delight. Hilda stood speechless with pleasure, and the old farmer watched her glowing face with kindly gratification.

'Pretty sightly, isn't it?' he said. And then, in a graver tone, and removing his battered straw hat, 'I don't never seem to see the glory of the Lord no plainer than in a hayfield a day like this. If a man can't be a Christian on a farm in summer, he can't be it nowhere. Amen!' and Farmer Hartley put on his hat and proceeded straightway to business. 'Now, Huldy,' he said, 'I'm going to load up this cart, and you can stay round here a spell, if you like, and run home *when* you like. You can find the way, I reckon?'

'Oh, yes!' said Hilda; 'yes, indeed! But I shall stay here for a while, and watch you. And mayn't I toss the hay too a little?'

But her courage failed when she found that to do this she must mingle with the crowd of strange hay-makers; and besides, among them she saw the clumsy form and shock head of Caliban, as she had secretly named the clownish nephew of her good host. This fellow was the one bitter drop in Hilda's cup. Everything else she had learned to like in the month which had passed since she came to Hartley's Glen. The Farmer and his wife she loved as they deserved to be loved. The little maid-servant was her adoring slave, and secretly sewed her boot-buttons on, and mended her stockings, as some small return for the lessons in crochet and fancy knitting that she had received from the skilful white fingers which were a perpetual marvel to her. But Simon Hartley remained what she had at first thought him—a sullen, boorish churl. He was a malevolent churl too, Hildegarde thought; indeed, she was sure of it. She had several times seen his eyes fixed on his uncle with a look of positive hatred; and though Farmer Hartley was persistently kind and

patient with him, trying often to draw him into conversation, and make him join in the pleasant evening talks which they all enjoyed, his efforts were not successful. The fellow came in, gobbled his food, and then went off, if his work was over, to hide himself in his own room. Hilda was quite sure that Nurse Lucy liked this lout no better than she herself did, though the good woman never spoke impatiently or unkindly to him—and indeed it would be difficult for any one to like him, she thought, except possibly his own mother.

Our Queen took presently her seat upon a right royal throne of fragrant hay, and gave herself up to the full delight of the summer morning. The hay rustled pleasantly as she nestled down in it, and made a little pent-house over her head to keep off the keen, hot sun-arrows. There was a great oak-tree too, which partly shaded this favoured haycock, and on one of its branches a squirrel came running out, and then sat up and looked at Hildegarde with bright, inquisitive eyes, and then was off up the branch like a streak of brown lightning.

Hilda laughed at the squirrel's alarm, and then turned her attention to a large green grasshopper who seemed to demand it. He had alighted on her knee, and now proceeded to exhibit his different points before her admiring gaze. First he slowly opened his wings to show the delicate silvery gauze of the under-wings; then as slowly closed them, showing the perfect fit of his whole wing-costume and the harmony of its colours. He next extended one leg, calling her attention to its remarkable length and muscular proportions. Then, lest she should think he had but one, he extended the other; and gave a vigorous hop with both of them, to show her that he did not really need wings, but could get on perfectly well without them. Finally he rubbed himself all over with his long antennæ, and then, pointing them full at her, and gazing at her, he said plainly enough, 'And now, Monster, what have *you* to show *me?*'

Hildegarde was wondering how she could best dispel the scorn with which this majestic insect evidently regarded her, when suddenly something new appeared on her gown—something black, many-legged, hairy, most hideous; something which ran swiftly but stealthily, with a motion which sent a thrill of horror through her veins. She started up with a little shriek, shaking off the unlucky spider. Then she looked round with flaming cheeks, to see if her scream had been heard by the hay-makers. No, they were far away, and too busy to take heed of her. But the charm was broken. Queen Hildegarde had plenty of courage of a certain sort, but she could *not* face a spider. The golden throne had become 'a siege perilous,' and she abdicated in favour of the grasshopper and his black and horrent visitor.

What should she do now? The charm of the morning had made her idle and drowsy, and she did not feel like going home to help Nurse Lucy in making the butter, though she often did so with right good will. She looked dreamily around, her eyes wandering here and there over the great meadow and the neat stone walls which bounded it. Presently she spied the chimneys and part of the red roof of a little cottage which peeped from a thick clump of trees just beyond the wall. Who lived in that cottage, Hilda wondered? Why should she not go and see? She was very thirsty, and there she might get a glass of water. Oh! perhaps it was Bubble's cottage, where he and his mother and his sister Pink lived. Now she thought of it, Bubble had told her that he lived 'over beyond the ten-acre lot.' Of course this must be the place. Slowly she walked across the meadow and climbed the wall, wondering a good deal about the people whom she was going to see. She had often meant to ask Bubble more about his sister with the queer name; but the lesson-hour was so short, and there were always so many questions for Bubble to ask and for her to answer besides the regular lesson, that she always forgot it till too late. Pink Chirk! What could a girl be like with such a name as that? Hilda fancied her a stout, buxom maiden, with very red cheeks and very black eyes—yes, certainly, the eyes must be black! Her hair—well, one could not be so sure about her hair; but there was no doubt about her wearing a pink dress and a blue checked apron. And she must be smiling, bustling, and energetic. Yes! Hilda had the picture of her complete in her mind. She wondered that this active, stirring girl never came up to the farm; but, of course, she must have a great deal of work to do at home.

(*Continued at page* 198.)

THE KING'S EVIL.

THE King's Evil, or Scrofula, is one of the many ills we poor mortals are subject to, but why it should have been selected as curable by the touch of a king does not seem quite clear. Nevertheless, it is the fact. The English kings, from the time of Edward the Confessor to that of Queen Anne, used to touch people suffering from scrofulous complaints, and scarcely any one of our historians during 500 years has failed to take notice of this curious fact. Several books have been specially written on the subject. A certain Dean of Lichfield, named Tucker, dedicated one such to Queen Elizabeth. We learn from Bishop Douglas, who wrote a book, that he had met a man who assured him that Queen Anne's touch and the medal which she hung about his neck (and which the Bishop himself saw above twenty years after), had cured him when in a most desperate way. The Bishop also brings forward the testimony of Mr. Dicken, serjeant-surgeon to the Queen. He was, says the Bishop, 'a gentleman well-known for eminence in his profession.' That he had opportunities of knowing the truth must be allowed; for all who were to be touched were first examined by him before they were brought to the Queen, and he made no secret in bearing witness to the certainty of some of the cures. Mr. Dicken had in his keeping many letters, written by persons of character and distinction, who had come up to London to be touched, and thanking him for the trouble he had taken. In particular, he related one case of a woman, who begged that he would present her to the Queen. As the doctor did not much like the woman's appearance, he told her the touch would be of little service to her, as he supposed she would sell her medal, which ought to continue about the neck to make cure lasting. She promised to preserve it, so she was touched and had the medal given



Queen Anne's Touch.

to her; and, soon after, her sores healed up. Forgetting her promise, and now looking upon the piece of gold as useless, she parted with it: but soon her sores began to break out afresh. Upon this she applied to Mr. Dicken a second time, earnestly entreating him to present her again to the Queen. He did so, and once more she was cured. The Bishop supposes the cure was connected with animal magnetism.

During the time of the Commonwealth many people travelled as far as Breda, where the exiled Charles II. was living, in order that he might touch them; and when he had returned in 1660, thousands flocked to receive the royal touch. It appears from an account published by authority, that between May, 1660, and April, 1682, the numbers of persons touched were no less than 95,442. Dr. Johnson, when a child, was touched by Queen Anne, but he always said the royal hand brought him no relief. The stamp, or coin, was called an angel, being a piece of money with the figure of one stamped on gold.



NED AND HIS PONY.

A PONY had been given to Ned
To his delight and joy,
A tiny little quadruped
To suit a tiny boy.

But tiny boys, of course, increase
In size, their legs grow long;
And ere two years had passed away,
Ned was both tall and strong.

'I'm in an awkward fix,' he cried,
'For this will never do,
My feet will soon be on the ground
Unless his legs grow too!'

But, boys, do you suppose that steed
Would grow an inch? not he.
He'd trot, and gallop, eat, and drink,
But that was all, you see.

His growing days were done before
He ever came to Ned.
And as the boy took in this truth,
'I'm in a fix,' he said.

One day when he was riding fast
The pony cast a shoe;
Cries Ned, 'We'll visit blacksmith Joe,
And see what he can do.'

Joe pared the sturdy little hoof,
He pared and pared away,
The while young master watched the deed
In horror and dismay.

At length he spoke. 'Look here now, Joe,
I don't feel quite at ease,
My pony's small enough just now,
Don't make him smaller, please!'

D. B. M.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

16.—A Riddle.

I'm fruit of a tree,
Six letters make my name;
The second pair alike, d'ye see,
The third the same.
If you mark the two first
Which make up my whole,
'Tis the end of tobacco,
And half of coal.
My second pair, when found,
Bid fife and drum resound,
And make the organ swell.
My third pair are as like as peas,
And ever will be perfect ease.
My whole has a room in each hotel,
Be it a King's Head, George, or Bell.

17. I'm a very pleasant creature,
Looked at in one way, you see:
When the dead pig shows his feature,
And there's cream to lace the tea.
Not so pleasant, sure, I am
(Every housewife this endorses),
When the stupid Jane or Sam
Does me to the cups and saucers.

Rearrange my letters rather,
And, behold, what consternation!
In his nightgown works a father
Full of rage and perspiration.
Round the bedroom, ever sweeping,
Flits a creature of the night;
None can have one thought of sleeping
Till the wretch is out of sight.

Recompose my letters, please,
Then what birds do all employ
For my first, on worms or peas,
Will appear to every boy.
And a refuge of despair,
With a mournful band afloat,
Wishing much that I were there
To trickle gently down each throat.

[*Answers at page* 203.]

DICK TURPIN.

THE celebrated Dick Turpin, whose exploits as a highwayman have been thought by many persons to be romantic and interesting, is not such a hero when we know more of his career. He began life with fair prospects of comfort and success, being the son of an inn-keeper in the county of Essex, who seems to have done well by his son. In due time he was apprenticed to a butcher; and, having served his time, he set up for himself in the same line of business. Already, however, he had swerved from the path of honesty, and, having been detected in cattle stealing, he had to fly from justice.

After this, his career was a downward one. He first joined a band of smugglers, but, having quarrelled with them, he next headed a band of deer-stealers, which at that time infested Epping Forest. Deer-stealing, however, having become dangerous, Turpin next took to burglary, his first exploit in this line being to rob an old woman, whose cottage he broke open, and, having threatened to roast her on her own fire, he compelled her to yield up her savings. At another lonely farmhouse, he and his gang blind-folded the farmer and his family, and made off with a large sum of money. After these crimes, the band grew bolder, and broke into so many unprotected houses that much alarm was excited, both in Kent and Essex, as no family felt themselves safe, and the old-fashioned constables of George II.'s time were powerless to prevent the evil. At last a reward was offered for the capture of Turpin or any of his band, and this having come to their ears they grew more cautious. But even thieves cannot always be upon the alert, and one night as they were carousing in an ale-house, the constables burst in, and seized three of them, but Turpin was not one of them—he had escaped by leaping through a window.

His companions having been executed and hung in chains, Turpin thought it best to leave the neighbourhood altogether. He made his way to Cambridgeshire, where he fell in with a notorious fellow named King, who at once entered into partnership with him, and was his accomplice in all his future escapades. As no landlord would harbour them, the two men dug a cave on a piece of waste land, its entrance being hidden by brambles and thorns, where they took up their abode, the cave being large enough to hold both themselves and their horses. As for provisions, these were supplied by Turpin's wife.

As a specimen of the etiquette practised by highwaymen in these days, the following may be given: One night the carriage of a Mr. Braddel was stopped on the heath, and a pistol thrust in at the window, with the usual demand for watches and money. Mr. Braddel gave up his money readily enough, but was unwilling to part with his watch; he therefore offered to leave its value in money at a certain inn, and to ask no questions. To this the highwayman agreed, and the watch, therefore, was left in its owner's possession, who faithfully performed his part of the arrangement.

After a time, the existence of the cave having become known, two stalwart men set out to trap Turpin and his companion. The robbers retreated to the far end of the cave, fired a carbine at the

intruders, one of whom was killed, while the other made off. After many other adventures, during which many lives were taken, King seems to have quarrelled with Turpin, and betrayed his haunts to several men, who, anxious to obtain the promised reward, burst in upon him. In the struggle that followed, King was killed, while Turpin escaped, and appeared in Lincolnshire, where he lived for a time by sheep and horse-stealing. But his hands were red with blood; a sure and certain fate was gradually closing round him, and the avengers were at his heels. One day having, out of mere insolence and bravado, shot some barn-door fowls, the villagers, in a fury, seized upon him, without knowing their captive. Soon, however, the cry was raised that 'here was Turpin at last!' His arms were strapped behind his back, and he was carried off to York Castle, where he became one of the shows of that ancient city, according to the evil custom of those days, when not only criminals, but unfortunate lunatics, were exposed to the observation and cruel comments of every one who could fee the jailor or mad-house keeper. Turpin still kept up an insolent demeanour; spending his time in drinking, joking, and relating his adventures. He was tried, found guilty, and left for execution. After this his extreme vanity found vent in preparing an elaborate dress in which to appear on the gallows. This seems quite to have occupied his mind, for, even at the last moment, he never expressed any remorse for his many villainies. Thus miserably did Dick Turpin end his guilty career, at the early age of thirty-three. He was a bold rider, and that is about all that can be said in his favour. The celebrated ride, however, on Black Bess, from London to York, is now believed to have no foundation in fact.

B. M.

THE DIARY OF AN ANTIQUARY.

THE Rev. Mr. Cole, a friend of Horace Walpole, left about 100 volumes, written with his own hand, to the British Museum. When opened, twenty years after, they were found to contain such ludicrous trifles as the following:—

'Jan. 25th, 1766.—Foggy. My beautiful parrot died at ten at night, without knowing the cause of his illness, he being very well last night. Feb. 1.—Will Wood carried three or four loads of dung into the clay-pit close. Baptized William, son of William Grace, blacksmith, whom I married about six months before. March 6th.—My man was blooded. I sent a loin of pork and a spare-rib to Mr. Cartwright, in London. 27th.—I sent my two French wigs to my London barber to alter them, they being made so miserably, I could not wear them. June 17th.—I went to our new Archdeacon's visitation at Newport Pagnell. I took young H. Travel with me on my dun horse, in order that he might hear the organ, he being a great psalm-singer. The most numerous appearance of clergy that I remember: forty-four dined with the Archdeacon, and, what is extraordinary, not one smoked tobacco. August 16th.—Cool day. Tom reaped for Joe Holdom. I cudgeled Jem for staying so long on an errand,' &c.

O.

THE OLD MILL.

THE dear old mill! once more before my eyes
Its dim outline appears,
How often have I watched that pale moon rise
In childhood's happy years,
When life, and hope, and gladness all were young,
And never shadow on my life was flung!

Our home was by the gently-flowing stream,
Far from the noisy hum
Of city life; and there I oft would dream
Of other joys to come,
When I, a man, would fight my way to fame,
And win for me and mine an honoured name.

Ours was a happy home, both boys and girls
Played round the dear old mill.
Our baby Frances, with the golden curls,
I think I see her still,
Leading our father down the garden walk,
While he would smile to hear her prattling talk.

My gentle mother! oh, what words of mine
Could make you understand
How she could lead us all to good, and twine
Our hearts in one bright band!
To others she was but 'the miller's wife,'
To him, and us, the very joy of life.

Ah, cruel time, why didst thou flee so fast?
We were so happy then!
But childhood's sunny hours have long since passed
And we are grave-eyed men
And women, who know well the griefs and joys
Which mother knew when we were girls and boys.

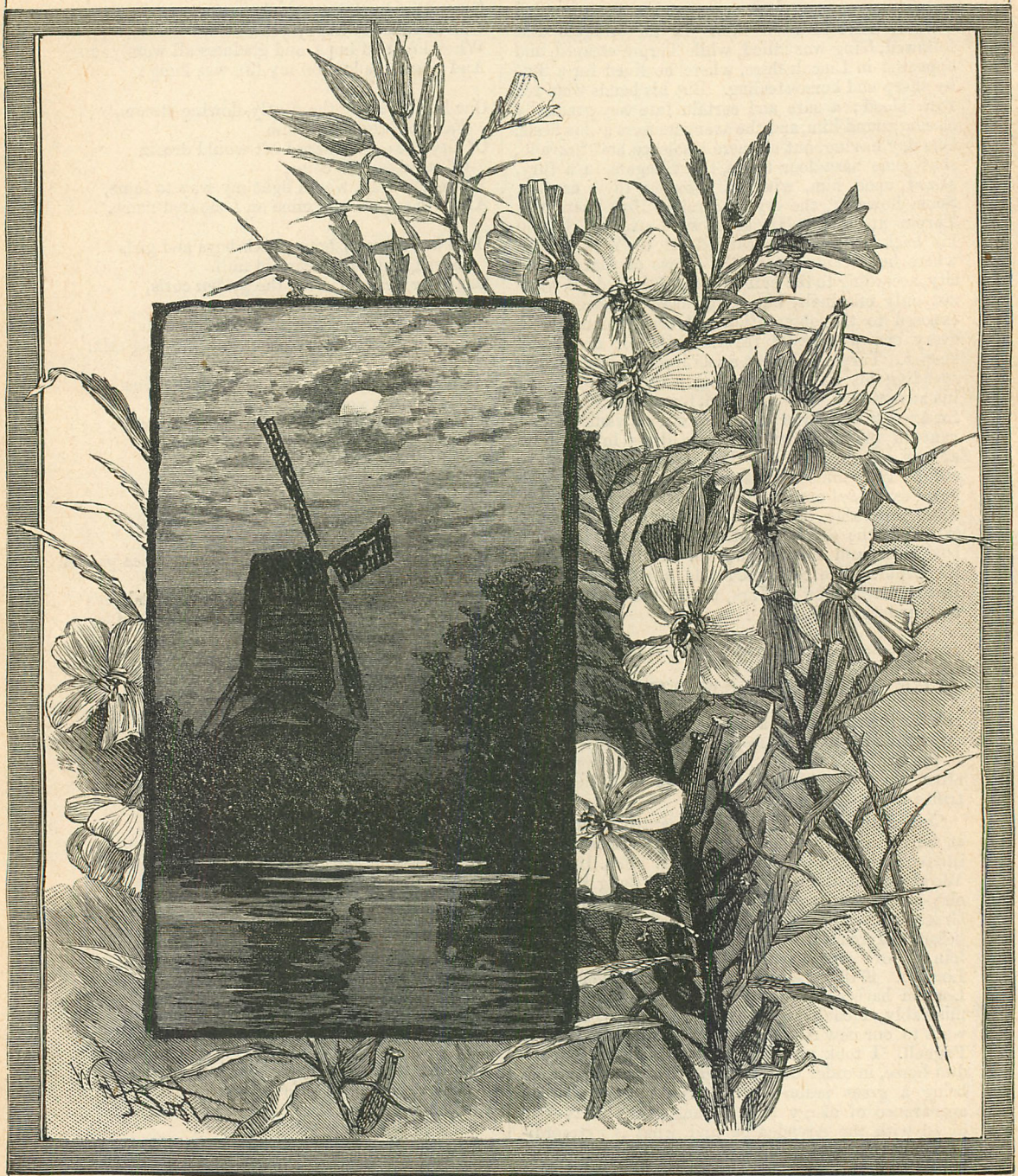
My mother, long since gone to quiet rest,
We laid you 'neath the sod,
With little Frances dead upon your breast,
She went with you to God.
Then father grew so silent and so still,
He did not murmur, but he left the mill.

And very soon he, too, in death lay down,
Then scattered were we all.
I went to sea, Ned to the busy town,
Mary obeyed the call
Of one she loved, and to a far-off shore
She sailed; but ah, we never saw her more!

Last week I left my ship and wandered here
To see the dear old place,
Nor could I help it if one burning tear
Would fall adown my face,
To see the old mill in the calm moonlight,
While all I loved were far removed from sight.

Ah, life! thou art a mystery to me,
The hopes, the joys, the fears,
The brightness and the gloom! Oh, can it be
That in the future years,
Like some dark page turned over, we shall know
That God was good all through our life below?

B. M. K.



The Old Mill.



Companions. By Harrison Weir.

A LIVE FIRE ESCAPE.

FOR many years a handsome grey goat made himself quite at home, and was well known in Piccadilly. Some said he was the property of the statesman, Mr. Childers, but whether this was really the fact is doubtful. That he lived in some of the many stables close by Piccadilly is certain, and he may have been kept there for the same reason that abroad goats are frequently kept as stable companions for horses. That there is a strong affinity between goats and horses is a known fact, as also that the nobler animal is inclined to follow the lead of his capricious inferior. Courageous as most horses are, they become veritable cowards in the event of fire. Let but their stable be in flames, and they become frantic and almost paralysed with fear. No petting or encouragement from those well known to them will induce them to move from the burning building, and to prevent this dire emergency they are, in many foreign stables, given a shaggy, horned goat for a companion, who, being led out before them, may make them follow, and so escape a horrible death by burning.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. V.—THE WATER OF THE WORLD.

WATER, like air, is made up of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen; eighty-eight parts of the first, and twelve of the second in every hundred. Let those two gases be mixed in those proportions in a glass globe, and let an electric spark pass through the mixture, then water will be formed in drops on the sides of the globe. Hydrogen is the lightest gas known to us, and is used for filling balloons. It may be obtained by putting a few bits of zinc into a bottle and pouring on them sulphuric acid mixed with water. What comes forth is hydrogen, and it will burn brightly, forming drops of water. All water contains, besides its two chief gases, a certain portion of common air, but this is not the case when it is frozen into a lump of ice. It then contains no air, and is water, therefore, in its purest form. Water is very much heavier than air; a cubic foot will weigh over sixty pounds, and it is the chief thing our bodies are made of. It forms, indeed, three-fourths of a man's body, and is continually passing off in various ways, in perspiration and the vapour of his breath.

Sometimes water can dissolve a body, as sugar; sometimes it cannot, as oil or fat, unless indeed we add soda to it, then it will dissolve those matters. When water is hot its dissolving power is increased. The reason why water puts out fire is because it lowers the temperature to that degree below which the oxygen of the air will not combine with the burning material. Cold water absorbs air, and this gives it its freshness. When boiled it tastes flat, because the air has been boiled out of it. Spring water, which we pump out of wells, has always some salts in it, which are obtained from the soils and rocks through which it trickles. The famous Harrogate water is tainted with sulphuretted hydrogen. It is that which gives it the flavour of rotten eggs. When water is hard, as we call it, it is because it has some salt of lime in it. This lines the tea-kettle and the boiler with a crust. While the water is cold you do not detect the lime, because it is dissolved by the carbonic acid gas which the water contains; but when heat drives off that gas the lime is deposited on the sides and bottom of the kettle. Some springs are so full of lime that they are called 'petrifying,' because they seem to turn wood and other substances into stone. The lime is kept dissolved by the gas above mentioned, and when that escapes on exposure to the air the lime separates from the water and covers the article that we wish to petrify. Water also—and alas that it is so!—is often loaded with impurities from decaying vegetable and animal matter. It is then very poisonous, and ought not to be drunk unless it has been carefully filtered. That can be done by passing it through a layer of sand and charcoal.

The great storehouse of the world's water is the ocean, which covers four-fifths of the globe's surface. And in some places the ocean has never been sounded, even by a line more than five miles in length. It is supposed these great deeps are without plants, because all plants require some light, and though light is said to penetrate sea water further than fresh, yet we can scarcely imagine there is a ray of light at the depth of five miles. Some of the sea-plants have stems at least 300 feet in length. In some parts of the sea we are told that the eye can discern the bottom at four or five hundred feet, and there seaweeds, as they are called, will flourish. It is a very pretty sight to look down and view a forest beneath the waves. It is sometimes a blaze of gold, scarlet, and green. In one part of the Atlantic is a space which the Spaniards called the Sargasso Sea, because its surface is covered there for miles and miles with a great mass of seaweed, which Columbus spoke of as floating meadows.

The sea has a great influence on the temperature of the air. It makes a cold climate warmer than it would otherwise have been, and a warm climate cooler. The reason of this is that in cold climates the sea is warmer than the air, and in hot climates the sea is cooler. If some sea water is brought up from its greatest depth, even in the tropics, it is found to be only a few degrees warmer than the freezing-point. A curious fact is, that in what is called the Gulf Stream, the water at the depth of 600 feet is nearly hot enough to be boiling. The saltness of the sea arises from the presence of chloride of sodium. The Southern Ocean is said to be more salt than the Northern, and on account of this saltness the sea does not evaporate so quickly as the water of a fresh lake or river. If the sea had no salt it would evaporate too rapidly, and the air would be more damp than we should like.

When water is heated to boiling-point it becomes vapour or steam. Steam is very elastic, and in a shut-up vessel exerts a pressure great enough to shatter it. It is a curious fact that high-pressure steam is not so hot as low-pressure steam, and does not scald the hand. Steam at ordinary boiling-point

occupies about 1700 times as much space as the water from which it is generated.

Dew differs little from rain, except in containing more atmospheric air; while ice, as we have seen, has none. Pure water, then, is a liquid without colour, taste, or smell; but it is seldom found in perfect condition. As it has great absorbent power it is soon infected by salts, gases, and animal or vegetable matter. Rain water is generally reckoned the purest, but it is not so free from impurities as is supposed, for as it falls through the smoke and vapours of our chimneys, it becomes defiled, and when collected from leaden roofs, or made to run through leaden pipes, it becomes charged with salts of lead, and is then not fit to drink. The purest water in our country, and possibly in the world, is that at Malvern. The crystal spring in that beautiful spot contains less foreign matter than any other that has yet been examined. G. S. O.

SEVENTY HOURS ON A LIFE-BUOY.

MR. A. M. BATTYE, engineer to the steamer *Gulf of Trinidad*, narrates an almost unexampled adventure which befell him during the voyage of his ship. The *Gulf of Trinidad*, while voyaging from Iquique for Europe, encountered heavy weather, during which, soon after twelve o'clock on a dark night, Battye was washed overboard. The accident was observed on board, and a life-buoy was immediately thrown over and the vessel stopped. Battye sank deeply when reaching the water; but on rising to the surface he struck out swimming, and reached the life-buoy. The way on the steamer had carried her far beyond him, and, though a boat was lowered, the prospect of finding him in such weather and at night was almost hopeless.

Battye soon ceased to see the ship, and when daylight broke he found himself alone on the life-buoy a hundred miles, so far as he knew, from any help. He kept afloat through the day, although the heat of the sun was intense. The following night he suffered terribly from being without anything to eat or drink, and in momentary danger of being swallowed by sharks. Another day he held on with amazing endurance, his physical exhaustion and mental anxiety being intense. The next night he ceased to feel hungry, but suffered from excessive thirst.

The third day dawned to find himself in the same position. On the evening of that day a Norwegian barque passed close by him, the steersman of which saw what appeared to be a man in the water. The barque was immediately put about, and a boat lowered, and after a short search it found the buoy with Battye still clinging to it, although when taken on board the barque he was insensible. He was treated with great care and kindness by the Norwegians, and being transferred to a homeward-bound ship, he arrived in Plymouth to tell his marvellous tale. He is a fine young man about twenty-three years of age. The Norwegian captain retained the life-buoy as a memento of the wonderful adventure.

ADVENTURE WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

RATTLESNAKES, which are only found in America, differ from every other kind of serpent by the rattle at the end of the tail. This rattle consists of a number of thin horny plates, jointed together in such a manner that they make a rustling noise which gives timely warning both to men and animals of danger ahead. The danger of approaching this reptile is very great, as its bite is most deadly, and when it does attack, it strikes its victim with lightning-like rapidity. Fortunately, however, the rattlesnake is rather sluggish in its movements, and seldom attacks any one unless trodden upon, or in any other manner interfered with.

On one occasion a Mr. Kenward, travelling in California, was exposed to great danger from a rattlesnake. This gentleman was journeying with a pack-mule train to one of the northern mines, he himself being mounted on a very valuable animal—a mule of the Andalusian breed. One day, while heading the train along the trail, he noticed that the prairie, which had hitherto been perfectly level, began to dip a little, the trail leading through a marshy spot on which coarse grass and reeds grew luxuriantly. His mule, though nearly fifteen hands high, was soon buried up to the shoulder in the tall reeds, while she parted, with some difficulty, the bushy herbage which completely overhung the trail on both sides. Just at this moment Mr. Kenward became aware of a hissing sound close at hand, and, recognising as he did the terrible danger, he tried to back the trembling mule out of the thicket. But it was too late. The head of a very large rattlesnake glared upon him for a second, then rose upon its coils, and struck once, twice against his boot, after which it tried to glide away, but Mr. Kenward immediately emptied all the barrels of his revolver in the direction which it had taken, and with such good effect, that the snake was literally blown to pieces, various portions of its body being dragged to light from among the thick herbage. Meanwhile Mr. Kenward and his companions were keenly anxious as to the two fierce blows which the reptile had aimed at him. His boots were closely examined, but no marks could be seen, while they were so thick in texture, that he laid aside his fears; no serpent's fangs could possibly have penetrated such leather. The signal was therefore given to make tracks, and the mule-train proceeded on its journey.

But very shortly it had again to come to a stand. Something was amiss with Mr. Kenward's riding mule: it was restive and uneasy; its back was strongly arched; its legs drawn together as if with pain; its beautiful velvet hide ruffled and covered with perspiration. One of the native muleteers stepped up to the trembling animal, and examined it closely. 'Send a bullet through her head,' he said to Mr. Kenward. 'She's done for;' and he pointed to a swelling on her flank. It was all too true; the fangs of the rattlesnake, which could not pierce her master's boots, had met in the unfortunate animal's side, and a shot from a revolver put an end to one of the handsomest and best-tempered mules in all California. D. B. M.

MAXIMS FOR PARENTS.

1. Begin to train your children from the cradle. From their earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of Obedience—instant, unhesitating obedience. Obedience is very soon understood, even by an infant.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children understand that you mean exactly what you say.

3. Never give them anything because they cry for it.

4. Seldom threaten; and be always careful to keep your word.

5. Never promise them anything, unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.

6. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in a passion. Be calm, yet decisive.

7. Do not be always correcting your children; and never use violent or terrifying punishments. Angry words and violent blows will produce no effect.

8. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

9. Teach them early to speak the truth on all occasions. If you allow them to shuffle and deceive in small matters, they will soon do it in greater, till all reverence for truth is lost.

10. Be very careful what company your children keep. 'He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.'

11. Make your children useful as soon as they are able, and find employment for them as far as possible.

12. Teach your children not to waste anything; to be clean and tidy; to sit down quietly and in good order to their meals; to take care of, and mend their clothes; to have 'a place for everything, and everything in its place.'

13. Never suffer yourself to be amused by an immodest action; nor, by a smile, encourage those seeds of evil which, unless destroyed, will bring forth the fruits of vice and misery.

14. Encourage your children to do well; show them you are pleased when they do well.

15. Teach your children to pray, by praying with and for them yourself.

16. Impress upon their minds that Eternity is before them, and that those only are truly wise who secure eternal blessings.

17. Above all, let parents be themselves what they would wish their children to be.



THE HART.

THE Hart is the name given to the stag, or male of the red deer, after it reaches the age of six years, at which time the crown of the antler begins to appear. The female, or hind, has no horns at all, and is much smaller in every way than her mate. The colour of this animal is reddish-brown in summer, though in winter it takes on a greyish hue. It is a native of Europe and northern Asia, where it is found in many regions.

The speed of the hart is very great; it has also great swimming powers, and takes readily to the water. Indeed it would seem that a full supply of water is needful to this creature's enjoyment of life; for, if deprived of water for any length of time during seasons of great heat and drought, it suffers very severely. In Eastern countries and in dry and shadeless places, the sight of the stag's distress while seeking for water must have suggested to the

Psalmist the beautiful words of the 42nd Psalm: 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.'

There are many varieties of this animal, some of which are only found in the warmer parts of Asia and the north of Africa, but they all have the same round branched antlers. M. K.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

18.—Alphabetical Puzzles.

My first is a grain, my second a grain, and my whole a measure.

2, 7, 3, 5—A town in Syria besieged by an English king.

1, 2, 3, 7, 5, 4, 8, 10, 2—A strong fort in Spain.

7, 8, 3, 2, 4,—A beautiful substance made by a very small creature.

6, 2, 9, 10,—A sailor's story and a substance from which warm clothing is made.

1, 5, 2, 9,—A savage animal. C. C.

19.—Squared Words.

1. Square a feathered biped with a thought, a large quantity of paper, and a word for a lady.
2. Square an organ of one of the senses with an affirmation, and another organ of sense.
3. Square the home of a bird with a word meaning eternal, another meaning dry or withered, and a vegetable production of great beauty and variety.
4. Square a very small particle with the reverse of wild, a prophetic sign, and that which it is never too late to do.
5. Square a musical entertainment with danger, a verb meaning to destroy, one who rises, and the equivalent to vigilant.
6. Square a covering for the head with an animal, and a small implement which may do great things.
7. Square existence with a suggestion, a word for terror, and one meaning to work for pay.
8. Square a beautiful, delicate fabric with an exclamation of sorrow, a fish, and a verb which means to look. C. C.

20.—Enigma.

A terrible fellow am I:
I speak, and people die!

Take me to pieces, cleave me asunder,
Then I'm a dog, and also a wonder.

Part me again in members three,
Then a well-lined seat in church you see,
With a little word that's hard to speak,
And what will cure the ill and weak.

Torn into two once more, I am
What's often seen by the famous Cam.

Scatter my letters again, my dears,
And you will find,
If you've a mind,
What a woman may be, and what she wears.

[*Answers at page* 231.]

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 187.)

BY this time Hildegarde had reached the cottage; and after a moment's hesitation she knocked softly at the green-painted door. No one came to open the door, but presently she heard a clear, pleasant voice from within saying, 'Open the door and come in, please!' Following this injunction, she entered the cottage and found herself directly in the sitting-room, and face to face with its occupant. This was a girl of her own age, or perhaps a year older, who sat in a wheeled chair by the window. She was very fair, with almost flaxen hair, and frank, pleasant blue eyes. She was very pale, very thin; the hands that lay on her lap were almost transparent; but—she wore a pink calico dress and a blue checked apron. Who could this be? and whoever it was, why did she sit still when a visitor and a stranger came in? The pale girl made no attempt to rise, but she met Hilda's look of surprise and inquiry with a smile which broke like sunshine over her face, making it for the moment positively beautiful. 'How do you do?' she said, holding out her thin hand. 'I am sure you must be Miss Hilda Graham, and I am Bubble's sister Pink.'

'Please sit down,' she added. 'I am so *very* glad to see you. I have wanted again and again to thank you for all your kindness to my Bubble, but I didn't know when I should have a chance. Did Bubble show you the way?'

Hildegarde was so astonished, so troubled, so dismayed, that she hardly knew what she was saying or doing. She took the slender fingers in her own for an instant, and then sat down, saying hastily, 'Oh, no! I—I found my way alone. I was not sure of its being your cottage, though I thought it must be from what Bubble told me.' She paused; and then, unable to keep back longer the words which sprang to her lips, she said, 'I fear you have been ill, you are so pale. I hope it has not been serious. Bubble did not tell me—'

Pink Chirk looked up with her bright, sweet smile. 'Oh, no! I have not been ill,' she said. 'I am always like this. I cannot walk, you know, but I am very well indeed.'

'You cannot walk?' stammered Hilda.

The girl saw her look of horror, and a faint colour stole into her wan cheek. 'Did not Bubble tell you?' she asked, gently; and then, as Hilda shook her head, 'It is such a matter of course to him,' she said; 'he never thinks about it, I suppose, dear little fellow. I was run over when I was three years old, and I have never been able to walk since.'

Hildegarde could not speak. The thought of anything so dreadful, so overwhelming as this, coming so suddenly, too, upon her, seemed to take away her usually ready speech, and she was dumb, gazing at the cheerful face before her with wide eyes of pity and wonderment. But Pink Chirk did not like to be pitied, as a rule; and she almost laughed at her visitor's horror-stricken face.

'You mustn't look so!' she cried. 'It's very kind

of you to be sorry, but it isn't as if I were really *ill*, you know. I can *almost* stand on one foot—that is, I can bear enough weight on it to get from my bed to my chair without help. That is a *great* thing! And then when I am once in my chair, why, I can go almost anywhere. Farmer Hartley gave me this chair,' she added, looking down at it, and patting the arm tenderly, as if it were a living friend; 'isn't it a beauty?'

It was a pretty chair, made of cherry wood, with cushions of gay-flowered chintz; and Hilda, finding her voice again, praised it warmly. 'This is its summer dress,' said Pink, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. 'Underneath, the cushions are covered with soft crimson cloth, oh, so pretty, and so warm-looking! I am always glad when it's time to take the chintz covers off. And yet I am always glad to put them on again,' she added, 'for the chintz is pretty, too, I think: and besides, I know then that summer is really come.'

'You like summer best?' asked Hilda.

'Oh, yes!' she replied. 'In winter, of course, I can't go out; and sometimes it seems a little long when Bubble is away all day—not very, you know, but just a little. But in summer, oh, then I am so happy! I can go all round the place by myself and sit out in the garden, and feed the chickens, and take care of the flowers. And then on Sunday Bubble always gives me a good ride along the road. My chair moves very easily—only see!' She gave a little push, and propelled herself half way across the little room.

At this moment the inner door opened, and Mrs. Chirk appeared—a slender, anxious-looking woman. She greeted Hilda with nervous cordiality, and thanked her for her kindness to Zerubbabel. 'He's not the same boy, Miss Graham,' she said, 'since you begun giving him lessons. He used to fret and worrit because there was no school, and he couldn't have gone to it if there was. Pinkrosia learned him what she could; but we haven't many books, you see. But now! why, that boy comes into the house singing and spouting poetry at the top of his lungs, just as happy as a kitten with a spool. What was that he was shouting this morning, Pinkrosia, when he scared the old black hen nigh to death?'

'"Charge for the golden lilies! Upon them with the lance!"' murmured Pink, with a smile.

'Yes, that was it,' said Mrs. Chirk. 'He was looking out of the window and pumping at the same time, and spouting them verses too. And all of a sudden he cries out, "There's the brood of dark My Hen, scratching up the sweet peas. Upon them with the lance!" And he lets go the pump-handle, and it flies up and hits the shelf and knocks off two plates and a cup, and Bubble, he's off with the mop-handle, chasing the old black hen and making believe to run her through, till she almost died of fright. Well, there, it gave me a turn; it really did!' She paused rather sadly, seeing that her hearers were both overcome with laughter.

'I—I am very sorry, Mrs. Chirk, that the plates were broken,' said Hilda; 'but it must have been extremely funny. Poor old hen! she must have been frightened, certainly. Do you know,' she added, 'I think Bubble is a *remarkably* bright boy. I am very sure that he will make a name for himself, if only he can have proper training.'

'His father was a *real* smart man,' said Mrs. Chirk. 'There wasn't no better haying hand in the county than Loammi Chirk. And I'm in hopes Zerubbabel will do as well, for he has a good friend in Farmer Hartley; no boy could have a better.'

Eminence in the profession of 'haying' was not precisely what Hilda had meant; but she said nothing.

'And my poor girl here,' Mrs. Chirk continued, after a pause, 'she sits in her cheer hay-times and other times. You've heard of her misfortune, Miss Graham?'

Pink interposed quickly with a little laugh, though her brows contracted slightly, as if with pain. 'Oh, yes, mother dear!' she said; 'Miss Graham has heard all about me, and knows what a *very* important person I am. But where is the yarn that I was to wind for you? I thought you wanted to begin weaving this afternoon.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Hildegarde. 'Never mind the yarn just now, Pink! I want to give you a little ride before I go back to the farm. May she go, Mrs. Chirk? It is such a beautiful day, I am sure the air will do her good. Would you like it, Pink?'

Pink looked up with a flush of pleasure on her pale cheek. 'Oh,' she said, 'would I like it! But it's too much for you to do, Miss Graham.'

'And with that beautiful dress on too!' cried Mrs. Chirk. 'You'd get it dusty on the wheel, I'm afraid. I don't think ——'

'Oh, yes, you do!' cried Hilda, gaily, pushing the chair towards the door. 'Bring her hat, please, Mrs. Chirk. I always have my own way!' she added, 'and I have quite set my heart on this.'

Mrs. Chirk meekly brought a straw sun-bonnet, and Hilda tied its strings under Pink's chin. 'She shall not wear *that* ugly thing again,' she said to herself, 'if I can help it.' But the sweet pale face looked out so joyously from the dingy yellow tunnel that the stern young autocrat relented. 'After all, what does it matter?' she thought. 'She would look like an angel, even with a real coal-scuttle on her head.' And then she laughed at the thought of a black-japanned scuttle crowning those fair locks; and Pink laughed because Hilda laughed; and so they both went laughing out into the sunshine.

(*Continued at page* 206.)

AN UNFORESEEN DIFFICULTY.

MAHOMET, it is said, once took a wonderful night journey to Heaven on a mule which Gabriel brought him, named Alborac. Among other wonders the prophet saw an angel of so prodigious a stature that the distance between his eyes was equal to the length of a journey of 70,000 days. Dean Prideaux took the trouble of putting this into his calculating apparatus, and, reckoning the distance between a man's eyes to be in proportion to his height as one to seventy-two, he has come to the conclusion that this angel must have been four times as high as the height of all the seven heavens, and therefore he could not have stood in any one of them. O.



Hilda's Visit to Bubble's Sister.



The Prisoner of War Released.

THE KIND DEED TWICE REPAID.

YOU know, youngsters, said an old soldier to his grandchildren, as they gathered round the stove one cold winter's evening, that I served as a Prussian officer in the year 1812, during the celebrated campaign in Russia. Those were hard times, indeed. The French Emperor had forced our good king into an alliance with him, whereby he was bound to furnish twenty thousand men for the war against Russia. Had he refused to do so, Napoleon would have made an end of the Prussian kingdom altogether. So our good king, Frederick William III., was obliged to consent; but when it became known in the Prussian army this news was received with sadness and dismay. Many of the best officers sent in their resignations and joined the Russian service. But in such a time of sore distress I could not forsake my king. And thus I had to enter Russia with the French troops.

You know what an unhappy campaign that was. The grand army which Napoleon had led thither was obliged, at the end of October, to abandon burning Moscow. On its retreat it had to contend with the terrible winter of that year, and only a miserable remnant of the once proud and brilliant host reached, after fearful privations and sufferings, the Prussian frontier.

We Germans were somewhat better off. The Russians knew well enough that we were not their enemies at heart, but really their friends. We mutually spared each other when it was possible. Very rarely was there any encounter between us. Still we had no pleasure in this campaign. The severe cold and hunger often tormented us. The earth huts in which we buried ourselves for the night were uncomfortable enough; but far worse was it when we had to stand as sentinels on the outposts for from twelve to twenty-four hours. We were often sick and faint with the cold, and dared not even kindle a fire by which to warm ourselves.

But the most dreadful of all were the marches through the vast forests. The snow lay so deep in them, that the thousands who waded through it did not tread it down firmly enough to make the passage easy. We officers fared no better than our soldiers; neither did we wish to do so. With us it was a matter of honour to share all fatigue and privations equally with them.

One day we had just completed a march of this kind through a forest. I, with my men, was at the head of the column. We were just emerging from the wood; a large and beautiful castle lay before us; farm buildings and peasants' cottages surrounded it. I at once reported to our commander what I had seen, and I received orders to advance with a division of soldiers, and to inspect the castle nearer.

We approached cautiously. Passing through the courtyard we entered the building. It was quite empty, not a soul was to be found in the large deserted apartments. The wealthy nobles and landowners of Russia always acted thus in this campaign. With their families they left their property and their homes; their serfs, with their flocks, concealed themselves in remote corners for safety. Stacks of corn were buried beneath the snow. Thus the enemy when they came to a village or a farm found only the empty nest.

So it was now with us. After searching through the castle and the neighbouring buildings we took possession of it, and established ourselves therein as well as we could. It was no little joy to us and to our soldiers. Many weeks had passed since we had been under a roof, much less in so splendid and spacious a house. But our joy was soon lessened when we discovered that in all the rooms of the castle not a single stove was to be found. All the furniture and house utensils of course were gone. In one room only there was a fireplace and chimney. We filled it with wood, lighted a fire, and in the cheerful glow of the flame lay down on the floor, wrapped up in our sheepskins. We wished to sleep till our daily meal of mutton, with barley or rice, was ready. First one and then the other, however, threw off his heavy sheepskin. We praised the excellent fireplace which in so short a time, as we thought, thoroughly warmed so large a room.

We found out afterwards that the castle was heated by warm air, and that our servants had chosen the room from which it was heated for their kitchen, because they had found so much wood there. Now our happiness seemed to be complete. We rejoiced especially for the sake of our numerous sick men. I had one comrade, an officer of my company, whom we had dragged along with great difficulty, so ill was he; for his sake I was delighted that we had made this discovery, though I could not make any great use of it myself, as that evening I had to be on guard in the field.

Standing in the cold on duty was a great contrast to being in the beautiful warm castle. We cut down one of the old snow-covered fir-trees, and set it on fire at one end. Soon it burned in bright flames, and illuminated its companions, who stood around adorned in sparkling crystals, and the dark forest with its masses of white snow. Here on guard no rest was to be thought of. We knew that the enemy was hovering around on all sides, and therefore our several outposts had to be visited every half-hour.

The night passed away quietly, and without any disturbance; but with the first dawn of day several shots were heard. I sent information of this to the commander and drew my men together. Soon a few hussars and half a company of infantry came to our aid. They brought orders for us to advance and examine the country. Quietly and cautiously we penetrated through the wood. When we reached the end of it we saw some solitary Cossacks, who on their fleet horses fled quickly before us, and in a meadow we saw a regiment of the enemy's infantry. So rapidly did we burst upon the foe, that we threw him completely into confusion, and took about two hundred prisoners, besides a number of officers. In the twilight they had probably over-estimated our numbers. My comrade, Lieutenant L., had dispersed

the Cossacks with great valour. He had made many prisoners, as well as captured a large number of horses; among them was a splendid little cream-coloured horse, with dark tail and mane of elegant proportions. One could see at a glance what a strong, well-bred horse it was.

My comrade who had captured it naturally considered it as his rightful property, and at once sprang into the saddle to make sure of the animal. A young Russian officer, who had fought valiantly, and had only fallen into our hands because he was wounded, followed his movements with attentive and anxious gaze. At last he went up to the lieutenant and said a few words to him. One could see from his eyes for what he had begged him. Then he stroked the beautiful horse, which laid its head on his shoulder, and turned its intelligent eyes upon him. My comrade refused his request somewhat roughly, and then ordered the horse to be led off. The poor officer turned away sadly. Once more he looked back at the horse, the loss of which at that moment perhaps pained him more than his own capture and his wound. I felt the warmest sympathy for the poor fellow. I went to my comrade and asked what the Russian officer had said to him.

He replied, sharply enough,—

'The horse belonged to him before, and he wants to have it back again, although it is my lawful prize.'

'Well, give it him, then,' I said to my friend. 'We have horses enough, and you can choose any of them you like.'

'I should be a simpleton if I did,' replied my comrade. 'Rarely have I seen such a splendid horse as this one. I shall never let it out of my hands, I assure you. If the Russians had been victorious, they would not have acted differently towards us, and would have seized, not only our horses, but our rings and watches as well.'

I deeply pitied the Russian officer, whose love to his horse I had seen and well understood. So I said,—

'Comrade, who among us knows whether he will ever return home again; and if so, how and when? I have one request to make to you; you won't refuse me, I am sure. Sell me the horse, and choose any other you like among those which have fallen to my share.'

These words had an effect. For five months we had received no pay, and money had become very scarce among us. My friend inquired quickly,—

'Have you any money, then?'

'Three ducats,' I replied, 'which I will give you for the cream-coloured horse.'

'That is a great treasure!' he exclaimed. 'Done! But,' he added, 'I only consent to it that I may do you a favour.'

I gave him my three ducats; it was the last money I had in my pocket. But what did I care for that? I did not know that I might not be killed in the next hour, or at least taken prisoner and plundered. Our bargain was made. I then beckoned to the Russian officer, who was standing at a distance, and gave up the horse to him. At first he could scarcely believe his good fortune; but when he saw that I was quite serious in giving him back his horse, he was wild with joy. Over and over again he wanted to kiss my hand. Then he ran up to the horse and tenderly caressed it. The man's happiness touched and moved us all. I had his wounds dressed, and took care that none of us should dispute his property with him again. A short time after he was released, and returned to his division.

(*Concluded at page* 210.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

21.—Single Acrostic.

The initial letters of the following names to be guessed form a well-known proverb.

1. A town in England, the birthplace of a great poet.
2. A Roman Emperor who succeeded his father.
3. A country in Asia where the English have large possessions.
4. A great Spartan law-giver.
5. The largest city in the world.
6. The greatest battle of modern times.
7. A young English prince murdered by a near relative.
8. The second Roman Emperor.
9. The name of six English kings.
10. The largest country in Europe.
11. The great source of light and heat.
12. The eldest son of a conqueror.
13. A Grecian king renowned for wisdom.
14. One of the rivers of Africa.
15. A town in England which gives a title to an Earl.
16. A king who united seven small kingdoms into one large one.
17. A county in England which once gave its name to a royal favourite.
18. A useful institution whose jubilee is now being celebrated.

C. C.

22.—Puzzle.

A farmer has one hundred sheep inclosed in fifty hurdles; how will he inclose double the number by adding two more hurdles?

[*Answers at page* 231.]

Answers to Puzzlers for Wise Heads.

12.

15			15
6	7	2	=15
1	5	9	=15
8	3	4	=15
15	15	15	

13.—Elba.

1. Exeter. 2. Lutzen. 3. Bombay. 4. Aberdeen.

14.—Waste not, want not.

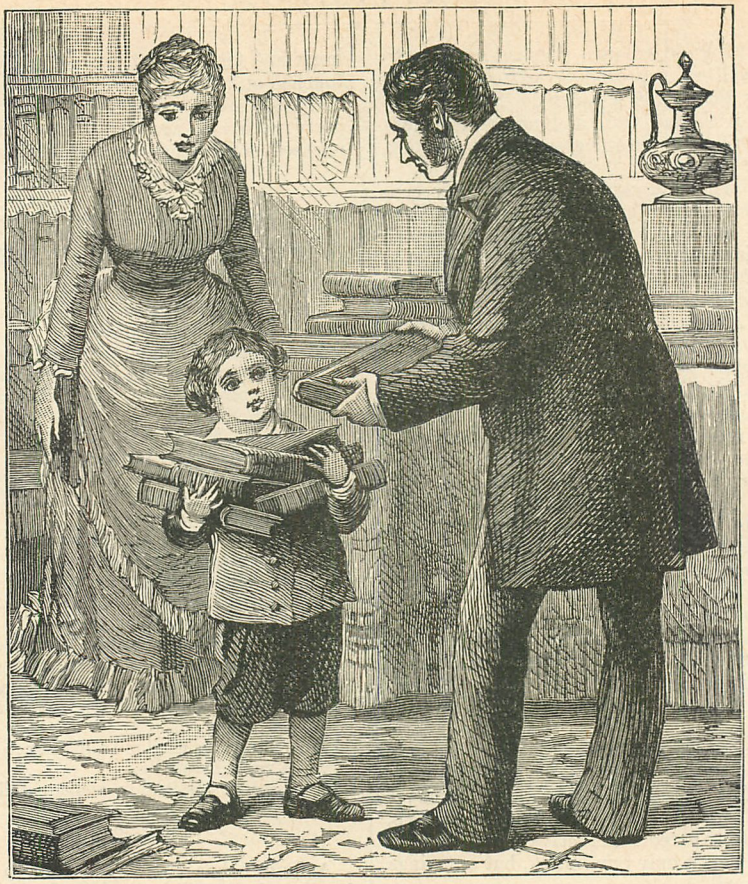
1. William. 2. Albert. 3. Stanley. 4. Thucydides. 5. Edward. 6. Newton. 7. Oliver. 8. Tudor. 9. Wallace. 10. Augustus. 11. Nelson. 12. Tasso. 13. Nabob. 14. Owen. 15. Tower.

15.—Alfred.

1. Aristides. 2. Louis. 3. Franklin. 4. Rufus. 5. Euclid. 6. Dickens.

16. Coffee.

17. Breakfast; Bat, Freaks; Beaks, Raft.



MY FATHER KNOWS.

IN an old-fashioned room, all lined with books,
Our little Willie stands,
Watching his father with such loving looks,
As he with busy hands
Each volume lifts (for every one must go upstairs),
And when well-loaded he the heavy burden bears.

A thought strikes Willie—'Father, don't you need
My help? I'm here, you know.
Do let me help you, father—for, indeed,
Your Willie loves you so. [refuse;
See!' and his hands he stretches out, 'please, don't
Just place the volumes here, as many as you choose.'

His father brightly smiles—'Well said, my son!
Yes, you can well assist:
Take this—and this—and this.' He piles them on.
But when will he desist?
The mother watches with astonishment and fear—
'He cannot carry more!' she cries. 'Can you, my dear?'

Then Willie, flushing with the heavy weight
Of books, more firmly stands,
As still another and another yet
Is given by father's hands. [and rare,
Then, 'Mother,' said the boy, with smiles so sweet
'My father knows quite well what I, his child, can bear.'

RESPECT FOR OLD AGE.

WE ought to honour old age, because we all wish to grow old,' said Bion, an ancient sage of Greece. 'Young people dishonour themselves if they refuse reverence to old age and merit; Such conduct is childlike vanity, or folly.'

An old man was seeking for a place at the celebrated Olympic games, and none of the young men of Athens would make room for him. But he had no sooner reached the place where the Spartans sat, than all the young men rose and offered him their places. Loud applause sounded forth from all present.

God grant that it may never be necessary to say in our day, as was remarked by an aged nobleman at the court of Louis XIV. of France, to that young monarch, who had asked him to which century he gave the preference, to his own or to the present,—'Sire,' replied the nobleman, 'I learned in my youth to approach old age with reverence, and now in my old age I must learn to show reverence towards children!'

How many a youth, on whose lip the hair has scarcely grown, thinks he knows a great deal more than the aged, flatly contradicts old men, and looks down upon them with pride and contempt!



"All the Young Men rose and offered him their Places."

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from p.* 199.)

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LETTER.

'NURSE LUCY,' said Hildegarde that evening, as they sat in the porch after tea, 'why have you never told me about Pink Chirk—about her being a cripple, I mean? I had no idea of it till I went to see her to-day. How terrible it is!'

'I wonder that I haven't told you, dear,' replied Nurse Lucy, placidly. 'I suppose I am so used to Pink as she is, I forget that she ever was like other people. She is a dear, good child—his "sermon," Jacob calls her. He says that whenever he feels impatient or put out, he likes to go down and look at Pink, and hear her talk. "It takes the crook right out of me!" he says. Poor Jacob!'

'But how did it happen?' asked Hilda. 'She says she was only three years when she—— Oh, think of it, Nurse Lucy! It is too dreadful. Tell me how it happened.'

'Don't ask me, my dear,' said Dame Hartley, sadly. 'Why should you hear anything so painful? It would only haunt your mind as it haunted mine for years after. The worst of it was there was no need of it. Her mother was a young, flighty, careless girl, and she didn't look after her baby as she should have done. That is all you need know, Hilda, my dear. Poor Susan Chirk! it took the flightiness out of her, and made her the anxious, melancholy soul she has been ever since. Then Bubble was born, and soon after her husband died, and since then she has had a hard time to fend for herself. But Pink has never been any trouble to her, only a help and a comfort; and her neighbours have done what they could from time to time.'

Dame Hartley might have said that she and her husband had kept this desolate widow and her children from starvation through many a long winter, and had given her the means of earning her daily bread in summer; had clothed the children, and provided comforts for the cripple. But this was not Nurse Lucy's way. The neighbours had done what they could, she said; and now Bubble was earning good wages for a boy, and was sure to get on well being bright and industrious; and Mrs. Chirk took in weaving to do for the neighbours, and went out sometimes to work by the day, and so they were really getting on very well, better than one could have hoped.

Hildegarde laid her head against the good dame's shoulder and fell into a brown study. Nurse Lucy seemed also in a thoughtful mood; and so the two sat quietly in the soft twilight till the red glow faded in the west, and left in its stead a single star, gleaming like a living jewel in the purple sky. All the birds were asleep save the untiring whippoorwill, who presented his plea for the castigation of the unhappy William with ceaseless energy. Other sound there was none, until by-and-by the noise of wheels was heard, and the click of old Nancy's hoofs; and out of the gathering darkness Farmer Hartley appeared, just returned from the village, whither he had gone to make arrangements about selling his hay.

'Well, Marm Lucy,' he said, cheerfully, throwing the reins on Nancy's neck and jumping from the waggon, 'is that you sitting there?'

'Yes, Jacob,' answered 'Marm Lucy,' 'I am here, and so is Hilda. The evening has been so lovely, we have not had the heart to light the lamps, but have just been sitting here watching the sunset. We'll come in now, though,' she added, leading the way into the house. 'You'll be wanting some supper, my man; or did ye stop at Cousin Sarah's?'

'I stopped at Sary's,' replied the Farmer. 'Ho! ho! yes, Sary gave me some supper, though she wasn't in no mood for seeing company, even her own kin. Poor Sary, she was in a dreadful taking, sure enough!'

'Why, what was the matter?' asked Dame Hartley, as she trimmed and lighted the great lamp, and drew the short curtains of Turkey red cotton across the windows. 'Is Abner sick again?'

'Shouldn't wonder if he was by this time,' replied the Farmer; 'but he wasn't at the beginning of it. I'll tell ye how it was;' and he sat down in his great leather chair, and stretched his legs out comfortably before him. 'Sary, she bought a new bonnet yesterday—she's kind of saving you know, Sary is, and she hadn't had a new bonnet for ten years. Well, the girls was pestering her, and saying she didn't look fit to go to meeting in the old bonnet, so at last she gave way, and went and bought a new one. It was one of these new-fangled shapes. What was it Lizy called it? Something Chinese, I reckon. Fan Song! That was it!'

'Fanchon, wasn't it, perhaps?' asked Hilda, much amused.

'That's what I said, wasn't it?' said the Farmer. 'Fan Song, Fan Chong—well, what's the odds? It was a queer-looking thing, anyhow. Sary showed it to the girls, and they liked it first-rate; then she laid it on the kitchen table, and went upstairs to get some ribbons and stuff to put on it. She rummaged round for a while upstairs, and when she come down, lo and behold, the bonnet was gone! Well, Sary hunted high and she hunted low. She called the girls, thinking they had played a trick on her, and hidden it for fun. But they hadn't, an' they all set to and searched the house from garret to cellar; but they didn't find hide nor hair of that bonnet. At last Sary give it up, and set down out of breath, and mad enough to eat somebody. "It's been stole," says she. "Some creature came along while I was upstairs," says she, "and saw it lying there on the table, and took it off!" says she. "I'd like to get hold of her," says she; "I guess she wouldn't steal any more bonnets for *one* while," says she. I had come in by that time, and she was telling me all about it. Just at that minute the door opened, and Abner came sauntering in, mild and moony as usual. "Sary," says he—ho! ho! ho! it makes me laugh to think about it—"Sary," says he, "I wouldn't buy no more baskets without handles, if I was you. They're not convenient to carry," says he. And with that he sets down on the table that Fan Chong

bonnet. He'd been mixing chicken feed in it, and he had held it first by one side and then by the other, and he dropped it in the mud too, I reckon, from the looks of it: you never saw such a lookin' thing in all your born days as that bonnet was. Sary, she looked at it, and then she looked at Abner, and then at the bonnet again; and *then* she let fly!'

'Poor Sarah,' said Nurse Lucy, wiping tears of merriment from her eyes. 'What did she say?'

'*I* can't tell you what she said,' replied the Farmer. 'What did your old cat say when Spot caught hold of her tail the other day? And yet there was language enough in what Sary said. I tell you the whole dictionary was flying round that room for about ten minutes—Webster's Unabridged and nothing less. And Abner, he just stood there, bobbing his head up and down, and opening and shutting his mouth, as if he'd like to say something if he could get a chance. But when Sary was so out of breath that she couldn't say another word, and had to stop for a minute, Abner just says, "Sary, I guess you're a little excited. Jacob and me will go out and take a look at the stock," says he, "and come back when you're feeling calmer." And he nods to me, and out we both goes, before Sary could get her breath again. I didn't say nothing, because I was laughing so inside that I couldn't. Abner, he walked along kind of solemn, shaking his head every little while, and opening and shutting his mouth. When we got to the stable door he looked at me a minute, and then he said, 'The tongue is an unruly member, Jacob. I *thought* that was a curious kind of basket, though," and that was every word he said about it.'

'Oh, what delightfully funny people!' cried Hilda. 'What did the wife say when you came in to supper, Farmer Hartley?'

'She wasn't there,' replied the farmer. 'She had a headache, the girls said, and had gone to bed. I should think she *would* have had a headache—but,' he added, rising suddenly, and beginning to search in his capacious pockets, 'I declare I had forgotten Huldy's letter! Sary and her bonnet put everything else out of my head.'

Hilda sprang up in delight to receive the envelope which the Farmer handed to her; but her face fell a little when she saw that it was not from her parents. She remembered, however, that she had had a double letter only two days before, and that she could not expect another for a week, as Mr. and Mrs. Graham wrote always with military punctuality. There was no doubt as to the authorship of the letter. The delicate pointed handwriting, the tiny seal of gilded wax, the faint perfume which the missive exhaled, all said to her at once, 'Madge Everton.'

With a feeling which, if not quite reluctance, was still not quite alacrity, Hildegarde broke the pretty seal, with its Cupid holding a rose to his lips, and read as follows:—

'SARATOGA, July 20th.

'MY DEAREST, SWEETEST HILDA,—Can it be possible that you have been away a whole month, and that I have not written to you? I am awfully ashamed, but I have been so TOO busy, it has been out of the question. Father decided quite *suddenly* to come here instead of going to Long Branch; and you can imagine the *frantic* amount of work mother and I had to get ready. One has to dress so *much* at Saratoga, you know; and we cannot just send an order to *Paris*, as *you* do, my dear Queen, for all we want, but have to *scratch round* (I know you don't allow your subjects to use slang, but we DO scratch round, and nothing else can express it), and get things made here. I have a *lovely* pale blue gown, made like that rose-coloured one of yours that I admire so much, and that you SAID I might copy. I have a white nun's-veiling, made with triple box-plaits, and a *lovely* pointed overskirt, and a dark red SURAH, a pink sateen, and two *sweet* white lawns.

'But now I know you will be *dying* to hear about my hats; for you always say that the hat *makes* the costume, and so it *does!* Well, my dearest, I have *one* Redfern hat, and *only* one. Mother says I cannot expect to have more until I come out, which is *bitter*. However, this one is a *beauty*, and yet cost *only* thirty dollars. It goes well with nearly all my dresses, and is *immensely* becoming, all the girls say: very high, with long pointed wings and stiff bows.

'Well, my dearest Queen, here am I running on about myself, as if I were not actually EXPIRING to hear about you. What my feelings were when I called at your house on that *fatal Tuesday* and was told that you had gone to spend the summer on a *farm* in the *depths* of the country passes my *power* to tell. I could not ask your mother many questions, for you know I am always a little bit AFRAID of her, though she is *perfectly lovely* to me! She was very quiet and sweet, *as usual*, and spoke as if it were the most *natural* thing in the *world* for a brilliant society girl (for that is what you *are*, Hilda, even though you are only a school-girl; and you NEVER can be anything else!) to spend her summer in a wretched farmhouse, among *pigs* and *cows* and dreadful, ignorant people. Of course, Hilda dearest, you know that my admiration for your mother is *simply* IMMENSE, and that I would not for *worlds* say *one syllable* against her judgment and that of your *military angel* of a father; but I MUST say it seemed to me MORE than strange. I assure you I hardly closed my eyes for several nights, thinking of the MISERY you must be undergoing; for *I* KNOW you, Hildegarde! and the thought of my proud, fastidious, high-bred Queen being condemned to associate with *clowns* and *labourers* was really MORE than I could bear. Do write to me, darling, and tell me HOW you are enduring it. You were *always* so sensitive. *Do* write *at once*, and let me know *all* about your dear self. I picture you to myself sometimes, pale and thin, with the "*white disdain*" that some poet or other speaks of in your face, but enduring all the HORRORS that you must be subjected to with your OWN DIGNITY. Dearest Hilda, you are *indeed* a HEROINE!

'Always, darling,

'Your own deeply *devoted* and *sympathising*

'MADGE.'

(*Continued at page* 214.)

POSTAGE STAMPS.

AT an auction sale of postage stamps held the other day the chief attraction was a good specimen of the British Guiana four-cent blue stamp of 1856 (used), which excited much competition, and was knocked down to a London dealer for 37*l.* The auctioneer announced that he had to put up another copy of the same stamp, but much finer and unused. After keen competition this was knocked down to a bid of 50*l.*, the highest price ever paid for a stamp.



Hilda in a brown Study sitting in the soft Twilight.



Dog Children of the Regiment. By Harrison Weir.

'DOG CHILDREN OF THE REGIMENT.'

THESE most useful animals of their race are not exclusively chosen from any special breed, as that course would at once cause them to be recognised, and to become a target for the foe whenever seen. Therefore the dogs who are to be used in military service as messengers, scouts, and sentinels, are chosen on account of the promise they give of 'individual merit,' and their tuition is begun as early as possible. Hence the dogs now to be seen in training at certain French and German military stations are of all sorts and sizes.

All are trained to silence—a *most* difficult lesson, and only learnt by long and patient teaching: indeed, it is at all times difficult to insure obedience when music strikes up, for the training poodles, fox-terriers, and collies are sorely tempted to give vocal accompaniment. Dogs selected for this service are thoroughly children of the regiment. They are never allowed to associate with civilians, or to let any man wearing an unknown uniform to approach them. They must not attack strangers, but are to keep at a respectful distance from all such. Thus their fidelity as letter-carriers is secured. When on sentry duty they are taught to warn their human companions of the approach of any strangers within 300 yards.

It might be feared that dogs so trained would obey only those soldiers who had special charge of them. This, however, is not found to be the case. The dogs become quite regimental, and will accompany and obey any man wearing the uniform which they recognise as their own. Each dog has his regimental number on his collar. They can even be taught to obey men of other regiments in the same service, though an infantry dog could scarcely be expected to obey a cavalry master, or *vice versâ*. In order to ensure a proper abhorrence of natural foes, the Germans furnish their dog-trainers with French and Russian uniforms, and the French, in like manner, now propose supplying their trainers with German uniforms, to be worn at every dog-drill by men thus attired to represent the foe. These, rushing out of ambush, endeavour to beat the dog, and so arouse his hatred, which will last when in his serious field duties he encounters one of the nation the pretender is impersonating.

K. W.

THE KIND DEED TWICE REPAID.

(*Concluded from page* 203.)

OUR war with Russia soon came to an end. General York, our commander-in-chief, separated himself from the French. At Tanroggen he arranged a truce with the Russian General Diebitsch, by which all hostilities between us were to cease; and we now became the friends of our former foes. Well cared for and fed, we returned to our Prussian Fatherland. In Königsberg we first received a small instalment of the pay which was due to us. We could use the money to good purpose, although, unfortunately, it was not near enough to supply all our needs. Our clothing was so wretched and ragged, that we were quite ashamed to show ourselves in the open streets. During such disturbed times, and with a threatened outbreak of war, little or nothing could be expected from home, for everything was terribly dear.

One day I was strolling with one of my comrades, both of us ragged and depressed, through the streets of Königsberg. A splendid carriage drew up before us. We were about to pass by without paying any further attention to it, when a young Russian officer sprang out, rushed up to me, and fell upon my neck. At first I did not know what all this meant; at last, I understood the broken words which he stammered out,—

'Brother, my cream-coloured horse!'

Now I looked at him, and knew him again. It was my prisoner, to whom in the forest I had restored his beloved horse. He insisted on our getting into the splendid carriage and drove us to his abode. Here, first of all, he showed me his horse, which he still had, expressing his delight all the time, though he spoke and understood but very little of our language. When he had noticed our attire and our needy condition, he forced us to accept a large sum of money. I took the three ducats I had paid that evening for the horse, and borrowed twenty more from him. A fortnight after I honourably discharged this debt to him, when we received our nine months' arrears of pay. In the interval I had made excellent use of the money he had lent me. In this way the officer had indeed paid me back with interest for the horse which I had restored him. My comrades and myself often spoke of the grateful Russian, and of the pleasure which this meeting in the streets of Königsberg had given us. But other and better things were to result from that meeting in the Russian forest.

The war with France, for which every brave Prussian heart had hoped for years, at last broke out. The king made his appeal; and all the men and lads from every part of the country flocked to his standard, to deliver the Fatherland from the foreign oppressor. Several battles were fought, with doubtful results; but in the field of Leipzig the allies broke the power of the French tyrant. His troops fled back across the Rhine to France. The victors captured Paris, and banished the Emperor to the island of Elba. But from hence he secretly fled, and on the 1st of March, 1815, again landed on the coast of France. Our troops must again take the field. Napoleon had rapidly collected his army together and turned at first against General Blücher. If he could, as he hoped, vanquish him, he might make easy work of the rest. On 11th June he left Paris, after issuing a confident proclamation to his troops. With his army as brilliant, as numerous, as eager for the battle as ever, he met the 80,000 men which Blücher opposed to him at Ligny on the 16th June, 1815.

That was a terrible day of desperate fighting. For hours we stood in the midst of the fearful fire of the French artillery. The village of Ligny formed the central point of the battle. Through it flows a stream, which separated us from the enemy's army. The

French attacked us with great fury, but we stood firm. Three times they stormed the village, three times were they driven back. When all the ammunition was exhausted a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued. So hot was the struggle, that there were several instances of officers and men falling down dead from sheer exhaustion. The moment had arrived when the battle must be decided. Whichever side could bring up fresh troops would win the victory. Blücher could not do this, he was hoping for the arrival of the English army; but that had been unavoidably delayed. It was half-past eight in the evening when Napoleon collected his Guards, 4000 infantry, 4000 cavalry, and at the head of these fresh troops advanced upon the exhausted Prussians. The village was captured, the position turned: we had lost the battle. Blücher, with drawn sword, had himself led his cavalry against the French cuirassiers, but he could no longer keep back the enemy; his men were in disorder; his own horse received a shot, and wildly galloped away, pursued by the French cuirassiers; but it fell at last, and the old Field Marshal lay stunned beneath the dead charger. His faithful adjutant, Count Nostiz, sprang forward, and, with drawn sword, stood by his side. Happily, the enemy's horse passed by, not recognising the Prussian hero. Some scattered remnants of our troops followed. Quickly, Nostiz hailed a hussar. With difficulty the old Field Marshal was dragged from under his horse, and placed on that of the hussar. It was high time, for fresh cuirassiers were pressing up.

Our retreat was a dangerous and difficult one; our men were half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue. Many of them sank down by the roadside and could go no further; others fell asleep during the march, and were slain as they slept by the pursuing enemy. I, with my battalion, formed the rear-guard of the army. The French cavalry were continually at our heels. We were in danger every moment, either of being cut down by them or taken prisoners. Our powder was all but gone. Then the foe rushed upon us again. With my battalion I took up my position beside a ditch, which was bordered by a low hedge. It appeared to give us some little protection. 'Comrades,' I said to my soldiers, 'here let us stand as brave Prussians: we will fight and fall! Let all who have any cartridges share them with the rest. Fire at thirty paces as soon as I give the word of command. Do not let any shot be without effect. Fire and aim at the horses' heads. Keep close together, and leave no space between you.'

My men did their duty as brave soldiers. The enemy's horsemen turned back; but they soon assembled again to attack us more hotly than before. Now were we lost without any hope of deliverance. We had not a single shot in our muskets, and could only rely on our bayonets and the butt-ends of our guns.

Like a tempest did the French cavalry bear down upon us. But at our side, and in our rear, too, we heard the stamp of galloping horses. Terror passed through our ranks. Were we already cut off and hemmed in on every side? Yet—what was that? A joyful shout! Hurrah! sounded from the mouths of the courageous little company. At that moment a horseman sprang over the hedge and the ditch. I could not believe my eyes! Is not that the cream-coloured horse? Is it not the Russian officer? Yes, it is! and behind him, in close column, the Cossacks, with their long lances, so dreaded by the French.

In a moment the enemy was thrown back and fled. They did not return. Our little band, which had just been threatened with certain death and destruction, was saved as by a miracle. This was indeed not the moment to thank our friends and deliverers. We hastened by quick marches to overtake the army, in which, by God's help, we succeeded. Here I learned that my friend with the cream-coloured horse had arrived too late to take part in the battle. But he had heard from the officers that I was with the rear-guard. His grateful heart had weighed the dangers which threatened me, and so with all speed he had hastened to my rescue. A few days after I found him, and he told me himself what he had heard and done. Now I was able to thank him with my whole heart. The horse had now been paid for a second time, and even better than on the first occasion. We then took leave of each other with expressions of mutual regard. I have never seen the brave Russian officer and his cream-coloured steed again.

Such was the grandfather's story. J. F. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

23.—Double Acrostic.

Two lakes in Switzerland.

1. Of this small land the smallest province name.
2. Call this man in to settle your disputes.
3. A city called the Manchester of France.
4. On its smooth face the agile skaters glide.
5. The half of ten preceded by five score.
6. The highest mountains in the world are these.

24.—Buried Cities and Countries.

1. The air grew colder as I ascended the mountain.
2. Many a younger man yielded to his superior judgment.
3. Such conduct will I fear change love into indifference.
4. He lost his watch in a crowd.
5. Raising his sturdy arm out he drew a dagger.
6. When I am in a close room I languish for want of air.
7. Clara then sat down.
8. He played his part admirably.

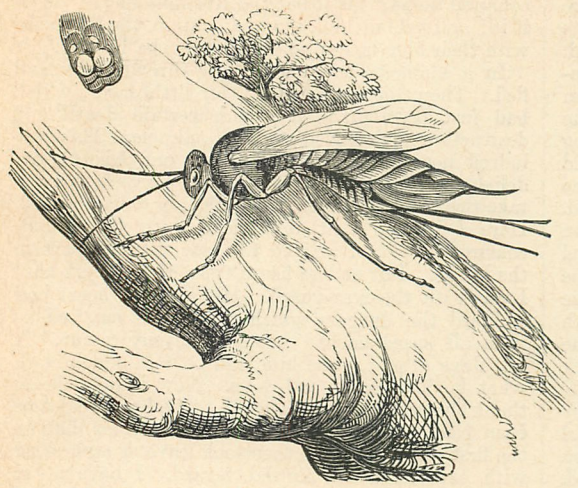
25.—Enigma.

Green am I in spring,
Late in summer yellow,
In the autumn red,
When the days grow mellow.

You on me may read,
You on me may write;
Green, red, yellow, though I am,
I am always white.

Wrinkle not my face,
Let me live in clover;
Look, but handle not,
Yes, you *may* turn me over. C. C.

[*Answers at page* 231.]



The Saw-fly.

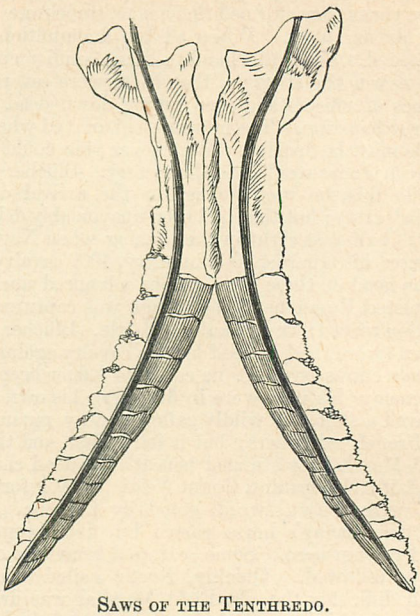
AN INSECT'S SAGACITY.

THE insect world is full of wonders, and it is marvellous how many of these tiny creatures conceal and preserve their eggs. Some will deposit them in extraordinary places, others will insert them in the skins of living animals. Others again deposit their eggs where the young grubs after coming from the egg find food close at hand. Amongst these last mentioned are insects who bestow great labour in the cradle of their young. The place they select is the hard part of a leaf, or the woody branch of a tree. In this they saw out a hole large enough to contain their eggs, whence their name saw-flies. For this purpose they are provided with an *ovipositor* of peculiar construction. It consists of two long pieces closing like a sheath over a third. In the *tenthredo* this third piece contains two saws each of which has been compared to the tenon-saw used by cabinet makers. The tenon-saw is single, but that of the tenthredo is double, consisting of two distinct saws. The insect in using them throws out one saw, and while it is returning pushes forward the other. This alternate motion is continued till the cut is made, when the two saws receding from each other conduct the egg between them into its place.

The sketch shows the saws of the *tenthredo* as they appear when magnified. Not only is the edge of the saw notched into teeth, but on every tooth a number of smaller teeth appear.

HOW AN INSECT IS BUILT.

EVERY creeping thing is by some persons set down as an insect; but, in reality, the term ought to be confined to those furnished with legs, *six in number*, and sometimes with wings as well. Otherwise the earthworm, or centipede, would be an insect, which it is not. The long jointed body of the centipede is endowed with great activity, every joint being furnished with a pair of legs, which, acting in concert with one another, run off with it rapidly enough.

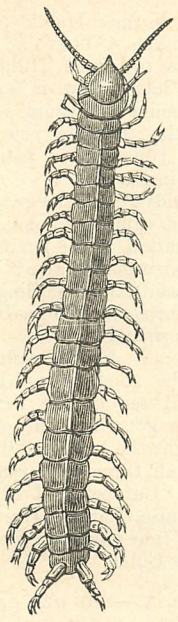


Saws of the Tenthredo.

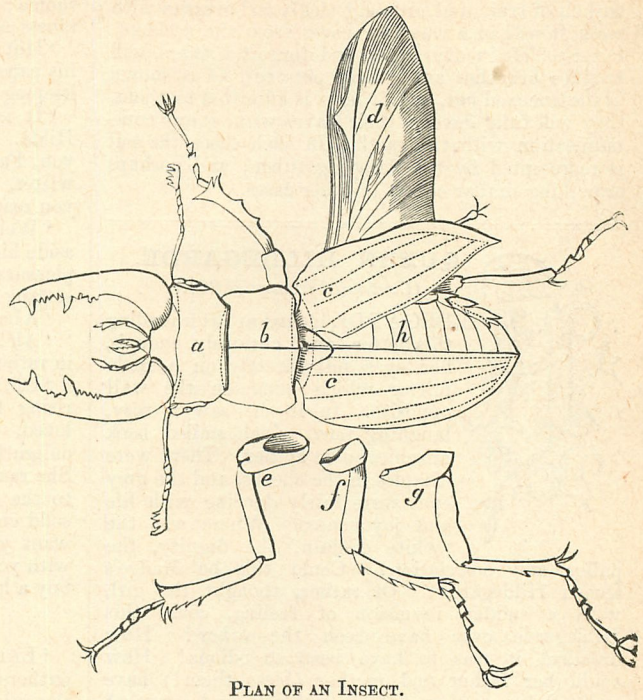
But this kind of body would not do for an insect, as it does not possess sufficient rigidity in any one part for the attachment of wings, and of the powerful muscles necessary to put them in motion. In the first place, therefore, a principle of *concentration* is carried out in the formation of an insect's body, many of the rings being dispensed with, and others altered to fit the creature for the peculiar habits of its species.

An insect, in its mature form, though still, like the centipede, built up of a number of rings, is easily distinguished by the fact of these rings being collected into *three* groups, called respectively the *head*, the *thorax*, or chest, and the *abdomen*. To the first portion belong the parts which compose the mouth, the eyes, and the *antennæ*, or feelers. The wings (where they exist) and the six legs are always attached to the middle portion, or *thorax;* and on the hinder part are seen the apertures for breathing.

The plates of mail, with which an insect is incrusted, serve the purpose of an external skeleton, protecting and strengthening the parts within. In the beetle tribe the head is encased in a horny helmet, which also protects the eyes, and is wrought into a variety of masticating implements around the mouth. In some species, the stag-beetle, for example, this helmet is surmounted by formidable pincers, which the creature knows so well how to use in self-defence, that the finger of the over-zealous naturalist sometimes gets an awkward pinch in attempting to secure their owner. The sketch is merely the outline plan of the different parts of an insect's body, in which (for convenience) the legs on one side are drawn separate from the trunk, in order to show the parts of which they consist. The letter (*a*) is placed upon the *head;* to the *thorax* (*b*) are attached the wing-cases (*c c*), and the wings beneath them, folded up on one side, opened on the other, and expanded



CENTIPEDE.

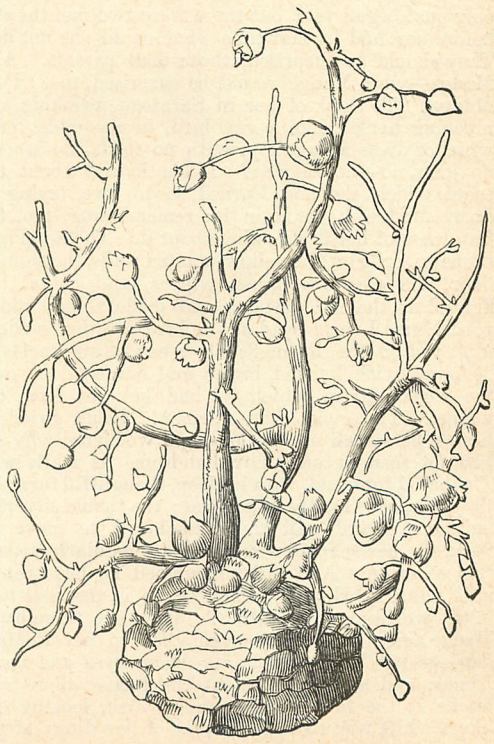


PLAN OF AN INSECT.

as if in the act of flight (*d*). To the lower surface of the thorax are attached the six legs, three of which (*e*, *f*, *g*) are so portrayed in the figure as to exhibit the first joint, which is hidden in the others by the body of the insect. In those insects which are usually on the wing, the upper part of the *thorax* is the strongest; but in those which fly little and walk much, the lower part is most expanded to strengthen the attachment of the legs. Underneath the opening wing-case certain transverse lines denote the rings of which the abdomen consists (*h*). On the other side of each ring a pair of openings may be seen, which are the apertures of breathing tubes, by which the air is admitted into the insect's body for the purpose of respiration.

TWO VEGETABLE CURIOSITIES.

PLANTS are nourished by drawing unto themselves food from the air and earth, in consequence of which they grow and produce their various forms. Sometimes they live for a long time upon what they find in the air only, and the matter which they contain within themselves. This happens in hyacinths and potatoes, which will reproduce themselves, and form new branches and leaves without coming in contact with the earth. Many accidental cases are also on record, one of the most remarkable of which is that of an ancient apple-tree, which, in the year 1812, was uprooted by a storm while loaded with fruit. Eight years afterwards it was still alive; it had formed a root at a knee of the stem on which it rested, had borne that year four



POTATO PLANT.

bushels of fruit, and, although sickly and overrun with moss, it was in a way to recover from the accident. Potatoes left in dry boxes, and forgotten there, will produce branches and young potatoes, as is shown in the annexed cut, and, if light is admitted to them, they will fully develop their leaves without any communication with the earth. In such cases, the soil is represented by the decaying tuber; and perhaps something similar occurs in other cases.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 207.)

HILDEGARDE looked up after reading this letter, and, curiously enough, her eyes fell directly on a little mirror which hung on the wall opposite. In it she saw a rosy, laughing face, which smiled back mischievously at her. There were dimples in the cheeks, and the grey eyes were fairly dancing with life and joyousness. Where was the 'white disdain,' the dignity, the pallor and emaciation? Could this be Madge's Queen Hildegarde? Or rather, thought the girl, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, could this Hildegarde ever have been the other? How dreadful it was to have been so odious! How could her father and mother (bless them!) have endured her as they did, so patiently and sweetly? But they should see when they came back. She had only just begun yet; but there were two months still before her, and in that time what could she not do? They should be surprised, those dear parents. And Madge—why, Madge would be surprised, too. Poor Madge! To think of her in Saratoga, prinking and preening herself like a gay bird, in the midst of a whirl of dress and gaiety, with no fields, no woods, no glen, no—no *kitchen!* Hilda looked about the room which she had learned so to love, trying to fancy Madge Everton in it; remembering, too, the bitterness of her first feeling about it. The lamplight shone cheerily on the yellow-painted walls, the shining floor, the gleaming brass, copper, and china. It lighted up the red curtains, and made a halo round good Nurse Lucy's head as she bent over her sewing; it played on the Farmer's silver-bowed spectacles as he pored with knitted brows and earnest look over the weekly paper which he had brought from the village. The good, kind Farmer! Hilda gazed at him as he sat all unconscious, and wondered why she had not seen at once how handsome he really was. The broad forehead, with its deep, thoughtful furrows; the keen, yet kindly blue eyes; the 'sable-silvered' hair and beard—all these combined to make up what the newspapers would call a 'singularly attractive exterior.' And '*Oh!* how good he has been to me!' thought Hilda. 'I believe he is the best man in the world, next to father.' Then she thought of Madge again, and tried to fancy her in her Redfern hat—pretty Madge, with her black eyes and curly fringe; and as she smiled at the image, there rose beside it the fair head of Pink Chirk, looking out like a white rose from the depths of her dingy straw tunnel; and then she laughed aloud at the very funniness of it.

'Hut! tut!' said Farmer Hartley, looking up from his paper with a smile. 'What's all this? Are you keeping all the jokes to yerself, Huldy?'

'It is only my letter that is so funny,' replied Hilda. 'I don't believe it would seem so funny to you, Farmer Hartley, because you don't know the writer. But have you finished your paper, and are you ready for Robin Hood?'

'Well, I am, Huldy!' said the good Farmer, laying aside his paper, and rubbing his hands with an air of pleasurable anticipation. 'We left that good-looking singing chap—what was his name?'

'Allan-a-Dale,' said Hilda, smiling.

'Ah!' said the Farmer, 'Allan-a-Dale—we left him in rather a ticklish situation.'

'Oh, but it comes out all right!' cried Hilda, rising to fetch the good brown book which she loved. 'You will see in the next chapter how delightfully Robin gets him out of the difficulty.' She ran and brought the book and drew her chair up to the table, and all three prepared for an hour of solid enjoyment. 'But before I begin,' she said, 'I want you to promise, Farmer Hartley, to take me with you the next time you go to the village. I *must* buy a hat for Pink Chirk.'

CHAPTER IX.—THE OLD CAPTAIN.

'LET—me—see!' said Farmer Hartley, as he gathered up the reins and turned old Nancy's head towards the village, while Hildegarde on the seat beside him turned back to wave a merry farewell to Nurse Lucy, who stood smiling in the porch. 'Let—me—see! Have you been off the farm before, Huldy, since you came here?'

'Not once,' replied Hilda, cheerily. 'And I don't believe I should be going now, Farmer Hartley, if it were not for Pink's hat. I promised myself that she should not wear that ugly straw sun-bonnet again. I wonder why anything so hideous was ever invented.'

'A straw bonnet, do you mean?' said the Farmer; 'something like a long sugar-scoop?'

'Yes, just that,' said Hilda, 'and coming down over her poor eyes so that she cannot see anything, except for a few inches straight before her.'

'Wal,' said the Farmer, meditatively, 'I remember when them bonnets was considered real handsome. Marm Lucy had one when she was a girl; I mind it right well. A white straw it was, with blue ribbons on top of it. It come close round her pretty face, and I used to have to sidle along and get round in front of her before I could get a look at her. I had rather a grudge against the bonnet on that account; but I supposed it was handsome, as everybody said so. I never see a bonnet of that kind,' he continued, 'without thinking of Miss Meeker and 'Melia Tyson. It makes me laugh now to think of them.'

'Who were they?' asked Hildegarde, eagerly, for she delighted in the Farmer's stories. 'Please tell me about them.'

The Farmer shook his head as was his wont when he was about to relapse into reminiscences, and gave old Nancy several thoughtful taps with the whip, which she highly resented.

'Old Miss Meeker,' he said, presently, 'she was a character, she was! She didn't belong hereabouts, but down South somewhere; but she was cousin to Cephas Tyson, and when Cephas' wife died, she came to stop with him a spell and look after his children. Three children there was—little Cephas, and Myrick, and 'Melia. 'Melia, she was a lively little girl, with snapping black eyes and a will of her own; and Miss Meeker, she was pretty stout, and she took things easy, just as they came, and let the children—and 'Melia specially—do pretty much as they had a mind to. Well, one day I happened in to see Cephas about a pair of steers I was thinking of buying. Cephas was out; but Miss Meeker said he would soon be in, she reckoned, and asked me to take a chair and wait. So I sat down, and while I was waiting in come 'Melia, and says she, "Aunt Cilly"—Miss Meeker's name was Priscilla—"Aunt Cilly, can I go down and play with Eddie? He wants me to come. Can I, Aunt Cilly?" "Not to-day, dearie," says Miss Meeker; "you was down to play with Eddie yesterday, and I reckon that will do for one while," she says. I looked at little 'Melia, and her eyes was snapping like coals. She didn't say nothing, but she just took and shoved her elbow right through the plate glass winder. Ho! ho! Cephas was real proud of his plate glass windows. I don't know how much they had cost him, but it was a prety good sum. And she shoved her elbow right through it and smashed it into shivers. I jumped up startled by the crash. But old Miss Meeker, she just looked up, as if she was a *leetle* bit surprised, but nothing worth mentioning. "Why, honey," says she, in her slow, drawling kind of way, "I didn't know ye wanted to go *that* bad. Put on your bonnet, and go and play with Eddie *this minute!*" says she. Ho! ho! ho! Them was her very words. And 'Melia, she tossed her bonnet on (one of them straw shakers it was, and that's what made me think of the story), and just shook the glass out of her sleeve—*I* don't know why the child wasn't cut to pieces, but she didn't seem to have got any hurt—and made a face at her aunt, and off she went. That's the way them children was brought up.'

'Poor things!' cried Hilda. 'What became of them, Farmer Hartley?'

''Melia, she run off and married a circus fellow,' replied the Farmer, 'and the boys I don't rightly know *what* become of them.'

By this time they were rattling through the main street of the little village, and presently they stopped before an unpretending little shop, in the window of which were displayed some rather forlorn-looking hats and bonnets.

'Here you are, Huldy,' said the Farmer, pointing to the shop with a flourish of the whip. 'Here's where you get the styles first hand. You have to come from New York to Glenfield to get the real thing, ye see.'

'I see!' laughed Hilda, springing lightly from the waggon.

'I'll call for you in about half an hour;' and with a kindly nod the Farmer drove away down the street.

Hildegarde entered the dingy little shop with some misgivings. 'I hope I shall find *something* fresh,' she said to herself; 'those things in the window look as if they had been there since the Flood.' She quickly made friends with the brisk little milliner, and they were soon turning over the meagre store of hats, trimmed and untrimmed.

'This is *real* tasty,' said the little woman, lifting with honest pride an alarming structure of green satin, which some straggling cock's feathers were doing their best to hide.

Hilda shuddered, but said pleasantly, 'Rather heavy for summer; don't you think so? It would be better for a winter hat. What is this?' she added, drawing from the farthest recesses of the box an untrimmed hat of rough yellow straw. 'I think perhaps this will do, Miss Bean.'

'Oh, no, you don't want *that!*' cried the little milliner, aghast. 'That's only common doings, anyhow; and it's been in that box for three years. Them shapes are not worn now.'

'Never mind,' said Hilda, merrily; 'it is perfectly fresh, and I like the shape. Just wait till you see it trimmed, Miss Bean. May I rummage a little among your drawers? I will not toss the things about.'

A piece of dotted mull and a bunch of soft pink roses rewarded her search; and with these and a bit of rose-coloured ribbon she proceeded to make the rough straw into so dainty and bewitching a thing that Miss Bean sat fairly petrified with amazement on her little hair-cloth sofa in the back shop. 'Why, why!' she said. 'If that isn't the beat of all. It's the tastiest hat I ever saw. You never told me you had learned the trade.'

This last was rather reproachfully said; and Hilda, much amused, hastened to reassure the good woman.

'Indeed, I never learned the trade,' she said. 'I take to it naturally, I think; and I have watched my mother, who does it much better than I.'

'She must be a first-class trimmer, then,' replied Miss Bean. 'Works in one of them big houses in New York, I reckon, don't she?'

Hildegarde laughed; but before she could reply, Miss Bean went on to say, 'Well, you're a stranger to me, but you've got a pooty good countenance, and you come with Farmer Hartley; that's reference enough.' She paused and reflected, while Hildegarde, putting the finishing touches to the pretty hat wondered what was coming. 'I wasn't calculating to hire help this summer,' continued the milliner, 'but you're so handy, and your mother could give you ideas from time to time. So if you'd like a job, I don't know but I'd like to hire you.'

(*Continued at page* 222.)

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S TOOTH.

A TOOTH of Sir Isaac Newton was sold in 1816 for the sum of 730*l.* It was purchased by a nobleman, who had it set in a ring which he wore constantly on his finger. The hat worn by Napoleon Buonaparte at the battle of Eylau was sold in Paris, in 1835, for 1920 francs (about 80*l.*). It was put up for sale at 500 francs, and there were thirty-two bidders. A wig that belonged to Sterne was sold at a public auction in London for 200 guineas. The Prayer-book used by Charles I. when on the scaffold was sold in London, in 1825, for 100 guineas.



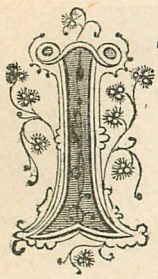
"This is a real Beauty," said the little Woman.



Master Simon in the Churchyard.

MASTER SIMON AND THE ROVERS.

A Story from Boccaccio.



IT used to be the custom for the citizens of Florence to go to the University of Bologna to study law and medicine, and amongst them was one, Master Simon da Villa, more wealthy than learned, who, returning to Florence, set up for a doctor of physic, and strutted about in his robes of scarlet and ermine, though he was as ignorant as he was vain.

Now this Master Simon, amongst his other notable qualities, had one, which was to ask who every person was whom he saw in the streets, and he observed and noted them all, as if he had to compound medicines, according to the different gestures and manners of people; and Bruno and Buffalmacco,* two painters who lived in his neighbourhood, and were always together, particularly attracted his attention. They were always merry, and seemed to care less for the world than other people did; so Master Simon was greatly astonished when he was told that they were only poor men, and painters, for he could not imagine how any one could live cheerfully in poverty; he therefore concluded that they must be cunning fellows, who had some secret way of getting money, and he resolved to become acquainted with them.

He chanced to fall in first with Bruno, who, seeing the kind of man he was, began to make game of him, telling him all sorts of extravagant stories; and the doctor was wonderfully delighted to hear him talk, and inviting him often to dinner, and growing familiar with him, he one day expressed his surprise that he and Buffalmacco could be so merry whilst they were so poor, and he wished to know how they managed it.

Bruno could not help laughing to himself when he heard the doctor ask such a silly question, and he resolved to give him a suitable answer; so he replied, 'There are many people, master, to whom I would never tell that; but as you are a friend, and I know will keep it secret, I will not be so scrupulous with you. It is true that we live as merrily as you think, perhaps more so, and yet all that we earn will hardly find us salt to our broth, and I trust you do not think that we steal! No; we go a roving, and bring home everything we can possibly desire, and thus it comes to pass that we live so merrily as you have observed.'

All this excited the doctor's curiosity intensely, and he wondered what this going a-roving could mean; and he begged Bruno to tell him, assuring him that he would never reveal the secret.

'Alas! Master Doctor,' quoth the painter, 'what a request is this? It is too great a secret, and I shall be ruined if I disclose it.'

'You may depend on what I say,' replied the doctor, 'it shall never go farther for me.'

'Behold, master,' returned Bruno, 'the regard I have for your super-excellent understanding! the confidence I repose in you is such that I can deny you nothing; therefore I will tell you, if you will swear to me never to reveal it.'

The doctor vowed, most fervently, never to disclose the secret, and Bruno proceeded,—

'You must know, my dear master, that there was lately in this city a famous magician named Master Michael Scotus,* to whom the gentry showed great honour; and when he departed he left behind him, at their request, two of his disciples, that they might be always ready to serve those who had so honoured him. These scholars, being pleased with the city, continued to reside in it, and contracted a friendship with several of the inhabitants who were of their own temper and habits, caring nothing whether they were rich or poor; and they established a society of five-and-twenty-persons, who were to meet together twice a-month, when every member of the society was to say what he wanted, and he was supplied with it that very night. Now my friend Buffalmacco and I were admitted into this society as a particular mark of favour; and it is wonderful to behold the splendour of the room wherein we sit. The tables are spread with the most delicious viands; we drink the richest wines from gold and silver vessels, and we are attended by multitudes of servants. But you must not think, my dear friend, that we appear in the same dress that you see us in. No, there is not one of us that appears less than an emperor, so richly are we arrayed; and thus we spend the evening amidst music and perfumes, dancing with the most beautiful ladies; and besides all this, should any of us want one or two thousand florins it is immediately supplied to him; and this we call going a-roving. Judge, then, of our happiness, and what reason we have to be merrier than other people; and as you must see for yourself what a great secret it is, I will say no more to you on that head.'

The doctor, whose knowledge reached no farther than to cure children of nettle-rash, believed this story, and became earnestly desirous of admittance into this Society of Rovers, but he did not like to ask such a favour immediately; so he told Bruno that he did not wonder at his being so cheerful, and from that time he was continually inviting the painter to dine and sup with him; and Bruno, in gratitude, decorated his hall with religious subjects, and in a little gallery he painted the battle of the cats and the rats, which the doctor thought a very pretty fancy; and if he happened any night to sup elsewhere the next time he met the doctor he would say, 'I was at our meeting last night,' and proceed to give the most marvellous account of their doings.

At length the doctor, thinking that Bruno was now under sufficient obligation to him to grant him any favour he desired, took the opportunity to open

* These were two well-known Florentine painters, who lived during the fourteenth century, and whose works are still in existence.

* Michael Scotus was a celebrated scholar, who, like other learned men of his day, was supposed to be a magician. Roger Bacon was believed to be able to perform wonders far beyond anything mentioned by Bruno of the Society of Rovers.

his mind to him, as he held the candle for him one night whilst he was painting.

'Bruno,' said he, 'there is no one I value so much as yourself, nor is there anything you could ask but I would oblige you in. Now there is nothing I desire so much as to make one of your company. Tell me, I pray you, what I must do to be admitted? You must see that I have a good person, and I am a doctor of physic too, and perhaps you have none of that profession amongst you; moveover, I can sing a great many pretty songs, as you shall hear.' With that he began to sing one.

'There,' said he, when he had finished, 'what do you think of that?'

'Certainly,' said Bruno, restraining his laughter with the greatest difficulty, 'the best violin is not to be compared to it.'

Master Simon then began to tell of his good birth, and how that there was not a doctor in Florence who had finer clothes, or a larger library than himself. 'Besides,' added he, 'if you are sick at any time I will cure you for nothing!'

Bruno, pretending all the time to be intent on his painting, said, 'Pray, sir, snuff the candle, and let me finish this rat's tail, and then I will talk to you.' He then, seeming pleased with the doctor's request, replied, 'Oh, sir, I have received great favours from you, I confess, and there is no one I would serve sooner; but you ask too much. Now, though I cannot directly comply with your request, I can put you in the way of succeeding in it. Know then, that we have a captain and two counsellors, who are chosen every six months; and next Christmas Buffalmacco will certainly be the captain, and I one of the counsellors. Now it is in the captain's power to admit whom he pleases, and you should certainly get acquainted with him. From what I have told him about you he has already conceived a great regard for you.'

'If he delights in people of sense and learning,' quoth the doctor, 'he will like me, for I have enough of both to furnish a whole city and yet leave enough for myself.'

The matter being thus agreed, Bruno went and related the affair to Buffalmacco, who was impatient to let the doctor have what he sought so earnestly for; so the doctor found it no hard matter to make his acquaintance, and began treating the two painters both noon and night, and whilst they lived on him they told him it was a favour they would show to no one else.

At length he made the same request to Buffalmacco that he had previously done to Bruno, but he seemed very angry, and, making a great clamour at his friend, threatened to break his head for betraying their secret. But the doctor excused Bruno, protesting that he heard it from another person.

At this Buffalmacco was somewhat pacified, and said, 'Dear doctor, I see you have been at the University, and know how to keep your mouth shut upon occasion.' And he went on, praising his sense and learning, till he made him believe that he was the greatest doctor between Florence and Paris, and ended by assuring him that he should become a member of their society. This promise made him increase his favours to them, till, in a little time, they brought him the news that he was to be admitted; so on the day he was to go to their meeting he invited them both to dine with him, and after dinner he asked them in what manner he should go to the assembly.

'It behoves you, master,' said Buffalmacco, 'to proceed very resolutely, otherwise you may be stopped and do us great injury. You must go to the churchyard of Santa Maria about the time that people go to sleep, and you must stand upon one of the raised tombs that are there, and you must wear your best gown, so as to make a good figure amongst us, and you must wait there till we send for you. You will then see a black, horned beast, of no great size, come capering and dancing about to terrify you; but if he sees you are not to be daunted he will come quickly over to you, when you may descend from the tomb, and boldly mount upon his back; but be sure you do not think of heaven or the saints, but as soon as you are seated lay your hands upon your breast, without touching the animal, and he will then move easily along; but if you say your prayers, or show the least fear, he will throw you down into some noisome place or other; so unless you can depend on your own courage you had better not make the attempt.'

'Ah!' said the doctor, 'you do not know me yet; you think me faint-hearted because I wear a gown; you little know what pranks I played when I was at Bologna! Never doubt my courage; and to do you the greater honour, I intend to come in my doctor's scarlet robe, and you will see how joyfully your assembly will receive me.'

'Well spoken,' replied Buffalmacco; 'but take care you do not impose upon us, and not come at all, and not be at your post when we send for you.' And with that the two painters left the doctor to himself.

As soon as it was night Master Simon made some excuse to his wife, and got away in his best gown, and went to the churchyard, and mounted upon one of the high tombs there, as he had been directed. The night was very cold, but there he stood, waiting for the coming of the beast.

Now Buffalmacco, who was a stout fellow, had procured a mask, such as they used to wear in farces, and he covered himself with a black fur gown, turned inside out, so that he looked like a bear, but his mask having two horns he appeared to be something even worse. Thus equipped, he went to Santa Maria's churchyard, Bruno following at a distance to see what would happen; and as soon as he saw the doctor there he fell to jumping about and roaring as if he were mad, which put Master Simon in a terrible fright, and he earnestly wished himself home again.

Buffalmacco, having played his tricks for some time, then grew more quiet, and drew near to the tomb on which the doctor stood, who, shaking with fear from head to foot, was in doubt whether he should mount him or not; but thinking that some mischief might befall him if he did not, he came down from the tomb, and praying for help, he mounted on the back of the beast and laid his hands on his breast, as he had been told to do. Buffalmacco, having got the doctor on his back, groped his way along in the dark for a considerable distance till he came to a place where the labourers had cut a number of ditches for the pur-



Master Simon's return home.

pose of drainage; and coming to the brink of one of these he put his hand under one of the doctor's feet, and pitched him headlong in.

Then Buffalmacco, making a dreadful noise, stamping about, and roaring, went back the way he came till he met with Bruno, who had been obliged to leave them because he could not keep from laughing; and they then both went together to the ditch to see how the poor doctor fared.

But Master Simon floundered in the mud, first to one side and then to the other, till he was daubed all over, and at last he contrived to scramble out, but he lost his hood in the ditch. He then went home, and knocked at the door till he was let in; and the two painters, who were listening outside, heard him soundly rated by his wife for going out in his best gown and getting into such a pickle.

The next morning Bruno and Buffalmacco came to the doctor's house covered with black and blue marks, as if they had been beaten; but the rogues had painted the spots on themselves. As soon as the doctor saw them he wished them good morning, but they pretended to be out of temper.

'We wish you had been hanged,' said one of them, 'for a sorry man as you are; we intended to do you honour and have been beaten like two asses, and in danger of being expelled from our assembly. If you do not believe us look at the state we are in.'

The poor doctor began to excuse himself, and was telling them of his misfortunes, and where he had



"Mountain hoary,
Winding shore, and deepening glen;
Where the landscape in its glory
Teaches truth to wandering men."

Derwentwater.

been thrown, when Buffalmacco interrupted him with—

'I wish you had been thrown from the bridge into the river! What had you to do with prayers? Were you not cautioned against that beforehand?'

'Indeed,' quoth the doctor, 'I used no prayers.'

'How do you say! no prayers!' cried the other; 'why our messenger told us that you prayed and trembled like an aspen leaf. We will never be served so again, either by you or any one else, and you must never more expect to have such favour shown you.'

Master Simon could only entreat them not to resent it, and lest they might expose him by making the affair public he entertained them at his house more than ever. And thus our doctor was taught something more than he learned at Bologna. A. R.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 215.)

THE heiress of all the Grahams was inclined to laugh at Miss Bean's proposal, but good feeling and good manners alike forbade. She thanked Miss Bean for her kind offer, and explained that she was only spending her school vacation at Hartley Farm.

The little milliner looked so disappointed that Hilda was seized with a royal impulse, and offered to 'go over' the hats in the window while she waited for Farmer Hartley, and freshen them up a bit.

'Well, I wish you would,' said poor Miss Bean. 'Fact is, I haven't done so well as I could wish this season. Folk is dreadfully afraid of buying new things nowadays.'

Then followed a series of small confidences on the hair-cloth sofa, while Hilda's fingers flew about the forlorn hats and bonnets, changing a ribbon here and a flower there, patting and poking, and producing really marvellous results. Another tale of patient labour, suffering, privation. An invalid mother and an 'innocent' brother for this frail little woman to support. Doctors' bills and hard times, and stingy patrons who were 'as afraid of a dollar bill as if it was the small-pox.' Hilda's eyes filled with tears of sympathy, and one great drop fell on the green satin hat, but it was instantly covered by the wreath of ivy which was replacing the staring cock's feathers.

'Well, I declare!' exclaimed Miss Bean. 'You would never know that for the same hat, now, would you? I thought it was handsome before, but it's far handsomer now. I shouldn't wonder if Miss Peasley bought that hat now. She's been kind of hankering after it the last two or three times she was in here; but every time she tried it on she would say, "No, it was too showy," she guessed. Well, I do say, you make a great mistake not going into the trade, for you're born to it, that's plain. When a person's born to a thing, he's thrown away, you may say, on anything else. What *was* you thinking——'

But at this moment came a cheery call of 'Huldy! Huldy!' and Hildegarde, cutting short the little woman's profuse thanks and invitations to call again, bade her a cordial good-bye, and ran out to the waggon, carrying her purchase neatly done up in brown paper.

'Steady there,' said the Farmer, making room for her on the seat beside him. 'Look out for the oil-can, Huldy! Bought out the whole shop, have you? Well, I shall look for great things the next few days. Hold up there, Nancy!' And they went jingling back along the street again.

As they passed the queer little shops, with their antiquated signboards, the Farmer had something to say about each one. How Omnium Grabb here, the grocer, missed his dried apples one morning, and how he accused his store-boy, who was his sister's son too, of having eaten them—'As if any living boy would pick out dried apples to eat when he had a whole store to choose from!' and how the very next day a man coming to buy a pair of boots, Omnium Grabb hooked down a pair from the ceiling, where all the boots hung, and found them 'chock full' of dried apples, which the rats had been busily storing in them.

How Beulah Perkins, who lived over the dry-goods store, had been bedridden for nineteen years, till the house where she was living caught fire, 'whereupon she jumped out of bed and grabbed an umbrella and opened it, and ran down street in her red flannel gown, with the umbrella over her head, shouting, "Somebody go save my bedstead! I haven't stirred from it for nineteen years, and I'm never going to stir from it again. Somebody go save my bedstead!"'

'And was it saved?' asked Hilda, laughing.

'No,' said the Farmer. 'It wasn't worth saving, nohow. Besides, if it *had* been, she would have gone back to it and stayed there. Hosy Grout kicked it into the fire; and Beulah was a well woman to the day of her death.'

Now the houses straggled farther and farther apart, and at last the village was fairly left behind. Old Nancy pricked up her ears and quickened her pace a little, looking right and left with glances of pleasure as the familiar fields ranged themselves along either side of the road. Hilda, too, was glad to be in the free country again, and she looked with delight at the banks of fern, the stone walls covered with white starry clematis, and the tangle of blackberry vines which made the pleasant road so fragrant and sweet. She was silent for some time. At last she said, half timidly, 'Farmer Hartley, you promised to tell me more about your father some day. Don't you think this would be a good time? I have been so much interested by what I have heard of him.'

'That's curious, now,' said Farmer Hartley, slowly, flicking the dust with the long lash of his whip. 'It's curious, Huldy, that you should mention father just now, for I happened to be thinking of him myself that very minute. Old father,' he added meditatively, 'well, surely, he *was* a character, father was. Folk about here,' he said, turning suddenly to Hilda and looking keenly at her, 'think father was raving crazy, or mighty nigh it. But he wasn't nothing of the sort. His mind was as keen as a razor, and as straight-edged, except just on *one* subject. On *that* he was, so to say, a little—well—a little *touched*.'

'And that was—?' asked Hilda.

'Why, you see, Huldy, father had been a sea-faring man all his days, and he had seen all manner of countries and all manner of folk; and it isn't to be wondered at if he got a little bit confused sometimes between the things he had seen and the things he owned. Father thought he had a kind of treasure hid away somewhere, like the pirates used to have. If they *did* have it!' he added slowly, 'I never more than half believed those yarns; but father, he thought *he* had it, and no mistake. "Do you think I was five years coasting round Brazil for nothing?" he says. "There's diamonds in Brazil," he says, "whole mines of them; and there's *some* diamonds *out* of Brazil too;" and then he would wink, and laugh out hearty, the way he used. He was always laughing, father was. And when times was hard he would say to my mother, "We won't sell the diamonds yet awhile." Not this time; but they're there, you know, my woman, they're there!" And when my mother would say, "Where be they,

Thomas?" he would only chuckle and laugh and shake his head. Then there was his story about the ruby necklace. How we youngsters used to open our eyes at that! We believed it too, every word of it.'

'Oh, what was it?' cried Hilda. 'Tell me, and I will believe it too!'

'He used to tell of a Malay pirate,' said the Farmer, 'that he licked somewhere off in the South Seas—when he sailed the *Lively Polly* that was. She was a clipper, father always said; and he run aboard the black fellows, and smashed their schooner, and threw their guns overboard, and demoralised them generally. They took to their boats and paddled off, what was left of them, and he and his crew searched the schooner, and found a woman locked up in the cabin—an Indian princess, father said she was—and they holding her for ransom. Well, father found out somehow where she come from—Java, or Mocha, or some of them places out of the spice-box—and he took her home, and hunted up her parents and guardians, and handed her over safe and sound. They—the guardians—was great people where they lived, and they wanted to give father a pot of money; but he said he wasn't that kind. "I'm a Yankee skipper!" says he. "It was as good as a feast to me to smash that black fellow!" says he. "*I* don't want no pay for it. And as for the lady, it was a pleasure to oblige her," he says; "and I'd do it again *any* day in the week, *except* Sunday, when I don't fight, as a rule, when I can help it." Then the princess, she tried to kiss his hand; but father said he guessed that wasn't quite proper, and the guardians seemed to think so too. So then she took a ruby necklace off her neck (she was all done up in shawls, father said, and silk, and gold chains, and fur and things, so that he couldn't see anything but her eyes; but they was better worth seeing than any other woman's whole face that ever *he* see), and gave it to him, and made signs that he *must* keep that, anyhow. Then she said something to one of the guardians, who spoke a little Portuguese, father understanding it a little too, and he told father she said these was the drops of her blood he had saved, and he must keep it to remember her. Just like drops of blood, he said the rubies was, strung along on a gold chain. So he took it, and said he wasn't likely to forget about it; and then he made his bow, and the guardians said he was their father, and their mother, and their great-aunt, and I don't know what all, and made him stay to supper, and he didn't eat nothing for a week afterward.'

The Farmer paused, and Hildegarde drew a long breath. '*Oh!*' she cried, 'what a delightful story, Farmer Hartley! And you don't believe it? *I* do, every word of it! I am *sure* it is true.'

'Well, you see,' said the Farmer, meditatively, 'if it was true, what became of the necklace? That's what *I* say. Father believed it, sure enough, and he thought he had that necklace, as sure as you think you have that bonnet in your hand. But it wasn't never found, hide *nor* hair of it.'

'Might he not have sold it?' Hilda suggested.

Farmer Hartley shook his head. 'No,' he said; 'he wasn't that kind. Besides, he thought to the day of his death that he had it, sure enough. "There's the princess's necklace!" he would say; "don't you forget that, wife! Along with the diamonds, you know." And then he would laugh like he was fit to burst. Why, when he was dying, so far gone that he couldn't speak plain, he called me to him, and made signs he wanted to tell me something. I stooped down close, and he whispered something; but all I could hear was "diamonds," and "dig," and then in a minute it was all over. Poor old father! He had been a good skipper, and a good man all his days.'

He was silent for a time, while Hilda pondered over the story, which she could not make up her mind to disbelieve altogether.

'Well, well! and here we are at the old farm again,' said the Farmer presently, as old Nancy turned in at the yellow gate. 'Here I've been talking the everlasting way home, haven't I? You must hurry and get into the house, Huldy, for *I* don't know how the machine has managed to run without you all this time. I sha'n't take you out again if I find anything's gone wrong.'

CHAPTER X.—A PARTY OF PLEASURE.

On a certain lovely afternoon the three happiest people in the world (so they styled themselves, and they ought to know) were gathered together in a certain spot, which was *next* to the prettiest spot in the world.

'You should have had *the* prettiest, Pink,' said Hilda, 'but we could not get your chair down into the glen, you know. My poor, dear Pink, you have never seen the glen, have you?'

'No,' answered Pink Chirk, cheerily. 'But I have heard so much about it, I really feel as if I had seen it, almost. And, indeed, I don't think it *can* be much lovelier than this place.'

However that might be, the place they had chosen was certainly pretty enough to satisfy any one. Not far from Mrs. Chirk's cottage was a little pine-grove, easy of access, and with trees far enough apart to allow the wheeled chair to pass between them. And in the grove, just in a little open space where two or three trees had been cut away, was a great black rock, with ferns growing in all its cracks and crannies, and a tiny birch-tree waving like a green and white plume on its top. And at the foot of the rock—oh, what a wonderful thing!—a slender thread of crystal water came trickling out, as cold as ice and as clear as—as itself; for nothing else could be so clear. Bubble had made a little wooden trough to hold this fairy stream, and it gurgled along the trough and tumbled over the end of it with as much agitation and consequence as if it were the Niagara River itself. And under the rock and beside the stream was a bank of moss and ferns most lovely to behold, most luxurious to sit upon. On this bank sat Queen Hildegarde, with Bubble at her feet as usual; and beside her, in her chair, sat sweet Pink, looking more like a white rose than ever, with her fresh white dimity gown and her pretty hat. Hilda was very busy over a mysterious-looking basket, from whose depths she now drew a large napkin, which she spread on the smooth green moss. A plate of sandwiches came next, and some cold chicken, and six of Dame Hartley's wonderful apple-turnovers.

(*Continued at page* 226.)



The Picnic.



Bubble's Performance.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 223.)

NOW, Bubble,' said Hilda, 'where are those birch-bark cups that you made for us? I have brought nothing to drink out of.'

'I'll fetch them, Miss Hildy,' cried Bubble, springing up with alacrity. 'I clean forgot them. I say, Pink, shall I?—would you?' and he made sundry signs to his sister.

'Yes, certainly,' said Pink; 'of course.'

The boy ran off, and Hilda fell to twisting pine tassels together into a kind of fantastic garland, while Pink looked on with beaming eyes.

'Pink,' said Hilda, presently, 'how is it that you speak so differently from Bubble and your mother—so much better English, I mean? Have you—but no; you told me you never went to school.'

'It was Faith,' said Pink, with a look of tender sadness, 'Faith Hartley. She wanted to be a teacher, and we studied together always. Dear Faith! I wish you had known her, Miss Graham.'

'You promised not to call me Miss Graham again, Pink,' said Hildegarde. 'It is absurd, and I won't have it.'

'Well, Hilda, then,' said Pink, shyly. 'I wish you had known Faith, Hilda; you would have loved her very much, I know.'

'I am sure I should,' said Hilda, warmly. 'Tell me more about her. Why did she want to teach when she was so happy at home?'

'She loved children very much,' said Pink, 'and liked to be with them. She thought that if she studied hard, she could teach them more than the district school-teachers about here generally do, and in a better way. I think she would have done a great deal of good,' she added, softly.

'Oh! *why* did she die?' cried Hilda. 'She was so much needed! It broke her father's heart, and her mother's, and almost yours, my Pink. Why was it right for her to die?'

'It *was* right, dear,' said Pink, gently; 'that is all we can know. "Why" isn't answered in this world. My granny used to say,—

'"Never lie!
Never pry!
Never ask the reason why!"'

Hilda shook her head, and was about to reply earnestly, but at this moment Bubble came bounding back with something in his arms—something covered with an old shawl; something alive which did not like the shawl, and struggled, and made plaintive little noises, which the boy tried vainly to repress.

'I say, Miss Hildy,' he cried eagerly, 'do you like—do you like purps?'

'Purps, Bubble?' asked Hilda, wonderingly. 'What are they? and what have you there—your poor old cat? Let her go. For shame, you naughty boy!'

'Puppies, he means,' whispered Pink.

'Because if you do,' cried the breathless Bubble, still struggling with his shrouded captive, 'I've got one here as—— Well! go along, you pesky creature, if you *will!*' for the poor puppy had made a frantic effort, and leaped from his arms to the ground, where it rolled over and over, a red and green plaid mass, with a white tail sticking out of one end. On being unrolled, it proved to be a little snow-white, curly creature, with long ears and large, liquid eyes, whose pathetic glance went straight to Hilda's heart.

'Oh, the little darling!' she cried, taking him up in her arms; 'the pretty, pretty creature! Is he really for me, Bubble? Thank you very much. I shall love him dearly, I know.'

'I'm glad you like him,' said Bubble, looking highly gratified. 'Hosy Grout gave him and another one to me yesterday, over at the village. He was going to drown them, and I wouldn't let him, and he said I might have them if I wanted them. I knew Pink would like to have one, and I thought maybe you liked creatures, an' so——'

'Good Bubble!' said Hilda, stroking the little dog's curly head. 'And what shall I call him, Pink? Let us each think of a name, and then choose the best.'

There was a pause, and then Bubble said, 'Call him Scott, after the bold Buckle-oh!'

'Or Will, for the "wily Belted Will,"' said Pink, who was as inveterate a ballad-lover as her brother.

'I think Jock is a good name,' said Hildegarde, 'Jock o' Hazeldean, you know. I think I will call him Jock.' And the others assenting, the puppy was solemnly informed of the fact, and received a chicken-bone in honour of the occasion. Then the three friends ate their dinner, and very merry they were over it. Hildegarde crowned Pink with the pine-tassel wreath, and declared that she looked like a priestess of Diana.

'No, she don't,' said Bubble, looking up from his cold chicken; 'she looks like Lars Porsena of Clusium set in his ivory chair, only she's not fierce enough. Hold up your head, Pinky, and look real savage, and I'll do Horatius at the Bridge.'

Pink did her best to look savage, and Zerubbabel stood up and delivered 'Horatius' with much energy and appropriate action, to the great amusement of his audience. A stout stick, cut from a neighbouring thicket served for the 'good Roman steel;' and with this he cut and slashed and stabbed with furious energy, reciting the lines meanwhile with breathless ferocity. He slew the 'great Lord of Luna,' and on the imaginary body he—

'Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he drew out the steel.'

Bubble's performance was much applauded by the two girls. And when the boy, exhausted with his exertions, threw himself down on the pine needles, and begged 'Miss Hildy' to sing to them, she readily consented, and sang 'Jock o' Hazeldean,' and 'Come o'er the stream, Charlie!' so sweetly that the little fat birds sat still on the branches to listen. A faint glow stole into Pink's wan cheek, and her blue eyes sparkled with pleasure; while Bubble bobbed his head, and testified his delight by drumming with his heels on the ground and begging for more. 'A ballad now, Miss Hildy, please,' he cried.

'Well,' said Hildegarde, nothing loth, 'what shall it be?'

'One with some fighting in it,' replied Bubble, promptly. So Hildegarde began:—

'Down Deeside cam Inverey,
Whistling and playing:
He's lighted at Brackley gates
In the day's dawning.'

And went on to tell of the murder of 'bonnie Brackley,' and the treachery of his young wife:—

'There's grief in the kitchen,
And mirth in the ha';
But the Baron o' Brackley
Is dead and awa'.'

So the ballad ended, leaving Bubble full of sanguinary desires anent the descendants of the false Inverey. 'I—I—I'd like just to get hold of some of them fellows!' he exclaimed. 'They wouldn't go slaughtering round no great amount when I'd finished with them!' And he flourished his stick, and looked so fierce that the puppy yelped piteously.

'And now, Pink,' said Hilda, 'we have just time for a story before we go home. Bubble has told me about your stories, and I want very much to hear one.'

'Oh, Hilda, they are not worth telling twice!' protested Pink; 'I just make them for Bubble when he takes me out on Sunday. It's all I can do for the dear lad.'

'Don't you mind her, Miss Hildy,' said Bubble; 'they're first-rate stories, and she tells them just like p— 'rithmetic. Go ahead, Pink! Tell the one about the princess what looked in the glass all the time.' So Pink, in her low, sweet voice, told the story of

THE VAIN PRINCESS.

Once upon a time there lived a princess who was so beautiful that it was a wonder to look at her. But she was also very vain, and her beauty was of no use or pleasure to anybody, for she sat and looked in her mirror all day long, and never thought of doing anything else.

The mirror was framed in beaten gold, but the gold was not so bright as her shining locks; and all about its rim great sapphires were set, but they were dim and grey compared with the blue of her lovely eyes. So there she sat all day in a velvet chair, clad in a satin gown with fringes of silver and pearl; and nobody in the world was one bit the better for her or her beauty.

Now, one day the princess looked at herself so long and so earnestly that she fell fast asleep in her velvet chair, with the golden mirror in her lap. While she slept a gust of wind blew the casement window open, and a rose that was growing on the wall outside peeped in. It was a poor little feeble white rose, which had climbed up the wall in a straggling fashion, and had no particular strength or beauty or sweetness. Every one who saw it from the outside said, 'What a wretched little plant! Why is it not cut down?' and the rose trembled when it heard this, for it was as fond of life as if it were beautiful, and it still hoped for better days. Inside, no one thought about it at all, for the beautiful princess never left her chair to open the window.

Now, when the rose saw the princess it was greatly delighted, for it had often heard of her marvellous beauty. It crept nearer and nearer, and gazed at the golden wonder of her hair, her ivory skin under which the blushes came and went as she slept, and her smiling lips. 'Ah!' sighed the rose, 'if I had only a tinge of that lovely red, I should be finer than all the other roses.' And as it gazed, the thought came into its mind: 'Why should I not steal a little of this wondrous beauty? Here it is of no use to anybody. If I had it, I would delight every one with my freshness and sweetness, and people would be the better for seeing a thing so lovely.'

So the rose crept to the princess's feet, and climbed up over her satin gown, and twined about her neck and arms, and about her lovely golden head. And it stole the blush from her cheek, and the crimson from her lips, and the gold from her hair. And the princess grew paler and paler; but the rose blushed red and redder, and its golden heart made the room bright, and its sweetness filled the air. It grew and grew, and now new buds and leaves and blossoms appeared; and when at last it left the velvet chair and climbed out of the casement again, it was a glorious plant, such as had never been seen. All the passers-by stopped to look at it and admire it. Little children reached up to pluck the glowing blossoms, and sick and weary people gained strength and courage from breathing their delicious perfume. The world was better and happier for the rose, and the rose knew it, and was glad.

But when the princess awoke, she took up her golden mirror again, and looking in it, saw a pale and wrinkled and grey-haired woman looking at her. Then she shrieked, and flung the mirror on the ground, and rushed out of her palace into the wide world. And wherever she went she cried, 'I am the beautiful princess! Look at me and see my beauty; for I will show it to you now!' But nobody looked at her, for she was withered and ugly; and nobody cared for her, because she was selfish and vain. So she made no more difference in the world than she had made before. But the rose is blossoming still, and fills the air with its sweetness.

'My Pink,' said Hildegarde, tenderly, as she walked beside her friend's chair on their homeward way, 'you are shut up like the princess; but instead of the rose stealing your sweetness, you have stolen the sweetness of all the roses, and taken it into your prison with you.'

'Oh, not shut up, Hilda!' cried Pink, opening wide eyes of wonder and reproach. 'Do you call *this* being shut up? See what I have had to-day! Enough pleasure to think about for a year. And even without it—even before you came, Hilda—why, I am the happiest girl in the world, and I ought to be.'

Hildegarde stooped and kissed the pale forehead. 'Yes, dear, I think you are,' she said; 'but I should like you to have all the pleasant and bright and lovely things in the world, my Pink.'

'Well, I have the best of them,' said Pink Chirk, smiling brightly; 'home, and love, and friends, and flowers. And as for the rest, why, dear Hilda, what *is* the use in thinking about things one has not?'

After this, which was part of Pink's little code of philosophy, she fell a-musing happily, while Hilda walked beside her, almost hating herself for the fulness



Scandal.

of vigour, the health and buoyancy, which she felt in every limb. She looked sidelong at the transparent cheek, the wasted frame, the unearthly radiance of the blue eyes. This girl was just her own age, and had never walked! It could not, it *must* not, be so always. Thoughts thronged into her mind of the great New York physicians and the wonders they had wrought. Might it not be possible? Could not something be done? The blood coursed more quickly through her veins, and she laid her hand on that of the crippled girl with a sudden impulse of protection and tenderness.

Pink Chirk looked up with a wondering smile. 'Why, Hildegarde,' she said, 'you look like the British warrior queen that you told me about yesterday. I was just thinking what a comfort it is to live now, instead of in those dreadful murdering times that the ballads tell of.'

'I would rather have lived then!' cried Bubble from behind the chair. 'If I had, I would have got hold of that In verey fellow.'

(*Continued at page* 234.)

SCANDAL.

'Do not slander others, either by raising or repeating a report which may do them irretrievable injury.'

A WHISPER broke the air—
A soft light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe:
Now, might it perish only there,
Nor farther go!



Spreading the Alarm of an Invasion.

Ah me! a quick and eager ear
  Caught up the little-meaning sound;
Another voice has breathed it clear,
  And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
  And *that* it broke!

NO HISTORICAL LOOMS.

IN 1745 the nation was alarmed by rumours of invasion, and the English army was in retreat beyond Brussels. The ministry had been, as is often the case, too economical, and the French had seized Ghent and Bruges, and cut off a large detachment of our men. Then, as Horace Walpole says, the enemy 'were gathering towns and prisoners and laurels as one would a nosegay.' As Lord Chesterfield was

speaking in favour of that ill-advised war, he turned towards the tapestry in the House of Peers, and said, with a sigh, 'he feared there were no historical looms at work now. This tapestry represented the defeat of the Armada in 1588, and was surrounded by portraits of the principal officers who commanded the fleet. It was wrought in Holland at the cost of the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral. O.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. VI.—THE VEGETABLE FOOD OF THE WORLD.

IN every vegetable there is sap, which runs through the branches and into the leaves, which latter are its lungs. Here, as in our own blood, the colour of the sap is changed by its contact with the oxygen of the air. The sap is the blood of the plant, and a vine, pruned too late, has been known to die from having lost so much of its life current. When the roots cannot imbibe sap, and the branches cannot impel it onward, the plant must decline. Another cause of a plant's decline and death is the production of too much seed or fruit. A plant whose flowers cannot produce seeds becomes a perennial and does not die. Too much wet, an unsuitable soil, cold or heat in excess, are all fatal to plants. The sap of plants, as long as it is in the plant, is never known to freeze.

The three chief ingredients in vegetables are oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon. Out of these, in varying proportions, every kind of plant is constructed. It is very strange how nearly alike sugar and starch are in their composition, and yet how unlike in their taste and the purposes for which they are used. Take 100 ounces of sugar and you will find it is made up of 42½ ounces of carbon, 50½ of oxygen, and 7 of hydrogen. Take the same weight of starch and you will find 7 of hydrogen, 43½ of carbon, and 49½ of oxygen. Here, then, by having one ounce in a hundred more of carbon, and one ounce in a hundred less of oxygen, all the difference is made between starch and sugar. However, if starch is boiled long, and a little sulphuric acid be added, it becomes sweet.

If we take 100 ounces of wheat it will be found made up of six ingredients, in the following proportions. There are 62 ounces of pure starch, 12 of gluten (which is the nourishing part of wheat), 7½ of sugar, 5¾ of gum, 2¼ of bran, and 10½ of water. Now, we have said that all vegetable matter is composed of three ingredients—carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; but gluten, which is a very important element in wheat, contains also much nitrogen. This used to be considered as wanting in vegetable matter, and as an element which distinguished flesh meat from vegetable diet; but it is now ascertained that nitrogen is present in all seeds. And therefore, as nitrogen is found largely in flesh meat, and also in gluten, it follows that gluten approaches towards the nature of animal food. There is much gluten in bran, and therefore brown bread has more nourishment in it than white.

Rice, which is the ordinary bread stuff of people who live in India, has less gluten than wheat, but more starch. It is, indeed, nearly all starch, and it agrees with many in very hot climates on that account. It is less of a stimulant. The amount of sugar and gum in it is also very small.

The potatoe, found in every cottage, and on every rich man's table, is a member of a poisonous family. The deadly nightshade is another member. In 1693, Sir Robert Southwell told the Royal Society that his grandfather first planted the potatoe in Ireland, and that he got it from Sir Walter Raleigh. At first it was thought its berries were the part to be eaten. The potatoe is three parts water, and one part starch. In such a way the far-famed vegetable is made up, without which no man now thinks he has had a proper dinner. There is no gluten at all in the potatoe, but its starch is its glory.

The date, on which many people in the East live for the greater part of the year, is very nourishing. It is plentifully provided with gum, sugar, and gluten. The yam abounds with starch, like rice and the potatoe, and so does also the sago palm, whereas the cocoa-nut contains a great deal of oil, and the banana or plantain is full of sugar.

But, what are sugar, gum, starch, and gluten? The sugar of commerce is the juice pressed out of the sugar-cane. Other plants beside contain it, but the sugar-cane is the king of them. The canes are cut and put through the rollers of a mill, and the juice is boiled, and stirred about till it takes the form of raw sugar. The raw sugar is generally refined in this country. It is also found in honey, milk, fruit, and beet-root. Gum is highly nourishing; so much so, that six ounces a-day are said to be able to keep a man alive. Starch we have already noticed, as forming part of all vegetables, and the bulk of many. The starch of one plant forms tapioca. It is mixed with a very poisonous juice, which has to be expelled by frequent washing. Gluten may be obtained from wheat flour kneaded into a paste and washed till the water can carry nothing further off. What remains is gluten. It is grey and very stringy, or tenacious. It may be drawn out twenty times its length. It is found in all seeds, and is very abundant in the cabbage tribe. In the cauliflower there are no less than sixty parts of pure gluten out of every hundred.

The chief material of plants is carbon. Carbon is from *carbo*, meaning charcoal, and it is the framework of the vegetable kingdom, entering largely into the fading flower as well as the aged oak. It is, in fact, wood with the gaseous portions driven off by heat. Charcoal will never decay. The theatre of Herculaneum, which was burnt nearly two thousand years ago, still displays charcoal beams as entire as ever. And, as charcoal does not decay, so it preserves other things from putrefaction. Coal is carbon mixed with bitumen. It has been compounded of trees and plants, which lived and decayed ever so long ago: while the diamond, 'gem of purest ray serene,' is a piece of coal crystallised. Who would think it? It is the hardest of all substances, and can only be polished by means of diamond powder. It is found only in the torrid zone. The Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light, was found at the famous Golconda, and had a crowd round it as long as the Great Exhibition of 1851 was kept open to the public.

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

26.—Riddles.

My first is bright, my second is bright, and my whole is bright.

2, 3, 4,—A name for a sailor.
5, 3, 6, 4,—The dwelling place of a wild animal.
1, 2, 3, 6, 4,—A means of ascent.
4, 6, 7, 8, 9,—What all our actions ought to be.
8, 6, 7, 8,—The reverse of low.
7, 6, 5, 5,—A small liquid measure.
1, 5, 6, 9,—A tear, a narrow opening.

27. I am a word of letters seven,
To whom much pungency is given;
At certain times I'm taken in,
At other times I bite the skin.

Scatter my letters on the table,
Then pick them up, and, if you're able,
Make first what lies in every way,
Then what's the herald of the day.

Once more my letters seven disband,
Then form a weapon for the hand,
And that which lies on every slate
By order of the English State.

Disperse my letters seven again,
Then you will look on one insane;
And that red stuff a saw will get
When it's forgotten in the wet. G. S. O.

28.—Geographical Acrostic.

The largest peninsula in the world.

1. A range of mountains in the south of Europe separating three countries.
2. A beautiful city in Italy, famous as the birthplace of many artists, poets, and other eminent men.
3. One of the largest rivers in Europe noted for its beautiful scenery.
4. The largest county of Scotland.
5. A large country in America belonging to England.
6. The ancient name for England. C. C.

[*Answers at page* 271.]

Answers to Puzzlers for Wise Heads.

18. Barleycorn.

19.

1	2	3	4
Bird	eye	nest	atom
idea	yea	ever	tame
ream	ear	sere	omen
dame		tree	mend

5	6	7	8
opera	cap	life	lace
peril	ape	idea	alas
erase	pen	fear	carp
riser		earn	espy
alert			

20. Gunpowder; Pug, Wonder; Pew, No, Drug; Grown, Dupe; Prude, Gown.

21. Still waters run deep.
1. Stratford-on-Avon. 2. Titus. 3. India. 4. Lycurgus. 5. London. 6. Waterloo. 7. Arthur. 8. Tiberius. 9. Edward. 10. Russia. 11. Sun. 12. Robert, son of William the Conqueror. 13. Ulysses. 14. Niger. 15. Derby. 16. Egbert. 17. Essex. 18. Penny Post.

22. At first there must be twenty-four hurdles down each side and one at the top and bottom; by putting two at the top and bottom, twice the space will be inclosed, and there will be room for double the number of sheep.

23. Zurich—Geneva.

1. Z u G
2. U mpir E
3. R oue N
4. I c E
5. C. V.*
6. H imalay A

24. 1. Asia. 2. Germany. 3. Archangel. 4. China. 5. Yarmouth. 6. Milan. 7. Athens. 8. Sparta.

25. Leaves.

A LIGHT SUMMER DRESS.

STRANGERS arriving in Japan sometimes see the native grooms, or horse boys, clothed in what appears to be a very tight-fitting, variously coloured dress, but which is really a suit elaborately tattooed on their naked skins. The practice of tattooing may have been more general in Japan in ancient times, but it is now confined to the grooms, and others, who in summer go about almost without clothing.

The New Zealanders, and the natives of many of the South Sea Islands, are tattooed from head to foot, the designs being composed of lines arranged in geometrical figures, or in the shape of leaves, flowers, or plants, and are of a dark bluish tint; but the artistic Japanese do not tattoo the face, and make beautiful designs in which red and blue are combined. On the breast there is usually a large blue dragon, whilst the back, as presenting the broadest surface, is occupied by representations of men and women. The rest of the body and the arms and legs are covered with various figures, and there is an ornamental border round the neck, and just above the wrists, and below the knees, so as to look exactly like a dress.

Some of the artists in tattoo are celebrated for their skill; and Europeans sometimes, 'just for the fun of the thing,' get them to exercise their art on their arms. I knew of an English gentleman who had a lady's face tattooed on his arm, on the biceps muscle. The face was very pretty, with pink cheeks, and red lips, and when the arm was straight the lady looked serious, but when it was bent and the muscle contracted, her face broadened into a laugh.

A lady, who was rather near-sighted, and who had not been long in Japan, stopped to examine what she thought to be a beautiful tight-fitting dress on a groom, who, seated on a mat, was playing with his little boy. His back exhibited a picture of a Japanese lady in a pink dress, and waving a fan in her hand, whilst a gentleman in blue was seated at her feet. The shoulders and arms were occupied by gracefully curved lines, and a grotesque face; and near the elbow was a beautifully tinted butterfly. The Japanese are very fond of their children, and the man, thinking that the lady was admiring his child, turned the little fellow round for her to see how finely his bullet head was decorated with three funny little tufts of hair. But it was some time before the lady could be

* Roman numerals for 105.

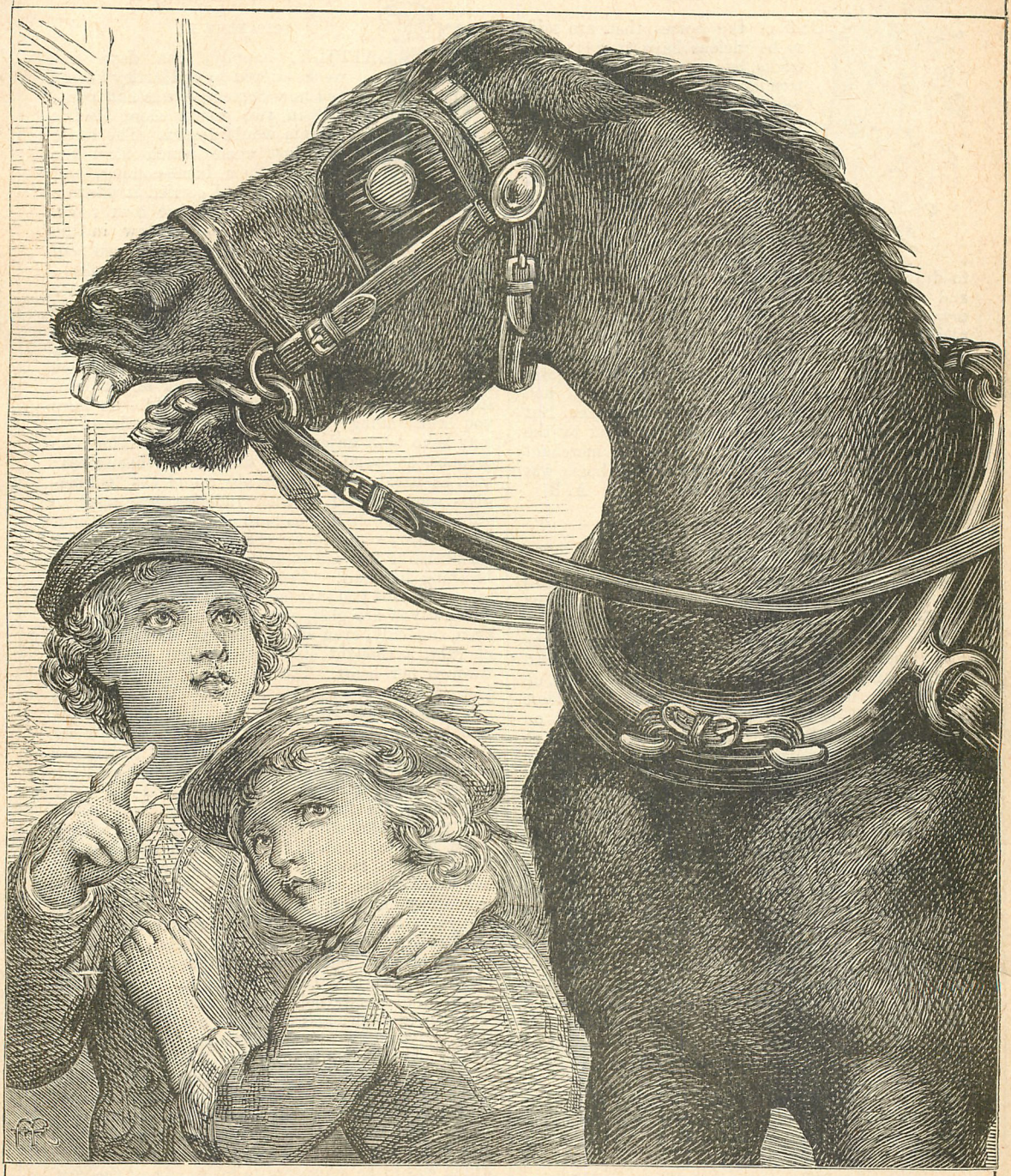


A Light Summer Dress.

persuaded that it was the man's skin and not a dress she had been looking at.

The Japanese shave the hair of the front of the head, and turning it up at the back and sides, fasten it on the top with a comb; but the little children have their hair dressed into three, or more tufts, according to fancy, the rest of the little head being shaved.

A. R.



Biters. By Alexander Rowan.

BITERS.

MOST of the horses that are said to be vicious have been taught tricks by grooms or stable-boys teasing them. I have myself seen stable-boys tickling and irritating horses to make them kick out. 'It was such fun,' they said. Of course, some horses, like other animals, are naturally ill-tempered, and bite and kick with the intention of hurting, but they are comparatively few.

I remember a horse that used to draw a cart belonging to a wholesale merchant; and as it stood beside the kerb-stone, whilst the driver was in some shop transacting business, the vicious creature would snap at every one who passed. The children were all afraid of it; and when it laid its ears flat, and curling up its lip, showed its great teeth, they would exclaim, 'Look, he bites!' and they were careful not to come within its reach. But one day the animal caught an unwary boy by the shoulder, biting him severely; and as the merchant had to pay damages, and found that the horse was incurably vicious, he had it killed. A. R.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

ON one occasion in April I found twenty-four small spiders (*N. Eleanora*) clustered beneath and beside their mother. I secured the whole family by quickly cutting out the mass of earth containing the lower door, on the under side of which they remained crouched, and brought them home alive. I had, up to this time, been in the habit of killing the spiders by putting them in strong spirits of wine, but on treating these spiders in this way, I saw reason to regret having done so. I knew that these large spiders, when thrown into spirits of wine, would continue to struggle for an hour or more, but I had supposed that this was only muscular motion, and was not in the least aware that the poor creatures were probably conscious all the time. In this instance I first placed the mother spider in the bottle, and then, in about ten minutes, when I supposed, though still struggling, she was dead to sense, I dropped in the young spiders. No sooner, however, had I done this than the mother, perceiving them, gathered all her young to her, and after placing them beneath her, with her legs drawn up round them, as a hen screens her chickens with her wings, never stirred again, but retained this attitude until death released her, and the limbs, no longer under the control of the wonderful maternal instinct, slackened and fell abroad.

Since that day I have adopted the plan of placing large spiders for about ten minutes in a closed box with a piece of cotton wool soaked in chloroform, and I find this answer perfectly.

J. Traherne Moggridge, F.L.S.

—*From 'Harvesting Ants and Trap-door Spiders.'*

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 228.)

CHAPTER XI.

HAPPILY, happily, the days and weeks slipped by at Hartley Farm; and now September was half gone, and in two weeks more Hilda's parents would return. The letter had just come which fixed the date of their home-coming, and Hildegarde had carried it upstairs to feast on it in her own room. She sat by the window in the little white rocking-chair, and read the words over and over again. In two weeks—really in two little weeks—she should see her mother again. It was too good to be true.

'Dragons, do you hear?' she cried, turning towards the washhandstand. 'You have seen my mother, Dragons, and she has washed her blessed face in your bowl. I should think that might have stopped your romping, if anything could. Or have you been waving your paws for joy ever since? I may have been unjust to you, Dragons.' The blue dragons, as usual, refused to commit themselves; and, as usual, the gilt cherubs round the looking-glass were shocked at their rudeness, and tried to atone for it by smiling as hard as they possibly could. 'Such dear, sympathetic cherubs!' said the happy girl, bending forward to kiss one of them as she was brushing her hair. '*You* do not romp and glower when one tells you that one's mother is coming home. I know you are glad, you dear old things!' And then, suddenly, even while she was laughing at the cherubs, a thought struck her which sent a pang through her heart. The cherubs would still smile just the same when she was gone! Ah! it was not all delight, this great news. There was sorrow mingled with the rapture. Her heart was with her parents, of course. The mere thought of seeing her mother's face, of hearing her father's voice, sent the blood dancing through her veins. And yet—she must leave the farm; she must leave Nurse Lucy and the farmer, and they would miss her. They loved her; ah! how could they help it, when she loved them so much? And the pain came again at her heart as she recalled the sad smile with which the farmer had handed her this letter. 'Good news for you, Huldy,' he said, 'but bad for the rest of us, I reckon!' Had he had word also, or did he just know that this was about the time they had meant to return? Oh, but she would come out so often to the farm! Father and mother would wish her to come; and she could not live long at a time in town, without refreshing herself with a breath of *real* air, country air. She might have *wilted* along somehow for sixteen years; but she had never been *really* alive—had she?—till this summer. Pink and Bubble too, they would miss her almost as much. But that did not trouble her, for she had a plan in her head for Pink and Bubble—a great plan, which was to be whispered to father *almost* the very moment she saw him—not quite *the* very moment, but the next thing to it. The plan would please

Nurse Lucy and the farmer too—would please them almost as much as it delighted her to think about it.

Happy thought! She would go down now and tell the farmer about it. Nurse Lucy was lying down with a bad headache, she knew; but the farmer was still in the kitchen. She heard him moving about now, though he had said he was going off to the orchard. She would steal in softly and startle him, and then—

Full of happy and loving thoughts, Hildegarde slipped quietly down the stairs and across the hall, and peeped in at the kitchen door to see what the farmer was doing. He was at the farther end of the room, with his back turned to her, stooping down over his desk. What was he doing? What a singular attitude he was in! Then, all in a moment, Hilda's heart seemed to stop beating, and her breath came thick and short; for she saw that this man before her was not the farmer. The farmer had not long elf-locks of black hair straggling over his coat-collar; he was not round-shouldered or bow-legged; above all, he would not be picking the lock of his own desk, for this was what the man before her was doing. Silent as her own shadow, Hildegarde slipped back into the hall, and stood still a moment collecting her thoughts. What should she do? Call Dame Hartley? She was suffering much, and why should she be disturbed? Run to find the farmer? She might have to run all over the farm! No; she would attend to this herself. She was not in the least afraid. She knew pretty well what ugly face would look up at her when she spoke; for she felt sure that the slouching, ungainly figure was that of Simon Hartley. Her heart burned with indignation against the graceless, thankless churl who could rob the man on whose charity he had been living for two years. She made a step forward, with words of righteous wrath on her lips; then paused, as a new thought struck her. This man was an absolute ruffian; and though she believed him to be an absolute coward also, still he must know that she and Dame Hartley were alone in the house. He must know also that the farmer was at some distance, else he would not have ventured to do this. What should she do? she asked herself again. She looked round her, and her eyes fell upon the old horse-pistol which rested on a couple of hooks over the door. The farmer had taken it down only a day or two before, to show it to her and tell her its story. It was not loaded, but Simon did not know that. She stepped lightly up on a chair, and in a moment had taken the pistol down. It was a formidable-looking weapon, and Hildegarde surveyed it with much satisfaction as she turned once more to enter the kitchen. Unloaded as it was, it gave her a feeling of entire confidence; and her voice was quiet and steady as she said, 'Simon Hartley, what are you doing to your uncle's desk?'

The man started violently and turned round, his hands full of papers which he had taken from one of the drawers. He changed colour when he saw 'the city gal,' as he invariably termed Hilda, and he answered sullenly, 'Getting something for uncle.'

'That is not true,' said Hildegarde, quietly. 'I have heard your uncle expressly forbid you to go near that desk. Put those papers back!'

The man hesitated, his little ferret eyes shifting uneasily from her to the desk and back again. 'I guess I'm not going to take orders from no gal!' he muttered huskily.

'Put those papers back!' repeated Hildegarde, sternly, with a sudden light in her grey eyes which made the rascal step backward and thrust the papers hurriedly into the drawer; after which he began to bluster, as is the manner of cowards, 'A fine thing, city gals coming hectoring round with their airs and——'

'Shut the drawer!' said Hildegarde, quietly.

But his little bluster had warmed Simon's sluggish blood, and he took courage as he reflected that this was only a slight girl, and that no one else was in the house save 'Old Marm,' and that many broad meadows intervened between him and the farmer's stout arm. He would frighten her a bit, and get the money after all.

'We'll see about that!' he said, taking a step towards Hilda, with an evil look in his red eyes. 'I'll settle a little account with you first, my fine lady. I'll teach you to come spying round on me this way. You've not given me a civil word since you came here, and I'll pay you——'

Here he stopped suddenly, for without a word Hildegarde had raised the pistol (which he had not seen before, as her hand was behind her) and levelled it full at his head, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on him. With a howl of terror the wretch staggered back, putting up his hands to ward off the expected shot.

'Don't shoot!' he gasped, while his face blanched to a livid green. 'I—I didn't mean nothing; I swear I didn't, Miss Graham. I was only—fooling!' and he tried to smile a sickly smile; but his eyes fell before the stern glance of the grey eyes fixed so unwaveringly on him.

'Go to your room!' said Hilda, briefly.

He hesitated. The lock clicked, and the girl took deliberate aim.

'I'm going!' shrieked the rascal, and began backing towards the door, while Hilda followed step by step, still covering him with her deadly (!) weapon. They crossed the kitchen and the back hall in this way, and Simon stumbled against the narrow stairs which led to his garret room.

'I daren't turn round to go up!' he whined; 'you'll shoot me in the back.'

No answer; but the lock clicked again, more ominously than before. He turned and fled up the stairs, muttering curses under his breath. Hildegarde closed the door at the foot of the stairs, which generally stood open, bolted it, and pushed a heavy table against it. Then she went back into the kitchen, sat down in her own little chair, and—laughed!

Yes, laughed! The absurdity of the whole affair, the ruffian quaking and fleeing before the empty pistol, her own martial fierceness and sanguinary determination, struck her with irresistible force, and peal after peal of silvery laughter rang through the kitchen. Perhaps it was partly hysterical, for her nerves were unconsciously strung to a high pitch;

but she was still laughing, and still holding the terrible pistol in her hand, when Dame Hartley entered the kitchen, looking rather startled and uneasy.

'Dear Hilda,' said the good woman, 'what has been going on? I thought surely I heard a man's voice here. And—why, good gracious, child! what are you doing with that pistol?'

Hildegarde saw that there was nothing for it but to tell the simple truth, which she did in as few words as possible, trying to make light of the whole episode. But Dame Hartley was not to be deceived, and saw at once the full significance of what had happened. She was deeply moved. 'My dear, brave child,' she said, kissing Hilda warmly, 'to think of your facing that great villain and driving him away! The courage of you! Though to be sure, any one could see it in your eyes, and your father a soldier so many of his days too.'

'Oh! it was not I who frightened him,' said honest Hilda, 'it was the old pistol.' But Nurse Lucy only shook her head and kissed her again. The thought of Simon's ingratitude and treachery next absorbed her mind, and tears of anger stood in her kind blue eyes.

'It was a black day for my poor man,' she said, 'when he brought that fellow to the house. I mistrusted him from the first look at his sulky face. A man who can't look you in the eyes—well, there! that's my opinion of him!'

'Why did the farmer bring him here?' asked Hilda. 'I have often wondered.'

'It's a long story, my dear,' said Nurse Lucy, smoothing her apron, and preparing for a comfortable chat ('For,' she said, 'Simon will not dare to stir from his room, even if he could get out, which he can't'). 'Of all his brothers, my husband loved his brother Simon best. He was a handsome, clever fellow, Simon was. Don't you remember, my dear, Farmer speaking of him one day when you first came here, and telling how he wanted to be a gentleman; and I turned the talk when you asked what became of him?'

Hilda nodded assent.

'Well,' Nurse Lucy continued, 'that was because no good became of him, and I knew it vexed Farmer to think on it, let alone Simon's son being there. It was all through his wanting to be a gentleman that Simon got into bad ways. Making friends with people who had money, he got to thinking he must have it, or must make believe he had it; so he spent all he had, and then—oh, dear!—he forged his father's name, and the farm had to be mortgaged to get him out of prison; and then he took to drinking and went from bad to worse, and finally died in misery and wretchedness. Dear, dear! it almost broke Jacob's heart, that it did. He had tried, if ever man tried, to save his brother; but it was of no use. It seemed as if he was *bound* to ruin himself, and nothing could stop him. When he died, his wife (he married her thinking she had money, and it turned out she hadn't a penny) took the child and went back to her own people, and we heard nothing more till about two years ago, when this boy came to Jacob with a letter from his mother's folk. She was dead, and they said *they* couldn't do for him any longer, and he didn't seem inclined to do for himself. Well, that is the story, Hilda dear. He has been here ever since, and he has been no comfort, no pleasure to us, I must say; but we have tried to do our duty by him, and I hoped he might feel in his heart some gratitude to his uncle, though he showed none in his actions. And now to think of it! to think of it! How shall I tell my poor man?'

'What was his mother like?' asked Hildegarde, trying to turn for the moment the current of painful thought.

Nurse Lucy gave a little laugh, even while wiping the tears from her eyes. 'Poor Eliza!' she said. 'She was a good woman, but—well, there! she had no *faculty*, as you may say. And homely! you never saw such a homely woman, Hilda; for I don't believe there could be two in the world. I never think of Eliza without remembering what Jacob said after he saw her for the first time. He had been over to see Simon; and when he came back he walked into the kitchen and sat down, never saying a word, but just shaking his head over and over again. "What's the matter, Jacob?" I said. "Matter?" said he. "Matter enough, Marm Lucy (he's always called me Marm Lucy, my dear, since the very day we were married, though I wasn't *very* much older than you then). "Simon's married," he said, "and I've seen his wife." Of course I was surprised, and I wanted to know all about it. "What sort of a girl is she?" I asked. "Is she pretty? What colour is her hair?" But Jacob put up his hand and stopped me. "There!" he says, "don't ask any questions, and I'll tell you. First place, she's no girl, no more than your Aunt Saleny is!" (that was a maiden aunt of mine, dear, and well over forty at that time). "And what does she look like!" "Well! did you ever see an old cedar fence-rail—one that had been chumped out with a blunt axe, and had laid out in the sun and the wind and the snow and the rain till it was warped this way, and shrunk that way, and twisted every way? Well! Simon's wife looks as if she had swallowed one of them fence-rails, and *shrunk to it!*" Dear, dear! how I laughed. And it was true, my dear! It was just the way she did look. Poor soul, she led a sad life; for when Simon found he had made a mistake about the money, there was no word too bad for him to fling at her.'

At this moment Farmer Hartley's step was heard in the porch, and Nurse Lucy rose hurriedly. 'Don't say anything to him, Hilda dear,' she whispered—'anything about Simon, I mean. I'll tell him to-morrow; but I don't want to trouble him to-night. This is our Faith's birthday—seventeen year old she would have been to-day; and it's been a right hard day for Jacob! I'll tell him about it in the morning.'

Alas! when morning came it was too late. The kitchen door was swinging idly open; the desk was broken open and rifled: and Simon Hartley was gone, and with him the savings of ten years' patient labour.

(*Continued at page* 242.)



Hilda raised the pistol and levelled it at his head.

HOW MY UNCLE WAS TAUGHT CIVILITY.

MY uncle is a respectable fishmonger in London. We all think he has made his fortune, and must be near seventy. Old Stilton, our neighbour, often wonders how he can attend to business at such an age; but having led a temperate life, my uncle is still a robust, active man, and likes to keep the old shop. Forty years of honest and successful trade have made both place and habit familiar, and it enables him to bestow more on needy friends and charitable institutions.

But we had a wonder of our own about my uncle. He had helped my mother, when she was suddenly left a widow, he had apprenticed my three brothers, and he took me into the shop; but none of us could ever make out why a man so old and rich should serve the most shabby-looking stranger who bought a sole or a mackerel with the same respectful civility as he did his best customers. This puzzled me; and once we had a talk on the subject, which he finished with the following story:—

'When I was a boy, more than fifty years ago, my ambition was to be quite genteel and polite; but unhappily these good intentions never extended beyond those whom I thought my superiors, because they wore fine clothes. This feeling was among the weak points of Mr. Sampson Huggins, with whom I served my apprenticeship in Covent Garden. Mr. Sampson Huggins was the very model of a fishmonger. He knew to an hour how long a cod had been in pickle, or a salmon out of water; as for crabs and eels, no man understood them better; and in ice-packing I never saw his equal. Moreover, Mr. Sampson was proud of his business.

'To me he was a just and kindly master, though somewhat exacting and consequential. His premises were kept like a man-of-war. Better oysters, turbot, or turtle could not be found anywhere in London, at least the West-end gentry and rich City people thought so. I have seen aldermen's ladies and French cooks at the shop by half-dozens, in a morning of the dinner-giving season, looking out for choice fish; and next to his superior goods, my master prided himself on the distinguished customers who bought them.

'My belief is that the same amount of profit coming from inferior rank or riches would not have had half such value in his eyes. The feeling is not so uncommon as you may think it. Mr. Sampson's gentility rose in proportion to that of the families he supplied, and the grandeur of every house to which he sent a turtle seemed somehow or other reflected on himself. My master's great customers were therefore much talked of, and the chief subject of his discourse and reverence was one whom we will call Sir Joseph Banks.

'Sir Joseph kept many servants and a fine carriage. He bought expensive fish, was particular in selecting them at my master's shop, and gave splendid dinners.

'Being then young and foolish, I took strongly to Mr. Sampson's way of thinking; in spite, too, of the counsels of my good mother, who, while she encouraged a proper respect for my superiors in station, could not help perceiving my silly and slavish reverence for mere luxury and display. Many a time did that wise mother remind me that splendour often walks with sin, while piety is clad in poor apparel; that sometimes rich men prefer plainness, and that, even at the West End the grandest were not always the greatest. These sensible remarks made small impression on me; boyish conceit suggested that my poor mother—who had worked so hard for us five ever since our father was lost at sea, when the youngest girl was a baby—knew nothing of the great world. Besides, Mr. Sampson's example was before me. To be candid, I rather surpassed him in my admiration of wealth and style, having latterly advanced so far as not to care for serving common people on any terms. My great desire, however, was to see Sir Joseph Banks. I had been almost a year apprenticed, and had heard much of his carriage and house in Soho Square, for, seeing that I had a genteel taste, my master favoured me with particular details; but as the gentleman had been out of town I had not had an opportunity of seeing him all that time.

'The premises which Mr. Sampson Huggins occupied in Covent Garden consisted of a shop and a back parlour, with cellars below for storage. His family lived in a country house near Hackney. During the busy season Mr. Sampson saved money by sleeping in the back parlour, and going home only late on Saturday evenings. He was sure to be back early on Monday morning, for no man was more attentive to business, on which account but few helpers were kept about the shop—a salesman, the senior apprentice, William Jones, myself, and two porters being his entire staff.

'One Wednesday in the beginning of May the salesman was sick, Jones had got a holiday to see his grandmother in Paddington, the porters were out on their duty, and I was alone in the shop. Mr. Huggins rose in time to superintend the unpacking of a magnificent turbot sent express from Brighton. Turbot were particularly dear and fashionable that season. This was one of the finest specimens ever caught; so Mr. Sampson triumphed over surrounding fishmongers, wished Sir Joseph could see it, and retired to shave—an operation which he always performed in the back parlour. As for me, my apprentice pride was high; I had set forth the splendid fish where it could be seen to the best advantage, and early as it was (not yet nine in the morning), a crowd had collected to gaze at it. I felt myself magnified in that turbot, and was wondering which of my master's grand customers would buy the fish, when a little old man, looking decidedly shabby in an old beaver hat and gray overcoat, paused at the door, took a long, keen look, and walked in. What could such a person want in our shop? I had half made up my mind to say we didn't keep such things if he asked for smoked herrings or a lobster; and fairly laughed out when, pointing to the splendid fish, he inquired, "What's the price of that turbot?"

'"Too dear for you, old fellow," said I, without

moving from my stand. "We have cod and haddock here."

'"I asked you the price of the turbot, boy," said the old man quietly.

'"Only five guineas. Will you take it home under your arm?" said I, wishing my master to hear what smart things I could say, as he had often commended my wit; and not only was every word audible through the thin partition, but by means of a glass pane Mr. Huggins could see all that went on.

'"Boy, does your master keep you to offer impertinence to customers?" said the old man, getting warm. "Go and tell Mr. Huggins I wish to see him."

'"He is too busy to attend the like of you," I would have said; but at that moment, with a face half shaved and soapy, out rushed my master, exclaiming, "You young jackanapes, I'll teach you to talk so to Sir Joseph;" and seizing me by the collar, he cuffed me soundly, and shoved me into the street. The boys began to shout and the crowd to thicken. I had no chance but to run home and tell my mother. On my way I saw a handsome carriage with two footmen drive up to the shop, and when my mother went to intercede for me, she learned that Sir Joseph had bought the turbot for a great dinner, at which the King and Queen were to be present. In all his tales of grandeur and fish-buying my master had forgotten to mention that his patron sometimes went about in very plain attire; and my gentility never imagined that the great Sir Joseph Banks could be seen in an old coat and a shabby beaver.

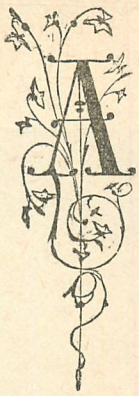
'My mother's intercession was successful—perhaps through the sale of the turbot. Mr. Huggins consented to take me back without further punishment, though at first he talked of cancelling the indentures and making an example of me. However, my former place in his favour was never regained. From that day William Jones became the genteel boy, and the hearer of his grandest stories. The neighbouring apprentices also knew that I "had been cuffed for giving sauce to Sir Joseph Banks," and when the baronet or any of his servants came to the shop I felt ready to hide in a herring-barrel. In short, the day of the great turbot, which began in such pride, left, like many a man's proud days, a long train of petty vexations behind it. But it helped to teach me that civility should not be governed by appearances, and the wisdom of that text which says, "Honour all men." And as you have noticed, the effect of that lesson remains with me in my old age.'

NETTLE HOTEL.

ALMOST every plant has its own particular insects which feed upon it alone; some of them may live only on the leaves, others only on the bark, but all confine themselves to this one plant. For instance, no fewer than forty different species are born, live, and die upon the nettle, while the oak nourishes a hundred and eighty-four kinds.

You have probably never thought, when knocking down a nettle with a stick, that you were destroying the only home and food of forty species of living beings.

THE GIRAFFE AND LEOPARD.



AMONG the larger game found in Africa, and so eagerly pursued by sportsmen, the giraffe is conspicuous from its peculiar appearance. It is the tallest quadruped in the world, its head often reaching to eighteen feet above the ground. It is a timid and harmless creature, flying from all pursuers, although if driven to extremities, it can fight desperately with its hind feet, kicking so violently as to disable even a lion. The food of the giraffe is the young branches of trees which its long neck enables it to procure with ease. The neck is nearly six feet long. The flesh of the giraffe is not in much repute, so it is hard to say why it should be pursued by sportsmen, unless from the love of chasing some flying thing which seems inherent in that class of men.

On one occasion, two sportsmen in Africa witnessed a strange sight. They were on horseback, and had ridden a few miles up a certain stream searching for game of any kind. They had arrived at a thick belt of forest, consisting of acacia and evergreen-trees, when they were startled by the sound of breaking branches, and the unmistakable rushing of some heavy animals through the thicket. Both men looked to their rifles, and then drew rein to watch the issue. A few seconds only had elapsed when two full-grown giraffes were seen to break from the thicket and strike out at full gallop for the plain beyond.

But the two hunters were quite unprepared for the extraordinary sight that met their eager gaze as the wild creatures flew past them. A large leopard had bounded on the back of one of them, while still in the forest, and was now seated firmly on its shoulders, tearing at the poor animal's neck with the savage ferocity of its kind.

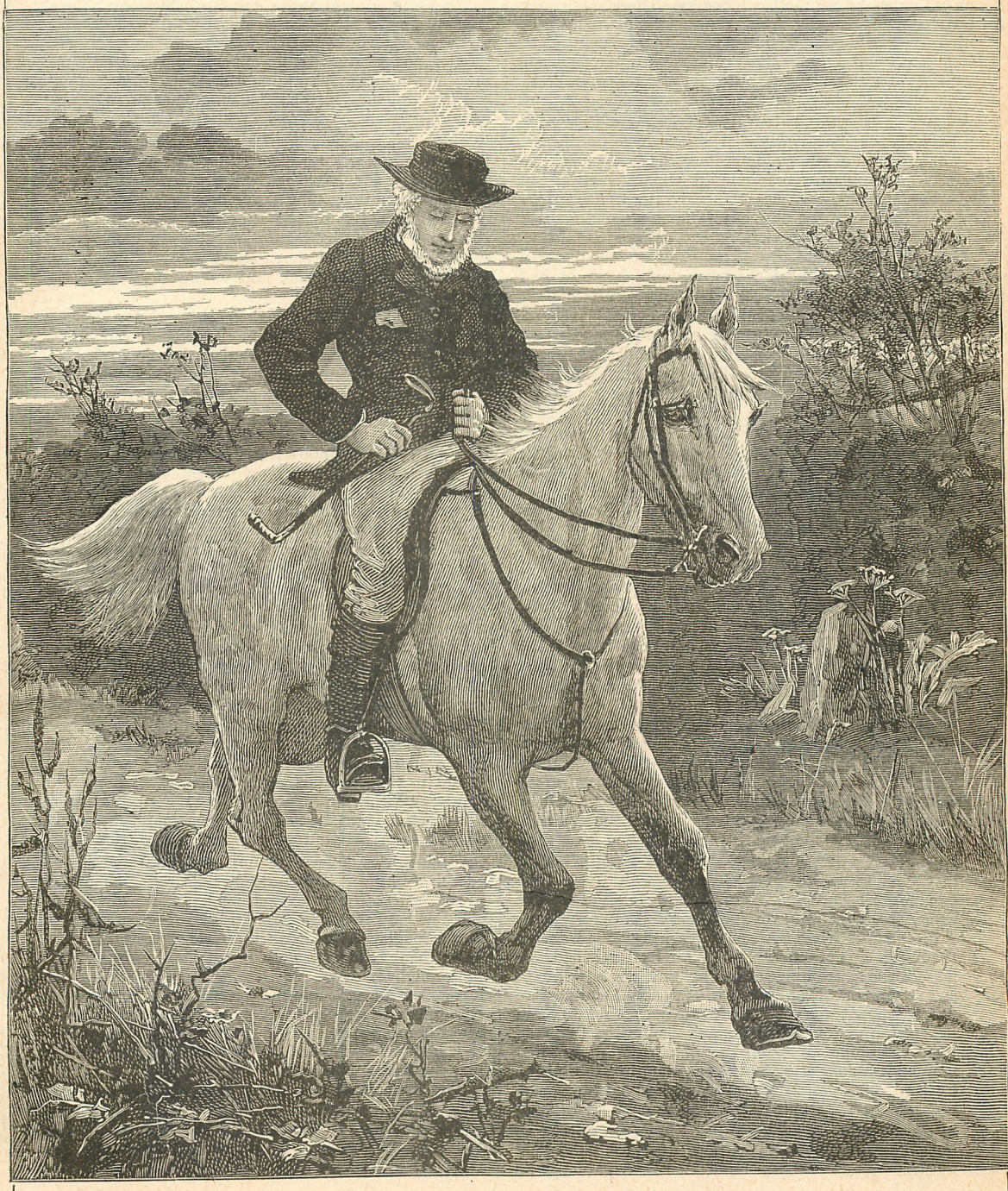
The other giraffe, mad with terror, soon left its companion far behind, the poor creature's life-blood flowing from its neck, and streaming over its sides. The sportsmen's dogs now joined in the chase, following close upon the heels of the enfeebled animal, already tottering to its fall. Soon they overtook it, and began barking at its heels, but the giraffe did not give in without one struggle. Lifting one of its hoofs it dashed it backwards with unerring aim, striking down the foremost dog, and throwing it several yards to the rear, where it lay struggling in the agonies of death. But this effort was the last; jerking its long neck violently outwards, the giraffe reeled over on one side and fell heavily to the earth, severely crushing the leopard in its fall. Both animals were killed by the two sportsmen.

The leopard, though fierce, is rather a cowardly animal, and it is not usual for it to attack game so large as the giraffe, especially where antelopes abound. The sportsmen, therefore, were of opinion that this particular leopard had cubs, and that while feeding in the forest the giraffe had approached so near the place where the young leopards lay that the ferocity of the mother was aroused, with the result which we have described.

D. B. M.



The Giraffe and Leopard.



The Farmer on his way to Lawyer Clinch.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 236.)

CHAPTER XII.—THE OLD MILL.

IT was a sad group that sat in the pleasant kitchen that bright September morning. The good farmer sat before his empty desk, seeming half stupefied by the blow which had fallen so suddenly upon him, while his wife hung about him, reproaching herself bitterly for not having put him on his guard the night before. Hildegarde moved restlessly about the kitchen, setting things to rights as she thought, though in reality she hardly knew what she was doing, and had already carefully deposited the teapot in the coal-hod, and laid the broom on the top shelf of the dresser. Her heart was full of wrath and sorrow—fierce anger against the miserable wretch who had robbed his benefactor; sympathy for her kind friends, brought thus suddenly from comfort to distress. For she knew now that the money which Simon had stolen had been drawn from the bank only two days before to pay off the mortgage on the farm.

'I shouldn't have minded the money,' Farmer Hartley was saying, even now, 'if I had been saving it just to spend or lay by. I shouldn't have minded, though it would have hurt just the same to have Simon's son take it—my brother Simon's son, as I always stood by. But it's hard to let the farm go. I tell you, Marm Lucy, it's terrible hard!' and he bowed his head upon his hands in a dejection which made his wife weep anew and wring her hands.

'But they will not take the farm from you, Farmer Hartley!' cried Hilda, aghast. 'They *cannot* do that, can they? Why, it was your father's, and your grandfather's before him.'

'And *his* father's afore *him!*' said the farmer, looking up with a sad smile on his kindly face. 'But that don't make no difference, you see, Hildy. Lawyer Clinch is a hard man, a terrible hard man; and he's always wanted this farm. It's the best piece of land in the whole township, and he wants it for a market farm.'

'But *why* did you mortgage it to him?' cried Hilda.

'I didn't, my girl; I didn't!' said the farmer, sadly. 'He had kept watch over it ever since Simon began to get into trouble. I reckon he knew pretty well how things would come out; and by-and-by Jason Doble, as held the mortgage, he died, and then Lawyer Clinch stepped in and told the executors how Jason owed him a big debt, but he didn't want to do anything unfriendly, so he would take the mortgage on Hartley's Glen and call it square. The executors were kind of fool people, both of them; *I* don't know what possessed Jason Doble to choose them for executors, when he might have had the pick of the State lunatic asylum and got some fools as knew something; but so it was, and I suppose so it was meant to be. They gave it to him, and thanked him for taking it; and he has waited and waited, hoping to catch me in a tight place—and now he has done it. And that's about all there is to it!' added Farmer Hartley, rising and pushing back his grey hair. 'And I shan't mend it by sitting and growling over it. There's all Simon's work to be done, and my own too. Huldy, my girl!'—he held out his honest brown hand to Hildegarde, who clasped it affectionately in both of hers, 'you'll stay by Marm Lucy and cheer her up a bit? It will be a hard day for her, and she has no girl of her own now to do for her. But you've grown to be almost a daughter to us, Huldy. God bless you, child!'

His voice faltered as he laid his other hand for a moment on the girl's fair head; then, turning hastily away, he took up his battered straw hat and went slowly out of the house, an older man, it might have been by ten years, than he had been the night before.

Right daughterly did Hilda show herself that day, and Faith herself could hardly have been more tender and helpful. Feeling that some work was the best balm for a sore heart, she begged for Nurse Lucy's help and advice in one and another item of household routine. Then she bethought her of the churning, and felt that if this thing was to befall, it could not have better befallen than on a Tuesday, when the great blue churn stood ready in the dairy, and the cream lay thick and yellow in the shining pans.

'Well, that's a fact!' sighed Nurse Lucy. 'If I hadn't forgotten my butter in all this trouble! And it must be made, sorrow or smiles, the old saying is. Come with me, Hilda dear, if you will. Your face is the only bright thing I can see this sad day.'

So they went together into the cool dairy, where the light came in dimly through the screen of clematis that covered the window; and Hilda bared her round white arms, and Nurse Lucy pinned back her calico sleeves from a pair that were still shapely, though brown, and each took a skimmer and set earnestly to work. The process of skimming cream is in itself a soothing, not to say an absorbing one. To push the thick, yellow ripples, piling themselves upon the skimmer, across the pan; to see it drop, like melted ivory, into the cream-bowl; to pursue floating cream islands round and round the pale and mimic sea—who can do this long, and not be comforted in some small degree, even in the midst of heavy sorrow. Also there is joy and a never-failing sense of achievement when the butter first splashes in the churn. So Nurse Lucy took heart, and churned and pressed and moulded her butter; and though some tears fell into it, it was none the worse for that.

But as she stamped each ball with the familiar stamp, showing an impossible cow with four lame legs—'How many more times,' said the good woman, 'shall I use this stamp; and what kind of butter will they make who come after me?' and her tears flowed again. 'Lawyer Clinch keeps a hired girl, and I never saw *real* good butter made by an hired girl. They haven't the *feeling* for it; and there's feeling in butter-making as much as in anything else.'

But here Hilda interposed, and gently hinted that there ought now to be 'feeling' about getting the farmer's dinner. 'We must have the things he likes best,' she said; 'for it will be hard enough to make him eat anything. I will make that apple-pudding that he liked so much; and there is the fowl for the pie, you know, Nurse Lucy.'

The little maid was away on a vacation, so there was plenty of work to be done. Dinner-time came and went; and it was not till she had seen Dame Hartley safe established on her bed (for tears and trouble had brought on a sick headache), and tucked

her up under the red quilt, with a bottle of hot water at her feet and a bowl of cracked ice by her side—it was not till she had done this, and sung one or two of the soothing songs that the good woman loved, that Hilda had a moment to herself. She ran out to say a parting word to the farmer, who was just starting for the village in the forlorn hope, which in his heart he knew to be vain, of getting an extension of time from Lawyer Clinch while search was being made for the wretched Simon.

When old Nancy had trotted away down the lane, Hilda went back and sat down in the porch, very tired and sad at heart. It seemed so hard, so hard that she could do nothing to save her friends from the threatening ruin. She thought of her father, with a momentary flash of hope that made her spring from her seat with a half articulate cry of joy; but the hope faded as she remembered that he had probably just started for the Yosemite Valley, and that there was no knowing when or where a dispatch would reach him. She sighed, and sank back on the bench with a hopeless feeling. Presently she bethought her of her little dog, whom she had not seen all day. Jock had grown very dear to her heart, and was usually her inseparable companion, except when she was busy with household tasks, to which he had an extreme aversion. A mistress, in Jock's opinion, was a person who fed one, and took one to walk, and patted one, and who was in return to be loved desperately, and obeyed in reason. But sweeping, and knocking brooms against one's legs, and paying no attention to one's invitations to play or go for a walk, were manifest failures in doing a mistress's duty; accordingly, when Hilda was occupied in the house, Jock always sat in the back porch, with his back turned to the kitchen door, and his tail cocked very high, while one ear listened eagerly for the sound of Hilda's footsteps, and the other was thrown negligently forward to convey the impression that he did not really care, but only waited to oblige her. And the moment the door opened, and she appeared with her hat on, oh, the rapture! the shrieks and squeaks and leaps of joy, the wrigglings of body and frantic waggings of tail that ensued.

So this morning, what with all the trouble, and with her knowledge of his views, Hildegarde had not thought to wonder where Jock was. But now it struck her that she had exchanged no greeting with him since last night; that she had heard no little impatient barks, no flapping of tail against the door by way of reminder. Where could the little fellow be? She walked round the house, calling and whistling softly. She visited the barn and the cow-shed and all the haunts where her favourite was wont to linger; but no Jock was to be seen. 'Perhaps he has gone over to see Will,' she thought, with a feeling of relief. Indeed, this was very possible, as the two dogs were very brotherly, and frequently exchanged visits, sometimes acting as letter-carriers for their two mistresses, Pink and Hilda. If Jock was at Pink's house, he would be well cared for, and Bubble would—but here Hildegarde started, as a new perplexity arose. Where *was* Bubble? They had actually forgotten the boy in the confusion and trouble of the day. He had not certainly come to the house, as he always did; and the farmer had not spoken of him when he came in at noon. Perhaps Pink was ill, Hilda thought, with fresh alarm. If it should be so, Bubble could not leave her, for Mrs. Chirk was nursing a sick woman two or three miles away, and there were no other neighbours nearer than the farm. 'Oh, my Pink!' cried Hilda; 'and I cannot go to you at once, for Nurse Lucy must not be left alone in her trouble. I must wait, wait patiently till Farmer Hartley comes back.'

Patiently she tried to wait. She stole up to her room, and taking up one of her best-beloved books, *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, she lost herself for a while in the noble sorrows of Margaret Roper. But even this could not hold her long in her restless frame of mind, so she went downstairs again, and out into the soft, golden September air, and fell to pacing up and down the gravel walk before the house like a slender white-robed sentinel. Presently there was a rustling in the bushes, then a hasty, joyful bark, and a little dog sprang forward and greeted Hildegarde with every demonstration of affection. 'Jock! my own dear little Jock!' she cried, stooping down to caress her favourite. But as she did so she saw that it was not Jock but Will, Pink's dog, which was bounding and leaping about her. Much puzzled, she nevertheless patted the little fellow and shook paws with him, and told him she was glad to see him. 'But where is your brother?' she cried. 'Oh, Willy dog, where is Jock, and where is Bubble? Bubble, Will! speak!' Will 'spoke' as well as he could, giving a short bark at each repetition of the well-known name. Then he jumped up on Hilda, and threw back his head with a peculiar action which at once attracted her attention. She took him up in her arms, and lo! there was a piece of paper, folded and pinned securely to his collar. Hastily setting the dog down, she opened the note and read as follows:—

'Miss Hildy,—

'Simon Hartley he come here early this mornin and he says to me I was diggin potaters for dinner and he come and leaned on the fence and says he I've fixed your city gal up fine he says and I says what yer mean I mean what I says he says I fixed her up fine. She thinks a heap of that dorg I know that ain't spelled right but it's the way he said it don't she says he I reckon says I Well says he you tell her to look for him in the pit of the old mill says he. And then he lauf LAUGHED I was bound I'd get it Miss Hildy I don't see why they spell a thing g and say it f and went away. And I run after him to make him tell me what he'd been up to and climbin over the wall I ketched my foot on a stone and the stone come down on my foot and me with it and I didn't know anything till Simon had gone and my foot swoll up so I couldn't walk and I wouldn't a minded its hurtin Miss Hildy but it s like there wornt no bones in it Pink says I sprante it bad and I started to go over to the farm on all fours to tell ye but Pink made me come back. We could nt nether of us get hold of Will but now we got him I hope he'l go strai'es Miss Hildy Pink wanted to write this for me but I druther write myself you aint punk tuated it she says. She can punk tuate it herself better n I can I an ti cip ate I says.

From 'Zerubbabel Chirk.

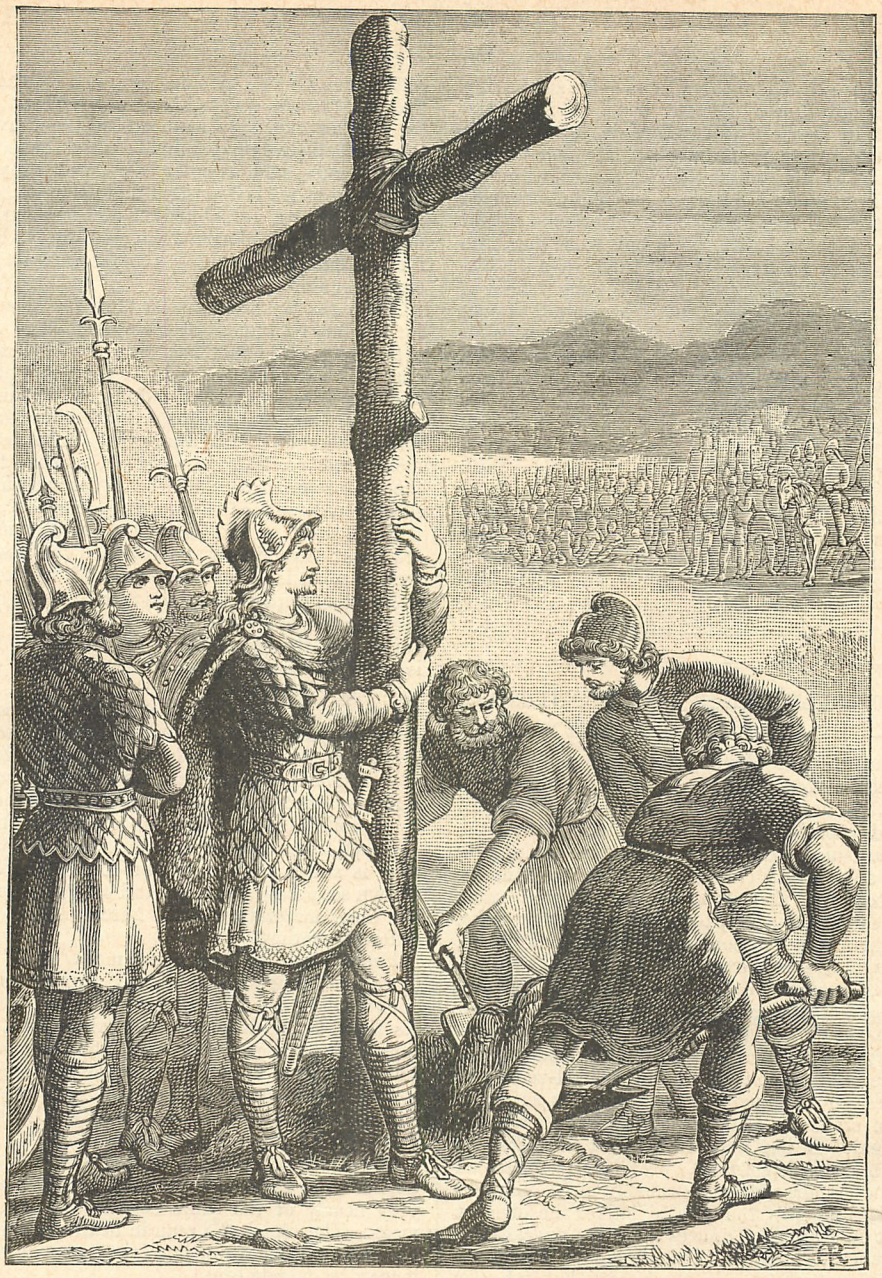
'P.S.—I wisht I could get him out for ye Miss Hildy.'

If Bubble's letter was funny, Hilda had no heart



Simon Hartley taking the dog to the pit of the old Mill.

to see the fun. Her tears flowed fast as she realised the fate of her pretty little pet and playfellow. The vindictive wretch, too cowardly to face her again, had taken his revenge upon the harmless little dog. All day long poor Jock had been in that fearful place! He was still only a puppy, and she knew he could not possibly get out if he had really been thrown into the pit of the great wheel. But—and she gave a cry of pain as the thought struck her—perhaps it was only his lifeless body that was lying there! Perhaps the ruffian had killed him, and thrown him down there afterwards! She started up and paced the walk hurriedly, trying to think what she had best do. Her first impulse was to fly at



King Oswald raising the Cross before the Battle.

once to the glen; but that was impossible, as she must not, she felt, leave Dame Hartley alone. No one was near; they were quite alone. Again she said, 'I must wait; I *must* wait till Farmer Hartley comes home.' But the waiting was harder now than it had been before. She could do nothing but pace up and down, up and down, like a caged panther, stopping every few minutes to throw back her head and listen for the longed-for sound—the sound of approaching wheels.

(*Continued at page* 250.)

KING OSWALD.

IN the seventh century there were seven or eight English kingdoms in Britain, the most powerful being that of Northumbria. Edwin, the king of that country, having been slain by Penda, king of Mercia, he was succeeded by two of his nephews who had relapsed into idolatry. They were soon attacked and put to death by Ceadwalla, king of the Britons. Meanwhile, the third and youngest of the nephews, Oswald, had been a fugitive, and had become a Christian.

On the death of his brothers, young Oswald, having gathered about him a devoted band of followers, determined to avenge his brothers' deaths and drive the invaders from Northumbria. He sought the army of the Britons, and as the day was dawning he found Ceadwalla and his soldiers carelessly encamped near Hexham. Before giving battle he ordered a great cross of wood to be made, and a hole to be dug, into which it was to be fixed. 'And then,' says the historian, Bede, 'the King, full of faith, caught hold of the cross, and held it with both hands till it was made fast by throwing in the earth. Then, raising his voice, he exclaimed, "Soldiers, let us kneel down, and beseech the true and living God to defend us from the insolence and ferocity of our enemies; for He knows that our cause is just, and that we fight for the safety of our country." Then they went against the enemy, and obtained the victory which their faith deserved.'

Ceadwalla was slain and his great army routed. Oswald, in A.D. 635, assumed the government with the title of Bretwalda, or Wielder of Britain, being the sixth ruler who bore that title, and before the end of his short reign the Britons, Picts, and Scots, as well as the English, acknowledged his authority.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. VII.—THE ANIMAL FOOD OF THE WORLD.

WE learned that plants are mainly compounded of three elements, namely, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, while that of nitrogen is present in all seeds, and especially in gluten, which forms the highly nourishing and indeed, also, the stimulating principle of wheat. When we come to consider animal food, we find it is formed of the same four elemental substances, together with a few salts. Flesh, as it is called, consists of bundles of fibres, each of which, when examined by the microscope, is found to be made up of lesser fibres, which are hollow pipes, ten thousand of which may be placed in an inch length. These bundles of fibres are surrounded by elastic rings, which contract and expand. The whole is permeated by countless blood-vessels of the fineness of the finest hair. Many experiments have been made by chemists upon what we call the lean of meat. It has been found that meat itself is tasteless, but that it contains a peculiar extract which gives it its flavour. Meat is probably not so nourishing as it is commonly thought to be, for the chemist finds that in a hundred ounces there are no less than seventy-seven of water. This is about the same quantity of water that is in the potato, but, whereas the next largest item in the potato is starch, that in meat is called fibrin. Besides that, there is albumen, a highly nourishing liquid which is largely found in eggs, and a little alcohol. The fibrin and albumen of flesh meat are nearly alike in their composition. The fibrin has a little more nitrogen and a little less carbon and oxygen, so that the nourishing part of lean beef and mutton depends on about one-fifth of the pound or half pound we eat at our dinner. Nearly four-fifths of the rest is water.

Fat is made up of two things, which are called olein and stearin. The fat is deposited in minute cells which lie side by side. Fat is a resister of heat, that is, it resists its passage, and by means of it the warmth of the body cannot easily get away. On this account, we find animals which have to live in cold climates, such as polar bears, well supplied with fat. And as fat is deposited rapidly in its cells when the animal can get abundant nourishment, so when days of scanty food arrive the creature is able to live for a time by absorbing the fat into its digestive organs again.

Hog's fat is known as lard, ox fat as suet. The former has 62 ounces of olein, and 38 of stearin in every 100, while suet has only 25 ounces of olein and 75 of stearin. Stearin is the solid part of fat, and requires more heat before it becomes liquid. Olein is, from its name, the more oily part, sooner melted, and not so firm and solid. After fat has been melted and pressed, the stearin becomes tallow, and the olein remains a colourless liquid which will not solidify unless it is frozen. The stearin of ox fat is white, something like wax, and candles made of it are about as good as wax candles. The machinist is fond of what is called neat's-foot oil, which is made, as its name implies, from the feet bones of oxen after the hair and hoofs are taken away. The bones are boiled, and the oil, rising to the surface of the water, is gathered there. Stearin is compounded of stearic acid and glycerine.

Fat, beside being used in candles, is the chief of the solid part of soap. Where olive oil is plentiful, it is used in this manufacture; but, where it is scarce, as in England, fat takes its place. Soda, in a liquefied state, is mixed with the oil or fat, and the mixture being boiled, the soapy matter is found on the surface. The liquid is drawn off, and more soda prepared with lime is added until a proper consistency is gained. Brown soap has resin in it, and soft soap is made of the same materials as the harder soaps, but in a different method.

Every piece of meat loses much of its substance during the process of cooking; this averages about one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole or perhaps more. As there is much water and fat in meat, the heat causes the former to evaporate, and the latter to melt and drip away. The most economical way of cooking meat is that of boiling, especially if the broth is used; and the softer the water is in which it is boiled the better for his digestion who eats it.

The blood of animals is really a yellow fluid in which numberless red globules are floating. It is very nearly of the same composition as lean flesh meat. The blood of a man in health is always about the same temperature, however hot or however cold it may be outside him.

Milk with its relations cheese and butter are all animal foods. Milk consists of eighty-six parts in every hundred of water, three of butter, five of sugar, and four of cheese. Cream is a thick yellowish substance which rises to the top of milk at rest. If it be exposed for some days, it becomes cream-cheese. As milk consists of much water, so cream is nine-tenths of it whey or buttermilk. Butter itself if perfectly pure is white. It is made up of stearin, olein, and another substance to which the name of butyrine has been given. Cheese is made of curds out of which the whey has been driven by pressure.

When cheeses are required of extra goodness, milk is used which still retains its cream. The cheese-maker puts rennet into the milk to separate the curds and whey. Rennet is a liquid in which the inner coat of a calf's stomach has been soaked.

Egg-shells are made chiefly of carbonate of lime, and the yolk is half water, half oil and albumen, while the white of the egg, as it is called, consists of water chiefly with albumen and a little phosphorus and sulphur. The yolk always floats at the top of the white, so as to be as near as possible to the hen when she sits upon it to hatch it, while two cords attached to the yolk, one at each end, prevent it from actually touching the shell. G. S. O.

THE FIRST VISIT OF NEW ZEALANDERS TO ENGLAND.

SIXTY years ago, New Zealand, though now a great and flourishing colony, was but little known in England, except that it was a country a long way off, where the people were cannibals and ate each other. The group of islands was discovered by Tasman in 1642; but it was Captain Cook who fully ascertained their character and extent in 1774. After this time, whalers now and then visited the coasts, but no settlement was made till 1815, when a missionary station was established at the extremity of the north island. Other settlers followed, and a community was gradually formed; but in the meantime the coasts became infested by runaway convicts and swindling traders, who introduced a taste for ardent liquors amongst the natives, infected them with disease, and defrauded them of large tracts of land by persuading them to sign contracts, the import of which they did not understand, but by which their possessions were bartered away for a mere trifle. The Maoris, as the natives of New Zealand are called, are a very fine race of men, of superior intelligence to most savages. The Government of New South Wales, seeing the deplorable state into which they were falling, and the constant disputes and conflicts which occurred between them and the rascals who tried to defraud them, conceived the idea of sending a party of them over to England to plead their own cause to the Colonial Secretary.

Accordingly, in 1830, a party of eight Maoris arrived in London, consisting of a chief named Jack-a-Tallah, his young son Teekeh, a young man called 'King George,' and five others whose names I have been unable to ascertain. A difficulty was at first experienced in lodging them, from their total ignorance of the customs of civilised life; but this was got over by housing them in a loft over a stable in John Street, a quiet street in Clerkenwell close to Wilmington Square, where the gentleman who had charge of them had taken up his residence.

Great was the astonishment and alarm of the neighbours when they saw a number of dark-skinned, tattooed 'natives' walking about in their midst! Their only idea of them was that they were all cannibals. But their terror subsided when people found that the 'natives' were amiable and well-conducted men, who never so much as attempted to dine off one of their babies. A gateway led out of the street to the stable over which the Maoris dwelt, and here, in their lofty chamber, they would sit in a ring, wrapped in their blankets, sometimes amusing themselves by practising their native dances, to the great delight of the spectators who crowded into the space within the gateway; but, of course, the boys began to annoy them, and even to throw missiles at them, till one evening, one of them was so enraged that he leapt from the loft down amongst the people below to seize one of the boys, and if the youngster had not made his escape he might have been killed.

The chief never went out; but the young man, 'King George,' was a great favourite with the neighbours, and frequently went into the kitchen of a lady whose house was near their stable. He was tall and handsome, of most gentle manners, and played with the lady's little son, Charles, calling him 'Ittle Shally.' He spoke English better than the others of his countrymen, and when the tattooing on his face was referred to, he described how it was produced by putting the back of a knife against himself, giving it a sharp blow, and then crying 'Hah!' to show that the process was painful. And very painful it must be, for the tattooing of the New Zealanders is not made up of dots, like that practised by sailors, but consists of broad, continuous lines which are made by means of small chisels. His chief delight was in sitting at the fire, for the weather was rather cold; but the disappearance of the smoke greatly puzzled him at first. He was used to live in a cabin in which the fire was in the centre, and the smoke escaped either through a hole in the roof or out of the door; so he watched the smoke ascending, but losing it at the mantel-piece, looked up in amazement at the ceiling, but could find no trace of it; at length he stooped down and looked up the chimney, and turning round in triumph at his discovery, and pointing up the chimney, exclaimed, 'Ah, hah! Dat where he go to!'

He appeared to think the title of chief higher than that of king, for when asked if he was a chief in his own country, he replied, 'No, no! Jack-a-Tallah, he chief, I king.' He was asked to come in one day in his native dress; but as that consisted only of a mat woven from bark-fibre, which left the right arm and the lower part of the legs uncovered, he supplemented it with his English blanket. Next to 'King George,' Teekeh, the chief's son, was the most liked of the party of strangers, the neighbours saying 'he was a nice boy,' and making him presents of little dainties in the shape of tarts and pies, for which he seemed to have as great a relish as any of their own children. In short, the 'natives,' who at first so frightened the good people of John Street, so ingratiated themselves with them, that every one was sorry when one day, the business on which they came to England being concluded, they all packed up their mats and blankets, and after much hand-shaking departed over the sea to their native land.

This, as far as the writer knows, was the first instance of any native of New Zealand visiting London. A. R.



"Ah, hah! that where he go to!"



Hilda climbing the wall.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 245.)



OFTLY the shadows fell as the sun went down. The purple twilight deepened, and the stars lighted their silver lamps, while all the soft night noises began to make themselves heard as the voices of day died away. But Hilda had ears for only one sound. At length, out of the silence (or was it out of her own fancy?), she seemed to hear a faint, clicking noise. She listened intently: yes, there it was again. There was no mistaking the click of old Nancy's hoofs, and with it was a dim suggestion of a rattle, a jingle. Yes, beyond a doubt, the farmer was coming. Hildegarde flew into the house, and met Dame Hartley just coming down the stairs. 'The farmer is coming,' she said, hastily; 'he is almost here. I am going to find Jock. I will be back——' and she was gone before the astonished dame could ask her a question.

Through the kitchen and out of the back porch sped the girl, only stopping to catch up a small lantern which hung on a nail, and to put some matches in her pocket. Little Will followed her, barking hopefully, and together the two ran swiftly through the barn-yard and past the cow-shed, and took the path which led to the old mill. The way was so familiar now to Hilda that she could have traversed it blindfold; and this was well for her, for in the dense shade of the beech-plantation it was now pitch dark. The feathery branches brushed her face and caught the tendrils of her hair with their slender fingers. There was something ghostly in their touch. Hilda was not generally timid, but her nerves had been strung to a high pitch all day, and she had no longer full control of them. She shivered, and bending her head low, called to the dog and hurried on. Out from among the trees now, into the dim starlit glade; down the pine-strewn path, with the noise of falling water from out the beech-wood at the right, and the ruined mill looming black before her. Now came the three broken steps. Yes, so far she had no need of the lantern. Round the corner, stepping carefully over the half-buried mill-stone. Groping her way, her hand touched the stone wall; but she drew it back hastily, so damp and cold the stones were. Darker and darker here; she must light the lantern before she ventured down the long flight of steps. The match spurted, and now the tiny yellow flame sprang up and shed a faint light on the immediate space around her. It only made the darkness around seem more intense. But no matter, she could see two steps in front of her; and, holding the lantern steadily before her, she stepped carefully down and down, until she stood on the firm green-sward of the glen. Ah! how different everything was now from its usual aspect. The green and gold were turned into black upon black. The laughing, dimpling, sun-kissed water was now a black, gloomy pool, beyond which the fall shimmered white like a water spirit. The firs stood tall and gaunt, closing like a spectral guard about the ruined mill, and pointing their long dark fingers in silent menace at the intruder upon their evening repose. Hildegarde shivered again, and held her lantern tighter. She looked fearfully about her as a low wind rustled the branches. They bent towards her as if to clutch her; an angry whisper seemed to pass from one to the other; and an utterly unreasoning terror fell upon the girl. She stood for a moment as if paralyzed with fear, when suddenly the little dog gave a sharp yelp, and leaped up on her impatiently. The sound startled her into new terror; but in a moment the revulsion came, and she almost laughed aloud. Here she was, a great girl, almost a woman, cowering and shivering, while a tiny puppy, who had hardly any brains at all, was eager to go on. She patted the dog, and 'taking herself by both ears,' as she expressed it afterwards, she walked steadily forward, pushed aside the dense tangle of vines and bushes, and stooped down to enter the black hole which led into the vault of the mill.

A rush of cold air met her, and beat against her face like a black wing that brushed it. It had a mouldy smell. Holding up the lantern, Hildegarde crept as best she could through the narrow opening. A gruesome place it was in which she found herself. Grim enough by daylight, it was now doubly so; for the blackness seemed like something tangible, some shapeless monster which was gathering itself together, and shrinking back, inch by inch, as the little spark of light moved forward. The gaunt beams, the jagged bits of iron, bent and twisted into fantastic shapes, stretched and thrust themselves from every side, and again the girl fancied them fleshless arms reaching out to clutch her. But, hark! was that a sound—a faint sound from the farthest and darkest corner, where the great wheel raised its toothed and broken round from the dismal pit?

'Jock! my little Jock!' cried Hildegarde, 'are you there?'

A feeble sound, the very ghost of a tiny bark, answered her, and a faint scratching was heard. In an instant all fear left Hilda, and she sprang forward, holding the lantern high above her head, and calling out words of encouragement and cheer. 'Courage, Jock! Cheer up, little man! Missis is here; Missis will save you! Speak to him, Will! Tell him you are here.'

'Wow!' said Will, manfully, scuttling about in the darkness. 'Wa-ow!' replied a pitiful squeak from the depths of the wheel-pit. Hilda reached the edge of the pit and looked down. In one corner was a little white bundle, which moved feebly, and wagged a piteous tail, and squeaked with faint rapture. Evidently the little creature was exhausted, perhaps badly injured. How should she reach him? She threw the ray of light—oh, how dim it was, and how heavy and close the darkness pressed!—on the side of the pit, and saw that it was a rough and jagged wall, with stones projecting at intervals. A moment's survey satisfied her. Setting the lantern carefully at a little distance, and bidding Will 'charge' and be still, she began the descent, feeling the way carefully with her feet, and grasping the rough stones firmly with her hands. Down, down, while the huge wheel towered over her, and grinned with all its rusty teeth to see so strange a sight. At last her feet touched the

soft earth; another instant and she had Jock in her arms, and was fondling and caressing him, and saying all sorts of foolish things to him in her delight. But a cry of pain from the poor puppy, even in the midst of his frantic though feeble demonstrations of joy, told her that all was not right; and she found that one little leg hung limp, and was evidently broken. How should she ever get him up? For a moment she stood bewildered; and then an idea came to her, which she has always maintained was the only really clever one she ever had. In her pre-occupation of mind she had forgotten all day to take off the brown holland apron which she had worn at her work in the morning, and it was the touch of this apron which brought her inspiration. Quick as a flash she had it off, and tied round her neck, pinned up at both ends to form a bag. Then she stooped again to pick up Jock, whom she had laid carefully down while she arranged the apron. As she did so, the feeble ray from the lantern fell on a space where the ground had been scratched up, evidently by the puppy's paws, and in that space something shone with a dull glitter. Hildegarde bent lower, and found what seemed to be a small brass handle, half covered with earth. She dug the earth away with a stick, and pulled and tugged at the handle for some time without success; but at length the sullen soil yielded, and she staggered back against the wheel with a small metal box in her hands. No time now to examine the prize, be it what it might. Into the apron bag it went, and on top of it went the puppy, yelping dismally. Then slowly, carefully, clinging with hands and feet for life and limb, Hilda climbed the wall. Oh, but it was hard work! Her hands were already very sore, and the heavy bundle hung back from her neck and half choked her. Moreover the puppy was uncomfortable, and yelped piteously, and struggled in his bonds, while the sharp corner of the iron box pressed painfully against the back of her neck. The jutting stones were far apart, and several times it seemed as if she could not possibly reach the next one. But the royal blood was fully up. Queen Hildegarde set her teeth, and grasped the stones as if her slender hands were nerved with steel. At last! at last she felt the edge, and the next moment had dragged herself painfully over it, and stood once more on solid ground. She drew a long breath, and hastily untying the apron from her neck, took poor Jock tenderly in one arm, while with the other she carried the lantern and the iron box. Will was jumping about, and trying to reach his brother puppy, who responded with squeaks of joy to his greeting.

'Down, Will!' said Hilda, decidedly. 'Down, sir! Lie still, Jocky! we shall be at home soon now. Patience, little dog!' And Jock tried hard to be patient, though it was not pleasant to be squeezed into a ball while his mistress crawled out of the hole, which she did with some difficulty, laden as she was.

However, they were out at last, and speeding back towards the farm as fast as eager feet could carry them. Little thought had Hilda now of spectral trees or ghostly gloom. Joyfully she hurried back, up the long steps, along the glade, through the beech-plantation, only laughing now when the feathery fingers brushed her face, and hugging Jock so tight that he squeaked again. Now she saw the lights twinkling in the farmhouse, and quickening her pace, she fairly ran through lane and barn-yard, and finally burst into the kitchen, breathless and exhausted, but radiant. The farmer and his wife, who were sitting with disturbed and anxious looks, rose hastily as she entered.

'Oh, Hilda dear!' cried Dame Hartley, 'we have been terribly frightened about you. Jacob has been searching—— But, good gracious, child!' she added, breaking off hastily, 'where have you been, and what have you been doing to get yourself into such a state?' Well might the good woman exclaim, while the farmer gazed in silent astonishment. The girl's dress was torn and draggled, and covered with great spots and splashes of black. Her face was streaked with dirt, her fair hair hanging loose upon her shoulders. Could this be Hilda, the dainty, the spotless? But her eyes shone like stars, and her face, though very pale, wore a look of triumphant delight.

'I have found him!' she said, simply. 'My little Jock! Simon threw him into the wheel-pit of the old mill, and I went to get him out. His leg is broken, but I know you can set it, Nurse Lucy. Don't look so frightened,' she added, smiling, seeing that the farmer and his wife were fairly pale with horror; 'it was not so *very* bad, after all.' And in as few words as might be, she told the story of Bubble's note and of her strange expedition.

'My child! my child!' cried Dame Hartley, putting her arms round the girl, and weeping as she did so. 'How could you do such a fearful thing? Think, if your foot had slipped! You might be lying there now yourself in that dreadful place!' and she shuddered, putting back the tangle of fair hair with trembling fingers.

'Ah! but you see my foot *didn't* slip, Nurse Lucy!' replied Hilda, gaily. 'I wouldn't *let* it slip! And here I am safe and sound, so it's really absurd for you to be frightened now, my dear!'

'Why didn't you wait till I came home, and let me go down for you?' demanded the farmer, who was secretly delighted with the exploit, though he tried to look very grave.

'Oh! I—I never thought of it!' said Hildegarde. 'My only thought was to get there as quickly as possible, So I waited till I heard you coming, for I didn't want to leave Nurse Lucy alone, and then—I went! And I will not be scolded,' she added quickly, for I think I have made a great discovery.' She held one hand behind her as she spoke, and her eyes sparkled as she fixed them on the farmer. 'Dear Farmer Hartley,' she said, 'is it true, as Bubble told me, that your father used to go down often into the vault of the old mill?'

'Why, yes, he did, frequently,' said the farmer, wondering. 'It was a fancy of his, poking about there. But what——'

'Wait a moment!' cried Hilda, trembling with excitement. 'Wait a moment! Think a little, dear Farmer Hartley! Did you not tell me that when he was dying, your father said something about digging? Try to remember just what he said!'

The farmer ran his hand through his shaggy locks with a bewildered look.



'What on earth are you driving at, Hildy?' he said. 'Father? why, he didn't say anything at the last, except about them crazy diamonds he was always talking about. "Diamonds!" says he. And then he says "Dig!" and fell back on the pillow, and that was all.'

'Yes!' cried Hilda. 'And you never did dig, did you? But now somebody has been digging. Little Jock began, and I finished; and we have found—we have found—' She broke off suddenly, and drawing her hand from behind her back, held up the iron box. 'Take it!' she cried, thrusting it into the astonished farmer's hands, and falling on her knees beside his chair. 'Take it and open it! I think—oh! I am sure —that you will not lose the farm after all. Open it quickly, *please!*'

(*Continued at page* 258.)

AN INTERESTING FACT.

A GOOD printer will set about 12,000 letters a-day. The distance travelled over by his hand will average one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning, making two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 24,000 feet, or more than four miles, and in the course of a year, leaving out Sundays, that man's hand travels about 1400 miles.

SEVERED HEARTS.

ALAS! alas! and can it be?
Will they withdraw my boy from me?
He is the heir I know.
But why refuse a mother's prayer
To leave him in her tender care,
And spare this bitter blow?

His father loved and wedded me,
Though so much poorer I than he
(Oh, happy was our home!)
And now that he is dead, I hear,
With deep distress and anxious fear,
That o'er the salt sea's foam

You wish to take my little boy.
Alas! he is my only joy!
May I not go as well?
No! though I am his mother true,
More tender-hearted sure than you,
Alas! no tongue can tell

The grief 'twill be to us to part,
I know 'twill break my bruisèd heart,
And he, my darling one!
Oh, if it must be so, then hear
A mother's last distressful prayer,
Be tender with my son!

D. B. M.



"'Take hence the infidel,' said Omar."

ARAB SIMPLICITY.

WHEN, in the seventh century, the Arabs issued from their deserts to conquer the East, they were the poorest and most temperate of men. Their prophet, Mohammed, lived in a little house at Medina, his food being barley-bread and dates, and his drink water. The first mosque was built of the stems of palm-trees and earth, and thatched with palm-leaves. His successor, Abu-beker, left at his death as his only property a coarse garment and five pieces of gold, which were handed over to Omar, who was the first of the Kalifs who assumed the title of Commander of the Faithful. In the reign of Omar the wealth of Syria and Persia began to flow into the treasury; yet he retained the frugal habits of his countrymen, living on bread and dates, and wearing a common striped kaftan, and an old abba, or cloak, that was torn and patched.

At the conquest of Susa, Harmozan, the prince, or satrap, of Ahwaz, was taken prisoner after a noble

defence of his capital. When about to be taken to Medina he arrayed himself in his most gorgeous apparel, wearing a crown on his head, and his embroidered silk robe being confined by a splendid jewelled girdle. On entering the city at about noon, he was surprised to see no large buildings, and he asked where the Kalif's palace and guards were, and was told that the Commander of the Faithful did not live in a palace, and required no guards to protect him; but his astonishment increased when his conductors brought him to the mosque, and he there saw Omar stretched on the ground, taking a mid-day sleep, whilst his patched cloak hung on a nail in the wall. The Arabs did not disturb the repose of the Kalif, but humbly waited till he awoke; and when he did so, and asked their business, they replied, 'We bring you here the King of Ahwaz.'

'Take hence the infidel,' said Omar, averting his gaze. 'Strip him of his robes, and array him in the garb of El Islam.'

This was done, and when Harmozan was again brought into the presence of the Kalif he wore the striped garments of the Arabs. After some conversation, in which the fallen satrap acknowledged that God had espoused the cause of the Arabs, and subverted the kingdom and religion of the Persians, he complained of intolerable thirst; but when a cup of water was brought to him he expressed a fear that he might be killed whilst drinking it.

'Be of good courage,' said Omar; 'your life shall be safe till you have drunk this water.'

Harmozan instantly dashed the cup on the ground, claiming the fulfillment of the Kalif's word. Omar would have punished his conduct as deceitful, but the others representing to him the sanctity of his word, he pardoned the Persian, who became a convert to the faith of El Islam.

This simplicity of manners passed away when the seat of government was transferred from Arabia to a richer and more fertile country; and in the ninth century, when the power of the Saracens was at its height, the Kalifs of Bagdad vied in luxury and splendour with the court of Constantinople.

'WITH THE 33rd, IN THE CRIMEA.'

IT was the beginning of February, 1854, and groups of people, old and young, were standing in the streets of our old city, waiting to see the soldiers. It was a common sight enough to all of them; but *that* day there was something more than the usual love of the red coats, and the sound of a regimental band, to attract the people, and keep them standing patiently in the bitter east wind and drifting sleet and snow, for all were anxious to give a parting cheer and a hearty farewell to the gallant 33rd, then leaving for Portsmouth, on their way to the Crimea.

There were many sorrowful faces amongst the groups of men and women who had relations, or dear friends, about to leave for that distant land, and these stood watching with aching hearts for a last glimpse of a loved face amongst those brave fellows who were going to fight and die for their country.

There they came; a bright glitter of red and gold lighted up the dull street like a flood of sunshine; the music played gaily; and amidst a storm of cheers and shouts of farewell they passed on their way, many of them to be seen in that old city no more.

There were plenty of brave loyal hearts beating under the gay uniforms; but I question whether the youngest of them had not the boldest heart of all, it was certain that he had the brightest and most excited face. I wish you could have seen him there, that little fellow, the drummer-boy, and you would have felt satisfied that amongst so many sorrowful ones, the Queen had at least *one* perfectly happy subject that day, ah! and a loyal one, too. What dreams of brave deeds (which were to be his in the future) were passing through his mind! what a brave, faithful soldier he meant to be! All those boys in the streets must be envying him, he thought, and wouldn't they be sorry that they had not his chances, when he came back with a medal on his breast!

Well, why should the boy have been sad that day? he had no one to leave behind him that he loved; his only friend went with him, old Corporal White, who had taken care of him ever since his father died; for Tom Summers was an orphan, a soldier's son, and his greatest wish ever since he was old enough to have a wish, had been that he might serve the Queen in the same regiment his father served in; so his happiness was complete the day he was enrolled, and directly after (by the greatest good fortune, as he thought) his regiment was ordered to the Crimea.

They were soon out of the city; the cheering was ended, the music ceased, and the long march began to where the *Emu* was waiting to carry them over the sea. Good wishes and loving thoughts followed them on their way.

* * * * *

It was a bright day at sea, and the soldiers on board the *Emu* were on the look-out for the first sight of Gibraltar. Among them is the gray-haired corporal, and the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, who were always together. During the first few days of the voyage the most good-natured soldier on board could scarcely have felt very cheerful, for what with rainy weather and sea-sickness, a troopship was not the pleasantest place in the world; but things had vastly improved by this time, the weather was fine, every man had found his sea-legs, and the sailors' speeches about 'sojers' and lubbers were taken as jokes; a few days before they had been looked upon as insults, and answered as such.

The war, of course, was the one absorbing topic of interest; all day long arguments went on as to what was being done, and what would be done; but there were other interesting things, too, to make the time pass quickly, all the wonderful sights of the sea, that so many were on for the first time, and everybody was easily pleased and in good spirits. When she reached Gibraltar, the *Emu* stopped to take in coals; and later in the day, when she steamed off again, the men on the numerous vessels anchored there sent after her a ringing cheer, which her soldiers and sailors echoed back again; fair weather continued, and the days passed pleasantly away.

Tom became a favourite with many of the sailors

as well as soldiers, and he had been called upon to sing his stock of songs so many times, that half the men on board had learnt them too.

They reached Malta on the 5th of March, and were received with delight by the English and French troops already there; all was excitement, every place was crowded, and the weeks that followed seemed as long as years to Tom, so many fresh sights and strange experiences were crowded into them. The queer costumes, the unknown languages, all were wonderful to the boy; and it was still fresh to him when the order came to go forward; and after three days on board the *Himalaya* the 33rd landed at Constantinople.

By the middle of May the 33rd and greater part of our army were stationed at Scutari, the other part was still at Gallipoli. If Malta was a wonderful sight to Tom, what must this place have been? Surely no one ever looked upon a more picturesque sight than Scutari presented at that time, when it was occupied by the allied forces. The cypress-trees in the distance formed a beautiful dark background to the scene spread in front of it; the white tents of the camp reached nearly down to the water, and dotted among them were bright patches of colour where our soldiers were drilling; then by the beach were many people in curious dresses, always busy selling their various goods, Turkish sweetmeats, sherbet, and delicious fruits. There was a bright activity about the scene, for soldiers were always galloping to or from the headquarters, and all this stir and life gave greater contrast to the quiet figures of the numerous Turks, who were always to be seen sitting silently smoking under the shade of the pine-trees, or by the pleasant fountain. Quite a fleet of vessels were anchored near the camp, and many small boats were continually passing between them and the beach. The dresses of many nations were to be seen in the busy crowds about the ships and on the land, and as many different languages were being spoken.

Looking down upon this scene one day, stood Corporal White; he was watching a number of men, who were hard at work loading a ship with army stores. Now and then he turned to gaze upon the sea of Marmora, which was a delightful picture, with the many gleaming white sails upon the water; a louder noise than usual of shouts, shrieks, and rumbling wheels, caused him to turn and look towards the road, down which a line of bullock-waggons were slowly making their way; as he turned he caught sight of Tom, who was swinging along at a good pace which turned into a run when he saw the corporal.

'Oh, uncle!' he burst out, as soon as he got within speaking distance, 'I've been looking for you everywhere. The racing is all settled for to-morrow, I'm to run against Parker, and Bob Stanley says he believes I've got a good chance of winning; and what do you think? Captain Rogers is going to run a mile against that cheeky fellow Neave, and every one says the Captain is sure to win, then Neave won't be so boastful again; and Bob is in for a half-mile race, and he's sure to beat them all, don't you think so, uncle?'

'Well, I can't say,' said the corporal; 'but if your good wishes would help him, he'd soon leave the other fellows in the rear, I reckon.'

'Yes, that he would,' said Tom; 'he's the best man in the whole regiment, isn't he now? Why, everybody is talking about the way he fetched the children out of that burning house on Thursday, while that lot of lazy Turks and Greeks stood looking on.'

'Ah! ah! he's a good fellow; I hope you'll stick to him for a friend, you couldn't have a better one; but talk about lazy Turks, just look at that lot down there; they don't seem to care about anything but smoking; all the dirty rascals are alike, I think; I wish we were going to fight for rather cleaner folk; but, however, that's nothing to do with us, my boy.'

'They are queer people,' said Tom: 'I wonder whether they're alike all over the country?'

'Well,' said the corporal, 'we shall soon have a chance of seeing some more of them, for I hear we'll soon be moving on to Varna.'

'Which way will that be, uncle?

'Up there,' said the corporal, pointing up the Bosphorus; 'our work will be beginning soon, I expect.'

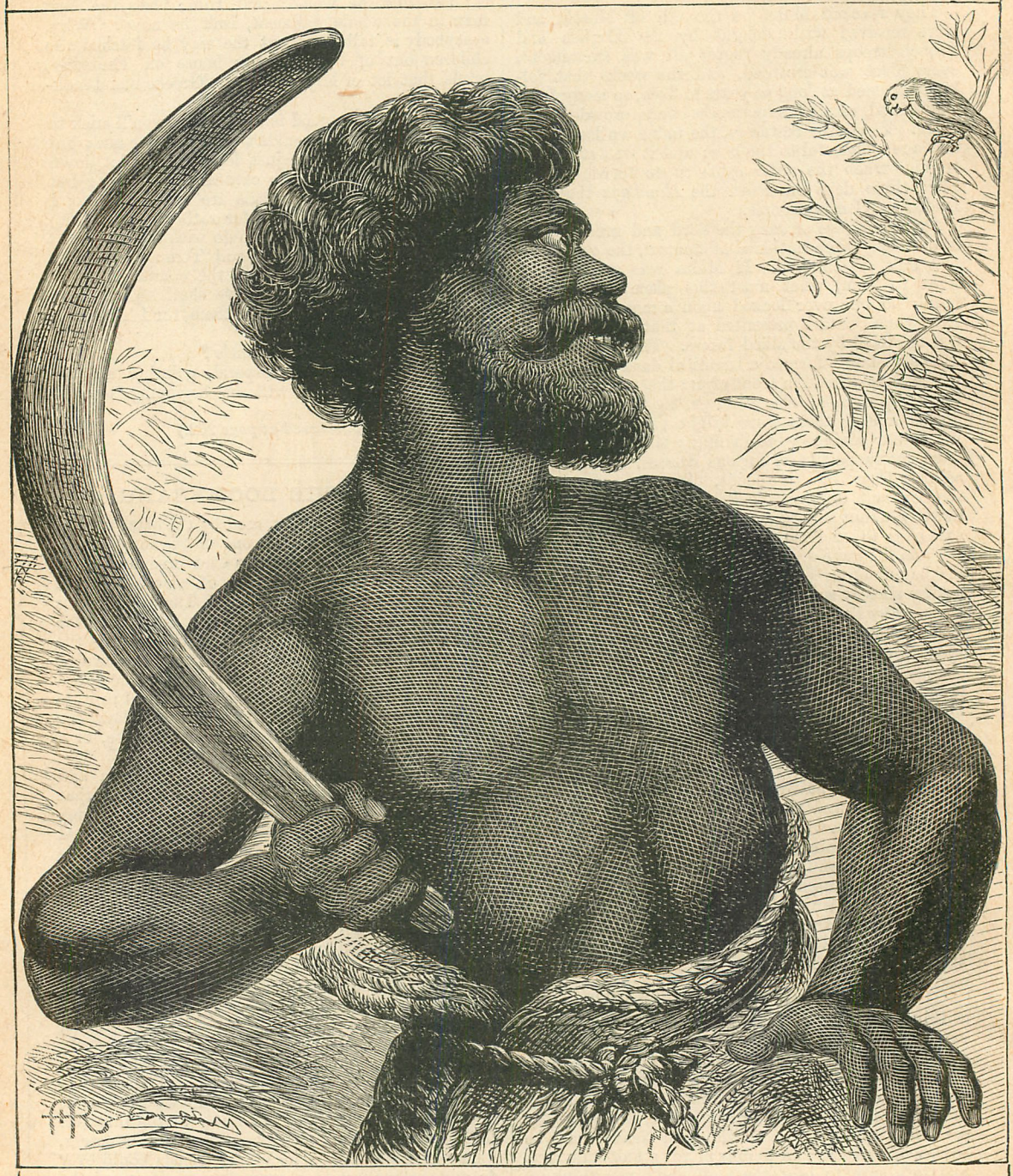
(*Continued at page* 262.)

THE BOOMERANG.

THE boomerang, used by the black natives of Australia, is one of the most extraordinary weapons ever invented. It is a curved, flat piece of very hard wood, and has sharp edges. The curve is not the segment of a circle, but it is in the form of a parabola; and the weapon has the property, when skilfully thrown, of returning to the feet of the thrower. It is, however, very difficult for those not accustomed to it, to throw it with any effect, whilst a 'black fellow' can hurl it with tremendous force round a tree, or a house, and hit the mark he intended.

A friend of mine who travelled in Australia and spent some time amongst the natives, told me that one day a 'black fellow,' flourishing his boomerang, pointed laughingly to a pretty little green and red parrot that was sitting on a branch some distance away. The weapon was hurled apparently very wide of the mark; but it went whirling round and round through the air, and catching poor little Polly in its flight, knocked her off her perch, and leaving her dead on the ground, came circling back again almost to the very feet of the thrower.

It is remarkable that so singular a weapon should have been discovered or invented by people so savage as the natives of Australia. It is used solely by them, for though the ancient Egyptians had a throw-stick, and something similar is in use amongst some of the tribes of India, the curve of those weapons differs from that of the boomerang, nor do we know that they had the property of returning to the thrower. In illustration of the difficulty of using the boomerang, I may mention that none of my friends could ever do any execution with a very fine specimen of the weapon in my possession, though they were good enough marksmen with other missiles. A. R.



Native throwing the Boomerang.



"One morning in June, a very hot day,
A donkey was quietly munching his hay,
When he lifted his voice and began to bray."

A PAIR.

ONE morning in June, a very hot day,
A donkey was quietly munching his hay,
When he lifted his voice and began to bray.

A gosling, who lived in the farmyard nigh,
Happened just then to be passing by,
And thought it a vulgar way to sigh.

'My dear sir,' said she, in some surprise,
'How can you make that terrible noise?
It's worse than the shout of a dozen boys.

'Do express your thoughts in a quieter way,
Or if you even ventured to neigh
It would not be so bad as that horrible bray.'

'Pray don't stand there and dictate to me;
To whom do you think you are speaking?' said he.
'Oh, that I can very soon tell you!' said she.

'Your mother, the old sweep's donkey-cart drew,
Your father the ragman's truck once overthrew,
So what can one expect from a donkey like you?'

She delivered her speech and then waited in vain,
The donkey had turned away in disdain,
But after a minute he thus spoke again,—

'No doubt you expect me to make some excuse,
But I'll not waste words on you, for what is the use?
If I am a *donkey* you'll soon be a *goose*.'

L. J. P.

A BOY PRODIGY.

JOHN PHILIP BARATIER, the son of a French Protestant clergyman, was born in 1721. His learning was truly wonderful. He could speak in Latin, French, and German, when he was only four years old, and at six he could read the Greek Testament. Between the ages of seven and ten he mastered the Hebrew tongue, and made a dictionary of the most difficult words for his own use. He then translated into French the Travels of Benjamin of Tudela, a Jew who had lived in the twelfth century.

Before he was fourteen, he had written and published a learned book against a divine named Crellins. About the same time he was made a Master of Arts at the University of Halle, and his fame reached the ears of the King, who often conversed with him, and made him presents.

The last four years of his life he spent at Halle, in the study of law. In 1740, he died of consumption, aged nineteen years and eight months, and thus a career of great promise was cut short. He left behind him many manuscripts, the chief part of which he was not able to finish. He was never fond of amusements, but he was always cheerful and happy, and he loved his father and mother as much as a boy could. So John Philip Baratier was good as well as clever.

SANFORD.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Continued from page* 252.)

NOW much agitated in spite of himself, Farmer Hartley bent himself to the task of opening the box. For some minutes it resisted stubbornly, and even when the lock was broken, the lid clung firmly, and the rusted hinges refused to perform their office. But at length they yielded, and slowly, unwillingly, the box opened. Hilda's breath came short and quick as she bent forward to look into the mysterious casket. What did she see?

At first nothing but a handkerchief—a yellow silk handkerchief, of curious design, carefully folded into a small square and fitting nicely inside the box. That was all; but Farmer Hartley's voice trembled as he said, in a husky whisper, 'Father's hankcherchief!' and it was with a shaking hand that he lifted the folds of silk. One look—and he fell back in his chair, while Hildegarde quietly sat down on the floor and cried. For the diamonds were there! Big diamonds and little diamonds—some rough and dull, others flashing out sparks of light, as if they shone the brighter for their long imprisonment; some tinged with yellow or blue, some with the clear white radiance which is seen in nothing else save a dew-drop when the morning sun first strikes upon it. There they lay—a handful of stones, a little heap of shining crystals; but enough to pay off the mortgage on Hartley's Glen and leave the farmer a rich man for life.

Dame Hartley was the first to rouse herself from the silent amaze into which they had fallen. 'Well, well!' she said, wiping her eyes, 'the ways of Providence are mysterious. To think of it, after all these years! Why, Jacob! Come, my dear, come! You're not crying, now that the Lord, and this blessed child under Him, has taken away all your trouble?' But the farmer, to his own great amazement, *was* crying. He sobbed quietly once or twice, then cleared his throat, and wiped his eyes with the old silk handkerchief. 'Poor old father,' he said, simply. 'It seems hard that nobody ever believed him, and we let him die thinking he was crazy. That takes hold of me; it does, Marm Lucy, now I tell you! It seems like as I had been punished for not having faith, and now I get the reward without having deserved it.'

'As if you *could* have reward enough!' cried Hildegarde, laying her hand on his affectionately. 'But, oh! do just look at them, dear Farmer Hartley! Aren't they beautiful? But what is that peeping out of the cotton-wool beneath? It is something red.'

Farmer Hartley felt beneath the cotton which lined the box, and drew out—oh, wonderful! a chain of rubies! Each stone glowed like a living coal as he held it up in the lamp light. Were they rubies, or were they drops of blood linked together by a thread of gold?

'The princess's necklace!' cried Hilda. 'Oh, beautiful! beautiful! And I *knew* it was true! I knew it all the time.'

The old man fixed a strange look, solemn and tender, on the girl as she stood at his side, radiant and glowing with happiness. 'She said'—his voice trembled as he spoke, 'that foreign woman—she said it was her heart's blood as father had saved. And now it's still blood, Hildy, our heart's blood, that goes out to you, and loves and blesses you as if you were our own child come back from the dead.' And drawing her to him, he clasped the ruby chain round Hilda's neck.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER golden day! But the days would all be golden now, thought Hildegarde. 'Oh, how different it is from yesterday!' she cried to Nurse Lucy as she danced about the kitchen. 'The sun shone yesterday, but it did us no good. To-day it warms my heart, the good sunshine. And yesterday the trees seemed to mock me, with all their scarlet and gold; but to-day they are dressed up to celebrate our good fortune. Let us call them in to rejoice with us, Nurse Lucy. Let us have a tree-party instead of a tea-party.'

'My dear,' said Dame Hartley, looking up with a puzzled smile, 'what *do* you mean?'

'Oh! I don't mean to invite the whole forest to supper,' said Hildegarde, laughing. 'But you shall see, Nurse Lucy; you shall see. Just wait till this afternoon. I must run now over to Pink's, and tell her all the wonderful things that have happened, and see how poor Bubble is.'

Away she went like a flash, through the golden fields, down the lane, where the maples made a flaming tent of scarlet over her head, bursting suddenly like a whirlwind into the little cottage, where the brother and sister, both now nearly helpless sat waiting with pale and anxious faces. At sight of her Pink uttered a cry of delight, while Bubble flushed with pleasure; and both were about to pour out a flood of eager questions, when Hilda laid her hand over Pink's mouth and made a sign to the boy. 'Two minutes to get my breath!' she cried, panting; 'only two, and then you shall hear all.' She spent the two minutes in filling the kettle and presenting Bubble with a pot of peach-marmalade which Dame Hartley had sent him; then, sitting down by the invalid's chair, she told from beginning to end the history of the past two days. The recital was thrilling enough, and before it was over the pale cheeks were crimson, and the two pairs of blue eyes blazed with excitement.

'*Oh!*' cried Bubble, hopping up and down in his chair, regardless of the sprained ankle. 'Oh, I *say*, Miss Hildy! I don't know what *to* say! Wouldn't *he* have liked it though? My! it was just like himself. Just exactly what he would have done.'

'What who would have done, Bubble?' asked Hilda, laughing.

'Why, him! Buckle-oh!' said the boy. 'I was just saying over the ballad when I saw you coming. Wasn't it like him, Pink?' But Pink drew the stately head down towards her, and kissed the glowing cheek, and whispered, 'Queen Hildegarde! *my* queen!'

The tears started to Hilda's eyes as she returned the kiss; but she brushed them away, and rose hastily, announcing her intention of 'setting things to rights' against Mrs. Chirk's return. 'You poor dears,' she cried. 'How did you manage yesterday? If I had only known, I would have come and got dinner for you.'

'Oh, we got on very well indeed!' replied Pink, laughing, 'though there were one or two mishaps. Fortunately there was plenty of bread in the cupboard, where we could easily reach it; and with that and the molasses jug, we were in no danger of starvation. But mother had left a custard pie on the upper shelf, and poor Bubble wanted a piece of it for dinner. But neither of us cripples could get at it, and for a long time we could think of no plan which would make it possible. At last Bubble had a bright idea. You remember the big fork that mother uses to take pies out of the oven with? well, he spliced that on to the broom-handle, and then, standing well back so that he could see (on one foot of course, for he couldn't put the other to the ground), he reached for the pie. It was a dreadful moment, Hilda. The pie slid easily on to the fork, and for a moment all seemed to promise well; but the next minute, just as Bubble began to lower it, he wavered on his one foot—only a little, but enough to send the poor pie tumbling to the ground.'

'Poor pie!' cried Bubble. 'Well, I like that. Poor *me*, I should say. I had had bread and molasses three meals running, Miss Hildy. Now don't you think that old pie might have come down straight?'

'You should have seen his face, poor dear,' cried Pink. 'He really couldn't laugh, for almost two minutes.'

'Well, I suppose it was kind of funny,' the boy admitted, while Hilda laughed merrily over the catastrophe. 'But when one's used to standing on two legs, it's dreadful queer trying to stand on one. We'll have bread and jam to-day,' he added, with a glance at the pot of marmalade, 'and that's a good enough dinner for the Governor of the State.'

'Indeed, you shall have more than that!' cried Hildegarde. 'Nurse Lucy does not need me before dinner, so I will get your dinner for you.'

So the active girl made up the fire anew, swept the floor, dusted tables and chairs, and made the little room look tidy and cheerful, as Pink loved to see it. Then she ran down to the cellar, and appeared with a basket of potatoes and a pan of rosy apples.

'Now we will perform a trio,' she said. 'Pink, you shall peel and core the apples for apple sauce, and Bubble shall pare the potatoes, while I make biscuit and gingerbread.'

Accordingly, she rolled up her sleeves and set busily to work; the others followed her example, and fingers and tongues moved ceaselessly, in cheerful emulation of each other.

'I would like to get hold of Simon Hartley,' said Bubble, slicing vengefully at a big potato. 'I wish he was this tater, so I do. *I'd* skin him. Yah! The wretch, standing there grinning at me over the wall, and I couldn't do nothing! It seemed as though I should fly, and then not to be able to crawl—I tell you, Miss Hildy, I didn't like that!'

'Poor Bubble,' said Hilda. 'I'm sure you didn't. And did he really start to crawl to the farm, Pink?'

'Indeed he did,' replied Pink. 'Nothing that I



"Hildegarde quietly sat on the floor and cried."

could say would keep him from trying it; so I bandaged his ankle as well as I could, and off he started. But he fainted twice before he got to the gate, so there was nothing for it but to crawl back again, and have the knees of his trousers mended.'

'Dear boy,' said Hilda, patting the lad's head.



Bubble's effort to crawl to the Farm.

'Good, faithful boy! I shall think a great deal more of it, Bubble, than if you had been able to walk all the way. And after all,' she added, 'I am glad I had to do it myself—go down to the mill, I mean. It is something to remember! I would not have missed it.'

'No more wouldn't I,' cried Bubble. 'I would have done it for you twenty times, you know that, Miss Hildy; but I would rather have had you do it,' and Hildegarde understood him perfectly.

The simple meal prepared and set out, Hilda bade farewell to her friends, and flitted back to the farm. Mrs. Chirk was to return in the evening, so she felt no further anxiety about them.

She found the farmer just returned from the village in high spirits. Squire Gaylord had examined the diamonds, pronounced them of great value, and had readily advanced the money to pay off the mortgage, taking two or three large stones as security. Lawyer Clinch had reluctantly received his money, and given up all claim upon Hartley's Glen, though with a very bad grace.

'He kind of insinuated that the diamonds had probably ben stolen by father or me, he couldn't say which; and he said something about inquiring into the matter. But Squire Gaylord shut him up pretty quick by saying there was more things than that as might be inquired into, and if he began, others might go on; and Lawyer Clinch hadn't nothing more to say after that.'

(*Concluded at page* 267.)

THE PRICE OF BOOKS.

A SMALL quarto volume containing nine plays, five of them by Shakespeare, but not first editions, was recently sold by Messrs. Sotherby at the enormous price of 590*l.* In the same sale a copy of Audubon's *Birds of America* realised 315*l.*; *A Prymer after the use of Sarum in Englysshe*, 1555, 32*l.* 10*s.*; Burns's poems, the first edition, a soiled copy, 60*l.*

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

29.—Biographical.

My father was a Genoese,
Or else in Venice born;
He taught me how to sail the seas
In my life's early morn;
Ere I was not yet seventeen,
The mighty iceberg I had seen!

Now when the Indies we had tried
To reach, but all in vain,
My father heard, with great amaze,
The wondrous news from Spain,
How a new world, and races new,
Had suddenly come into view.

'Come now,' he said, 'my children three,
We'll find a nearer way,
At least, if any such there be,
To India or Cathay:'
And so, due west, without a chart,
Upon our doubtful cruise we start.

Now, at the time of Midsummer,
The morn of good St. John,
At five A.M. there was a stir,
Our leading ship upon;
'Land ho! was shouted with delight,
And *Primavista* hove in sight.

Here, men costumed in skins of beast
With sling and bow drew near,
They bade us welcome to a feast,
Baccalaos and deer:
The soles alone were worth the sail,
A good yard long from tip to tail.

Now, when we left, we took away
Three Primavista men,
Then steered South-west, but no Cathay
Nor India for us then;
Home we returned, our task undone,
Yet not in vain we made the run.

Then said the niggard King, 'No more
For me your fruitless trips;
You'll never reach that Indian shore
With all my men and ships.'
I sought another master then,
And voyaged South with foreign men!

They pleased me not, and so I came
To England's flag once more,
And now, beneath a royal dame
I seek an icy shore.
The poor I feed, their prayers I ask,
That I may prosper in my task.

Where Christopher swings to and fro,
Right opposite the fort,
I spread a banquet, ere I go,
For men of every sort;
And now Nor' east by North we steer,
Though I am in my eightieth year!

G. S. O.

[*Answer at page* 271.]

'WITH THE 33rd, IN THE CRIMEA.'

(*Continued from page* 255.)

THE next morning was a bright and pleasant one; it seemed to Tom that the sun was shining more brightly than usual in honour of the Queen's birthday, for this was the 24th of May; a review of all the troops took place in the morning on an open space of ground half a mile from the camp. The men were marched into position, then Lord Raglan arrived, and a glorious moment it was for Tom, when he found himself helping the band of the 33rd to play that most stirring tune for all English hearts, 'God save the Queen.' When the last note of the music died away, the guns on the men-of-war thundered out their salute, and at the same moment the flags of every regiment swept down to the earth, saluting that gracious Queen, for whose sake, and for whose country every man there was willing to lay down his life.

And now burst forth the cheers from those 15,000 English voices, shout after shout ringing along the

lines, causing those solemn Turks down in the city to wonder at the extraordinary noises the infidels were capable of making. Even this grand military spectacle could not rouse them from their usual indolence, scarcely any Turks were to be seen among the spectators.

When the review was over the soldiers' sports began; the heat was intense, but no one appeared to notice it. Tom thought the weather, like everything else that day, delightful, and his mind was quite easy after his favourite, Bob Stanley, had won his race; and although he lost his own, he ran well, and proud indeed was Corporal White when his Colonel, who was standing near, said,

'That nephew of yours is a plucky little fellow, he deserved to win.'

'He's not my nephew, sir; he hasn't got any relations, so he claims me, that's all,' said the corporal.

'Ah! ah! I'd forgotten,' said the colonel; 'I heard about your kindness to the boy; well, I hope he'll turn out as good a soldier as yourself, White.'

The corporal was right in thinking that the troops would soon be moved to Varna. A few days later and the order was given for the Light Division to leave Scutari; as soon as it was daylight the work began, and the tents were soon struck, rolled up, and with all the other baggage piled high on the bullock-carts, then regiment after regiment fell into their places, and marched down to the sea; all were in high spirits; who could help feeling jolly when they were getting nearer to the chance of having a cut at the Russians; the other divisions envied them, while they cheered them as they embarked.

They passed through the Bosphorus, and every man gazed with admiration upon the changing views of high hills clothed in leafy woods, grand palaces, and gay gardens, which made such fair pictures to those English eyes; our men were only a few days at Varna, then they moved on farther up the coast to Aladyn, a beautiful spot, a lake, with high ground behind it covered with trees, and green and pleasant meadows all around. Tom was delighted with the sight of the strange and beautiful birds which were flying about, and he was in a fine state of excitement when he first saw an eagle and a vulture soaring overhead.

The Light Division did not remain here long, they soon moved on to Devna, where they pitched their camp near that of the Turkish army. Here for a time all went well, the men were in capital spirits, and bore with patience and cheerfulness the numerous hardships of a campaign; but before long sickness appeared in the camp, and then came that most fearful disease, cholera; so dreadfully did it soon rage that a gloom fell upon the whole army. Every man was anxious to face a visible foe; but this treacherous enemy, who had crept amongst them and was sweeping them down with his invisible sword, made the bravest heart tremble, for there was no power of fighting against this unseen foe.

The 33rd did not suffer so much as some of the regiments; but lying at the wretched hospital at Varna, where so many English and French soldiers were dying that July night, was Tom's friend, Bob Stanley; other hearts besides Tom's were sorrowful that night, for scarcely a man in the camp but had some friend stricken for death.

With the first gleam of daylight Tom was inquiring for Bob; and when the answer came, 'dying,' he staggered as if struck heavily.

More wretched than he had ever felt in his life, the boy went back to the camp, and told his bitter news to Corporal White; very kind and gentle was he in his care for Tom, comforting him with but few words, but with many kind actions. The boy could do nothing but wait about in a fever of impatience, watching for news. At last all was over. And that same evening Tom stood upon the beach outside Varna, and saw the earth laid over the body of his friend, learning, for the first time, the meaning of the words *separation* and *death*.

Still by his side, faithful in his care and love for him, stood the old corporal. He was not a man fond of many words, not by any means a preacher, although every day of his life he taught some good lesson by his deeds; but that night his pity for Tom seemed to give him an eloquent tongue, as, sitting there in the dim light, he whispered some solemn words, cheering the boy's heart with the hope of another meeting, when the great Captain shall sound the roll call of all His soldiers, and reward those who have fought manfully under His banner.

* * * * *

Three weeks have passed away since Bob Stanley's death; the cholera had raged more furiously than before, it had spread to the fleet, and many of our brave sailors had fallen victims to the fatal disease; our French allies suffered as severely as ourselves, and the native population had been swept off in vast numbers by the pestilence. Then the worst seemed over; but the men could not shake off the depression and gloom which had taken the place of the bright cheerfulness and good feeling which prevailed when our army first encamped there. What they needed was a change of scene and action; and it came at last. The army was to move at once for Sebastopol. The spirits of the men rose, all were busy and active, and by the 29th of August the troops were all on board the ships in Varna Bay.

Poor Tom had borne his sorrow bravely, but it had taken the brightness and hope out of his life; for in all his former dreams of the future Bob Stanley had had a place, and now the glory seemed gone from any honour he might win, for his comrade would not be there to share in it.

And this parting had given the boy a great dread of all other partings, so he watched most anxiously day after day to see whether any sign of illness rested upon the face of the old corporal. What should he do, and how should he bear it, if this one also was taken away? But no harm fell upon that other true friend, and he and Tom were together on board the *Andes* that 29th of August.

What a magnificent sight it was, when the immense fleet of vessels, whose front line was nine miles long, sailed slowly away towards the north-east, and in due time drew up into position along the low sandy beach of the Crimea, that narrow strip of sand and shingle where the allied armies were to land!

(*Concluded at page* 266.)



The old Corporal and Tom.



Tom attending to the wounded and dying.

'WITH THE 33rd, IN THE CRIMEA.'

(*Concluded from page* 263.)

ALL day long the disembarkation lasted; and as they landed regiment after regiment passed on their way up the country. The Rifle Brigade was foremost, followed by the regiments of the Light Division. By nightfall these were about six miles up the country, and marching bravely along, cheered by the excitement, was the little drummer-boy of the 33rd. With the night came the rain, and the first bivouac in the Crimea was a rough one indeed. No tents had been landed, and all through that night 27,000 Englishmen rested on the sodden ground, without shelter of any kind. The rain fell in torrents, and every man was soon wet to the skin. Hour after hour passed away, and still the rain poured down; many men who were weakened by cholera or fever died that night, without medical aid, or any help at all; there were not surgeons enough, either in the army or fleet; and the want of medical assistance, and comforts for the sick and wounded was the cause of a vast number of deaths, and added greatly to the misery our poor fellows suffered in the Crimean War.

Corporal White and Tom were lying side by side upon the wet ground. The old soldier thought nothing of the hardship for himself, he bore it as an English soldier always bears any hardship or rough work of his life—quietly, and as a part of his duty. But his heart ached for the boy, he seemed such a little fellow to be roughing it in this way; and for the first time he wished that he had left Tom in England, and had persuaded the boy to choose some other life than a soldier's.

The next day the discomforts of the past night were soon forgotten. Plenty of provisions were brought into the camp by the inhabitants of the surrounding villages; the order was given for the tents to be landed, so there was no fear of another night like the last.

On the 19th of September the allied forces began their march forward in splendid order; the fleet sailed in stately fashion, advancing with the army. The troops looked grand as they marched onward in dense masses, the glitter of steel, and the waves of bright colours swept across the land, while the tramp of horses and the rumble of guns shook the air.

Soon they saw the smoke rising in front of them from many a burning farm and village—the enemy were preparing for their arrival. Then they reached the high ground, and could see in the distance dark masses of Russian horsemen—the first sight of the foe, who was to cause grief and misery to fall upon innumerable hearts and homes in far-off England.

Our cavalry were ordered to the front, and the Cossacks advanced to meet them. A short but sharp engagement took place, and in fifteen minutes the Russians retired, leaving many dead and wounded on the ground.

The night that followed was cold and damp, and soon after dark most of the soldiers, wrapped in their greatcoats and blankets, were sleeping soundly. Their own watchfires shone around them, and far away to the left the watchfires of the Russians showed where our foes were also sleeping.

'Tom, my boy,' said Corporal White, as he and Tom were talking in the darkness, 'we shall have rough work to-morrow; keep a brave heart; remember there's One above us who'll tell every bullet where to go—so don't you be afraid, my lad; we have but to do our duty, and leave the rest to God. And if—Tom, my boy, don't be downhearted—but if there should happen to be a bullet for *me* to-morrow, don't you be too cast down; and all through your life remember to fear God and honour the King, leastways, the Queen, God bless her—Why, you're not crying, Tom, are you? Don't do that, my lad; it makes me feel to wish I hadn't let you come.'

'Oh, no, uncle, don't say so; I would rather be here with you than anywhere else, only I can't bear to think that we'll ever be parted; and you know,' added Tom eagerly, raising himself upon his elbow in his earnest wish to impress his words upon his troubled friend, 'you know that father would have brought me, and I want to be a soldier *now* as much as ever I did; I wouldn't be anywhere in the world to-night but *here*.'

'Ah, ah! well, that's right, my boy; go to sleep now, if you can.'

They were both silent, and Tom was soon asleep, weary with the fatigue of the day's work, while his old friend lay awake, gazing up at the dark sky, asking (I doubt not) that the boy might be shielded on the morrow by a greater protection than any human love could give.

The morrow—ah! before the curtains of night should be again drawn across that field, how many of those slumbering men would be resting in the sleep of death. The light then faintly dawning in the sky was ushering in that day on which the famous battle was fought, whose name is a familiar word to every English-speaking tongne, 'The Alma.'

Between the allied forces and the Russians ran the little river Alma, and beyond it the ground rose abruptly to the height of six hundred feet; there, on the ridge of those cliff-like hills, were the Russian batteries.

At noon on the 20th of September the battle began; shells were thrown from the French fleet to the Russians on the heights; and after driving the enemy from his position on the right, the French columns crossed the river, and began the ascent of the hill on the extreme left of the enemy.

During this time our soldiers remained quietly waiting for their work to begin, but our artillery was already causing great loss to the Russians. Now came the word for the English to advance straight for the batteries. With such a cheer as can only come from English throats, our gallant men dashed through the river, and, under a terrific fire of shot and shell, charged up the hill.

Foremost amongst those gallant ranks waved the colours of the 33rd. Fourteen times was the Queen's colours struck, and eleven times the colours of the regiment; while around them fell dead or wounded twenty sergeants of that brave regiment of heroes.

Again and again the British forces seemed falling back, checked by the murderous fire which was ploughing wide furrows through their ranks; again and again they closed up and struggled forward, cheered on by their leaders—as bold leaders and as brave soldiers as ever won fame for Old England.

The bandsmen of every regiment were ordered to keep in the rear and carry off the wounded; so, while Corporal White was fighting his way up the hill, Tom was helping to attend to the wounded and dying, dreading each moment to see that well-known grey head lying on the ground. In his anxiety for the corporal he forgot all fear for himself, and he did his work as regardless of danger as the oldest soldier on the field. He had just moistened the lips of a dying man with water from a tiny stream that trickled by, when he caught sight of the figure he had watched for with such dread; in a moment he was kneeling in the most bitter anguish by the side of Corporal White.

Shot through the heart, there lay the brave old man. It was a peaceful face that the boy's hot tears fell upon, surely the calmest, gentlest face that ever lay surrounded by such a scene of strife.

'Oh, uncle, uncle, speak to me; don't die!' cried the boy, lost to everything around him but that dearly-loved, lifeless form, over which he bent in the vain hope of finding yet some sign of life.

A few minutes of keenest misery, and then a bullet mercifully winged its way and ended for ever the pain of that young, sorrow-stricken heart. Without a groan the boy died where he knelt, and fell with his head on the shoulder of the old corporal.

On raged the battle, the roaring of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the clash of steel mingling with the shouts of fighting-men and the groans of the dying. Then the Russians faltered, gun after gun was lost, another struggle, and the Russians fled, and, with thousands of dead and wounded on the field, the battle of the Alma was ended, England's glorious victory was won.

The moon, shining down between the flying clouds that night, cast its solemn light upon that blood-stained battle-field, touching with silver the broken swords, the polished helmets, and the bayonets grasped still in many a cold hand. Seven thousand dead and wounded men were lying there—English, French, Turk, and Russian—side by side, and many a cry and moan of pain was borne upon the night-wind.

Step gently past this heap of dead, and bid farewell to these two quiet figures on whom the moon-beams fall so clearly—an old man and a boy. The wind sighs around them, and lifts gently the old man's grey hair, and plays lovingly with the brown curls of the little drummer-boy. S. E. K.

THE 'ED PIECE.

CARLYLE undoubtedly possessed the popular homage. A stranger on the box of an omnibus seeing Carlyle get in, observed that the 'old fellow had a queer 'at.'

'Queer 'at,' answered the driver, 'ay, he may wear a queer hat, but what would you give for the 'ed piece that's inside of it?'

QUEEN HILDEGARDE.

(*Concluded from p.* 262.)

WHEN dinner was over, and everything 'ridded up,' Hildegarde sent Dame Hartley upstairs to take a nap, and escorted the farmer as far as the barn on his way to the turnip field. Then, 'the coast being clear,' she said to herself, 'we will prepare for the tree-party.'

Accordingly, arming herself with a stout pruning-knife, she took her way to the 'wood lot,' which lay on the north side of the house. The splendour of the trees, which were now in full autumnal glory, gave Hilda a sort of rapture as she approached them. What had she ever seen so beautiful as this? the shifting, twinkling, myriads of leaves, blazing with every imaginable shade of colour above the black, straight trunks; the deep, translucent blue of the sky bending above, the golden light which transfused the whole scene, the crisp freshness of the afternoon air—she wanted to sing, to dance, to do everything that was joyous and free. But now she had work to do. She visited all her favourite trees, the purple ash, the red maples, the oaks in their sober richness of crimson; from each and all she cut armful after armful, and carried them to the house, piling them in splendid heaps on the shed floor. Then, after carefully laying aside a few specially perfect branches, she began the work of decoration. Over the chimney-piece she laid great boughs of maple, glittering like purest gold in the afternoon light, which streamed broadly in through the windows. Others—scarlet, pink, dappled red and yellow—were placed over the windows, the doors, the dresser; she filled the corners with stately oak boughs, and made a bower of the purple ash in the bow-window—Faith's window. Then she set the tea-table with the best china, every plate and dish resting on a mat of scarlet leaves, while a chain of yellow ones outlined the shining square board. A tiny scarlet wreath encircled the tea-kettle, and even the butter-dish displayed its golden balls beneath an arch of flaming crimson. This done, she filled a great glass bowl with purple-fringed asters and long gleaming sprays of golden-rod, and setting it in the middle of the table, she stood back with her head a little one side, and surveyed the general effect.

'Good!' was her final comment, 'very good! and now for my own part.'

She gathered in her apron the branches first selected, and carried them up to her own room, where she proceeded to strip off the leaves, and to fashion them into long garlands. As her busy fingers worked, her thoughts flew hither and thither, bringing back the memories of the past few days. Now she stood in the kitchen, pistol in hand, facing the rascal Simon Hartley; and she laughed to think how he shook and cowered before the empty weapon; now she was in the vault of the ruined mill, with a thousand horrors of darkness pressing on her, and only the tiny spark of light in her lantern to keep off the black and shapeless monsters. Now she thought of the kind farmer, with a throb of pity, as she recalled the hopeless sadness of his face the night before. Just the very night before! only a few hours, and now how



Hildegarde carrying boughs of her favourite trees.

different everything was. Her heart gave a little happy thrill, to think that she, Hilda, the 'city gal,' had been able to help these dear friends in their trouble. They loved her already, she knew that; they would love her more now. Ah! and they would miss her all the more, now that she must leave them so soon. Then, like a flash, her thoughts reverted to the plan she had been revolving in her mind two days ago, before all these strange things had happened. It was a delightful little plan. Pink was to be sent to a New York hospital, the very best hospital that could be found; and Hildegarde hoped—she thought—she felt almost sure that the trouble could be greatly helped, if not cured altogether. And then when she was well, or at least a great deal better, she was to come and live at the farm, and help Nurse Lucy, and sing



"'It's a tree-party,' explained Hildegarde, taking his two hands."

to the farmer, and be all the comfort—no, not all, but nearly the comfort that Faith would have been if she had lived. And Bubble—yes! Bubble must go to school; to a good school, where his bright, quick mind should learn everything there was to learn. Father would see to that, she knew he would. Bubble would delight father, and then he would go to college, and by-and-by become a famous doctor, or a great lawyer, or—oh! Bubble could be anything he chose, she was sure of it.

So the girl's happy thoughts flew on through the years that were to come, weaving golden fancies, even as her fingers were weaving the gay chains of shining leaves.

But now the garlands were ready, and none too soon, for the shadows were lengthening, and she

heard Nurse Lucy downstairs, and Farmer Hartley would be coming in soon to his tea. She took from a drawer her one white frock, the plain lawn which once had seemed so over-plain to her, and with the wreaths of scarlet and gold she made a very wonderful thing of it. Fifteen minutes' careful work, and Hilda stood looking at her image in the glass, well pleased and a little surprised; for she had been too busy of late to think much about her looks, and had not realised how sun and air and a free outdoor life had made her beauty blossom and glow like a rose in mid-June. With a scarlet chaplet crowning her fair locks, bands of gold about waist and neck and sleeves, and the whole skirt covered with a fantastic tracery of mingled gold and fire, she was a vision of almost startling loveliness. She gave a little happy laugh. 'Dear old farmer!' she said. 'He likes to see me fine. I think this will please him.' And light as a thistledown, the girl floated downstairs and danced into the kitchen, just as Farmer Hartley entered it from the other side.

'Highty tighty!' cried the good man. 'What's all this? Is there a fire? Everything's all ablaze! Why, Hildy!!' He stood in silent delight, looking at the lovely figure before him, with its face of rosy joy and its happy laughing eyes.

'It's a tree-party,' explained Hildegarde, taking his two hands and leading him forward. 'I'm part of it, you see, Farmer Hartley. Do you like it? Is it pretty? It's to celebrate our good fortune,' she added; and putting her arm in the old man's, she led him about the room, pointing out the various decorations, and asking his approval.

Farmer Hartley admired everything greatly, but in an absent way, as if his mind were occupied with other matters. He turned frequently towards the door, as if he expected some one to follow him. 'All for me?' he kept asking. 'All for me and Marm Lucy, Hildy? You're not expecting anybody else to tea, now?'

'No,' said Hilda, wonderingly. 'Of course not. Who else is there to come? Bubble has sprained his ankle, you know, and Pink——'

'Yes, yes! I know, I know!' said the farmer, still with that backward glance at the door. And then, as he heard some noise in the yard, he added hurriedly: 'At the same time, you know, Hildy, people do sometimes drop in to tea—kind of unexpected-like; you understand. And—and—all this pretty show might—might seem to—indicate, you see——'

'Jacob Hartley, what are you up to?' demanded Nurse Lucy, rather sternly, as she stood at the shed door watching him intently. 'Does your head feel dizzy? You had better go and lie down. You've had too much excitement for a man of ——'

'Oh, you there, Marm Lucy?' cried the farmer, with a sigh of relief that was half a chuckle. 'Now, then! you tell Hildy that folk does sometimes drop in—unexpected-like—folk from a *con*siderable distance sometimes. Why, I've known them—' but here he stopped suddenly. And as Hilda, expecting she knew not what, stood with hands clasped together, and beating heart, the door was thrown open, and a strong, cheery voice cried 'Well, General!' Another moment and she was clasped in her father's arms.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE LAST WORD.

THE lovely autumn is gone, and winter is here. Mr. and Mrs. Graham have long since been settled at home, and Hildegarde is with them. How does it fare with her, the new Hildegarde, under the old influences and amid the old surroundings? For answer let us take the word of our oldest friend—the friend who '*knows* Hildegarde!' Madge Everton has just finished a long letter to Helen McIvor, who is spending the winter in Washington, and there can be no harm in our taking a peep into it.

'You ask me about Hilda Graham, but *alas!* I have NOTHING pleasant to tell. My dear, Hilda is simply LOST to us! It is all the result of that *dreadful* summer spent among *swineherds*. You know what the Bible says! I don't know exactly *what*, but something *terrible* about that sort of thing. Of course it is *partly* her mother's influence, as well. I have always DREADED it for Hilda, who is so *sensitive* to *impressions*. Why, I remember as far back as the first year that we were at Madame Haut-Ton's, Mrs. Graham saying to mother, "I wish we could interest our girls a little in *sensible* things!" My dear, she meant *hospitals* and *soup-kitchens* and things. And mother said (you know she isn't in the *least* afraid of Mrs. Graham, though I confess I AM!), "My *dear* Mrs. Graham, if there is *one* thing society will NOT tolerate, it is a *sensible* woman. Our girls might as well have the small-pox at once, and be done with it." Wasn't it *clever* of mother? And Mrs. Graham just LOOKED at her as if she were a *camel* from *Barnum's*.

'Well, poor Hildegarde is sensible enough *now* to satisfy *even* her mother. Ever since she came home from that *odious* place, it has been one round of hospitals and tenement-houses and *sloughs of horror*. I don't mean that she has given up school, for she is studying harder than ever; but out of school she is simply *swallowed up* by these wretched things. I have remonstrated with her, *almost* on my KNEES. "Hildegarde," I said one day, "do you REALISE that you are practically *giving up* your *whole* LIFE? If you once *lose your place* in society among those of your *own age* and *position*, you NEVER can regain it. Do you REALISE this, Hilda? for I feel it a SOLEMN DUTY to *warn* you!" My dear, she actually LAUGHED! and only said "Dear Madge, I have only just began to have any life!" and that was *all* I could get out of her, for just then some one came in. But even *this* is not *the worst!* Oh, Helen! she has some of the *creatures* whom she saw this summer, actually *staying* in the house! in THAT house, which we used to call Castle Graham, and were almost afraid to enter ourselves, so stately and beautiful it was. There are two of these creatures, a girl about our age, some sort of dreadful cripple, who goes about in a bath chair, and a freckled imp of a boy. The girl is at —— Hospital for treatment, but spends *every Sunday* at the Grahams', and Hilda devotes *most* of her time to her. The boy is at school; one of the *best* schools in the city. "But *who* are these people?" I hear you cry. My dear, they are simply *ignorant* beggars, who were Hilda's constant companions through that *disastrous summer*. Now their mother is dead, and the people with whom Hilda stayed have adopted them. The boy is to be a doctor, and the girl is going to get well, Dr. George says (*He* calls her a beautiful and interesting creature, but you know what *that* means. *Any diseased* creature is beautiful to *him!*). Well, and THESE, my dear Helen, are Hilda Graham's FRIENDS, for whom she has *deserted* her OLD *ones!* for though she is *unchanged* towards me when I see her, I hardly ever *do* see her. She cares

nothing for *my* pursuits, and I certainly have NO intention of joining in *hers*. I met her the other day on *Fifth Avenue*, walking beside that *odious* Bath chair, which the freckled boy was pushing. She looked so *lovely* (for she is prettier than ever, with a fine colour, and eyes like *stars*), and was talking so earnestly, and walking somehow as if she were treading on air, it sent a PANG through my heart. I just paused an instant (for though I *trust* I am not SNOBBISH, Helen, still, I *draw the line* at Bath chairs, and will *not* be seen standing by one), and said in a low tone, meant *only* for *her ear*, "Ah! has *Queen Hildegarde* come to *this?*" My dear, she only LAUGHED! But that *girl*, that cripple, looked up with a smile and a sort of flash over her face, and said, just as if she *knew* me, "Yes! Miss Everton! The Queen has come to her kingdom!"'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

30.—SOCIAL.

THE grave old Astronomic Board
Over the starry signs have pored,
Until their eyes are aching;
For they know well, and only they,
By moon and stars, the proper day
To do one's merry-making.

Woe to the cat who catches mice
Without those learned men's advice,
Which none should take their eyes off!
If Puss sets moon and stars at nought,
Instead of catching she'll be caught,
Trapp'd, poisoned, or made pies of!

Woe to the man who takes a mate,
Unless he does it regulate
By wisdom astronomic!
If signs adverse are in the sky,
His mating will be all my eye,
And anything but comic!

The day is set, the maid is chosen,
The gifts, about a hundred dozen,
Gems, saucepans, jewelled lockets,
Four-posters, pokers, cups of gold,
From every side come daily roll'd,
Into a great man's pockets.

A long procession—horses white,
Umbrellas, banners, such a sight!
But where's the gaping crowd?
Soldiers are here in long array,
The streets are empty else to-day,
No peeping Toms allow'd!

They meet, they kneel, their heads are bent
Down to the floor, as if they meant
To dive to Panama;
She something lifts, and wets a rim,
Then he's for her, and she's for him,
Oh, happy be their star! G. S. O.

31.—NURSERY RHYMES.

SEQUESTERED from the social board he sits
In silent loneliness, and in his hand
A dainty morsel holds—delicious fruit,
And pastry rich, meet for the festive time.
With eager finger from the savoury mass,
One luscious sweet he draws, and with glad voice
In self laudation his great feat he sings.

[*Answers at page* 319.]

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

26. Starlight.

27. Mustard; Mud, Star; Dart, Sum; Mad, Rust.

28. Africa.
1. Alps. 2. Florence. 3. Rhine. 4. Inverness.
5. Canada. 6. Albion.

29. Sebastian Cabot.—Primavista is Newfoundland.—The fort is Tilbury.—Baccalaos is Cod.

SONG OF THE HAYMAKERS.

THE noontide is hot and our foreheads are brown,
Our palms are all shining and hard;
Right close is our work with the wain and the fork,
And but poor is our daily reward.
But there's joy in the sunshine, and mirth in the lark
That skims whistling away overhead;
Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,
And there's peace with our meal of brown bread.
We dwell in the meadows, we toil on the sward,
Far away from the city's dull gloom;
And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,
Than the pale faces over the loom.
Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,
Climbing up to the sun wide and high;
For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,
And the beautiful Midsummer sky!

Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth, dainty sirs,
And lend us your presence awhile;
Your garments will gather no stain from the burs,
And a freckle won't tarnish your smile.
Our carpet's more soft for your delicate feet
Than the pile of your velveted floor;
And the air of our balm-swath is surely as sweet
As the perfume of Araby's shore.
Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,
Where freshness and health may be found;
Where the wind-rows are spread for the butterfly's bed,
And the clover-bloom falleth around.
Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,
Climbing up to the sun wide and high;
For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,
And the beautiful Midsummer sky!

'Hold fast!' cries the waggoner, loudly and quick,
And then comes the hearty 'Gee-wo!'
While the cunning old team-horses manage to pick
A sweet mouthful to munch as they go.
The tawny-faced children come round us to play,
And bravely they scatter the heap;
Till the tiniest one, all outspent with the fun,
Is curled up with the sheep-dog, asleep.
Old age sitteth down on the haycock's fair crown,
At the close of our labouring day;
And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,
May be pure at its 'passing away.'
Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,
Climbing up to the sun wide and high;
For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,
And the beautiful Midsummer sky!

ELIZA COOK.



The Haymakers.



The Smuggling Dog hiding himself under the coverlet of the bed.

ANECDOTE OF A SMUGGLING DOG.

ONE of these wonderfully clever and sagacious animals is the hero of a remarkable adventure. He was most highly prized by his master, who, having trained him with the utmost care, frequently intrusted him with valuable packs of lace. The custom-house officers having got scent of him on one occasion determined to be at his master's cottage when he came in with a valuable packet. Accordingly, when it grew dark two of their men presented themselves at the cottage, and hinted their intention of remaining there to watch. All was quiet and peaceful, and the smuggler's wife bid them enter, and with a perfectly unmoved mien continued preparing the salad and coffee for the evening meal. In due course of time the husband appeared, with the same innocent expression of countenance as that worn by his wife, but without his usual attendant dog. This, however, was no surprise to the excise men, and they waited for the expected dog; but when time passed and no dog appeared they thought they must be on a wrong scent, and departed. With the closing of the cottage door behind their evening's guests a change came over the faces and talk of the husband and wife. Anxious looks were followed by words of wonder at the non-appearance of their dear dog; but as the husband decided that it would be folly for both to sit up through the night to be ready for him, the wife betook herself upstairs to bed. As she entered the room a somewhat unusual appearance about the bed attracted her notice, and raising the coverlet she found, to her surprise and delight, the smuggling dog stretched flat out, his pack of precious lace as safely strapped to him as when fastened there by the hands of his master's accomplice on the other side of the border.

He must have arrived about two hours before, and, recognising strange voices in the kitchen, crept stealthily past the door, while the strangers were occupied with their pipes, mounted the stairs, and finally hidden himself and his packet under the coverlet of the bed. K. W.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. VIII.—THE DRINKS OF THE WORLD.

THE first manufactured drink we will notice is beer. Ripe barley is steeped in water until it swells. Then the water is drawn off, and the grain laid on the floor of the malthouse and turned about frequently. It becomes warm, and rootlets appear. During the process of malting, the barley increases in bulk but loses in weight. By being malted it gains also in sugar and gum, but parts with a good deal of its starch. When people brew they mix malt with boiling water, which after a sufficient time is drawn off, when the liquor is called wort. After it has been boiled with hop flowers it begins to ferment, and yeast is added to make it ferment the more rapidly. By the action of the yeast, the sugary matter in the wort disappears, and the wort becomes ale. Yeast owes its power of producing fermentation to the fact of its being a kind of fungus. The yeast converts the sugar of the wort into alcohol, which gives beer its intoxicating qualities.

Wine may be made of any vegetable juice which contains sugar, but the best wine is made, as you all probably know, from the juice of the grape. The grape contains its sugar and gluten in separate cells, but if one is crushed they mingle, and fermentation is set up directly. When grapes are put in the winepress, the liquid that is squeezed out is called must. The hottest summers are those in which the grapes are best ripened and have the greatest quantity of sugar, and from such the finest wines are obtained. On this account it is that the wine made in the sunnier South is better than any we can ever make in England. We have to add sugar to our must, but the Spaniards often press the stalks as well as the grapes, so as to add more gluten. The must being placed in a vat undergoes active fermentation, but it must not go on too far, or it would become vinegar. Sugar, even, if mixed with water and allowed to ferment, will produce a sort of wine, but it is nearly tasteless.

Beer and wine are so often used in excess that we gladly pass on to the drinks which cheer but do not intoxicate.

Tea is so well known that we need not enter very largely into its history; but yet there are some facts worth remembering. It was called chaa when first introduced, and was sold from fifty to sixty shillings per pound in the days of Charles II. The tea shrub is from one to two yards in height, with fine white blossoms. Several names of tea are familiar to our readers. There is Bohea, a small black leaf; Congou, superior to it; and Souchong, better still. Pekoe is made of the tenderest leaves, gathered after the plant has blossomed. Twankay and Hyson are green teas, made of the same leaves, but by a different process. Many green teas are coloured, but the better green teas are naturally green, without the aid of indigo, Prussian blue, and gypsum, and, of course, much purer on that account, for those colouring materials neither improve the flavour nor the wholesomeness of the tea. But green tea, at its best, is more hurtful to the nerves and digestion than black, because the black has undergone a chemical change by which it has lost its narcotic property and its essential oil, each of which is bad for the human system.

Coffee came to us from Persia and Arabia, and to those countries from Ethiopia. It was used at first by the Mohammedans as a means of preventing drowsiness when they wished to remain all night at their devotions. It reached France and England about the same time as tea. The first man who seems to have used it in our country was a Greek, a student of Balliol College, Oxford. At the restoration of King Charles II., coffee houses became common in London, and were soon places of great resort. The coffee fruit or berry is something like a haw, being red when ripe. Two seeds are found embedded in its pulp.

Cocoa is, more properly, cacao. This shrub grows

in South America, and is about fifteen feet high. The fruit is of a yellow or red colour, a pod about six inches in length with a thick rind. Inside are cells containing pulp, and in this lie the seeds, about one hundred in number, and looking something like almonds. The chocolate we use comes from this plant, and though it is popularly called cocoa, it has nothing whatever to do with the cocoanut palm. The cacao loves a damp place and shady, and it will yield two crops every year. The manufacturer takes the kernel of the seeds, bruises and pounds them, and grinds them into a paste. Chocolate is very nourishing, for it contains a large quantity of oil which approaches closely in its nature to the fat of animals.

Beside these drinks there are spirits, as we call them—brandy, gin, rum—which are a curse to so many. These are obtained by a process called distillation, from *stilla*, a drop. Brandy is made from wine. Alcohol, which is pure spirits of wine, is naturally a liquid without any colour, and much lighter in weight than water, and it requires a very great amount of cold to freeze it. The word brandy means wine that has been burnt, and the only genuine brandy is obtained from wine by distillation. As it comes from the still it is white, and coloured afterwards by burnt sugar, &c. Brandy can be made also from corn and potatoes. Gin is so named from genievre, the name for juniper, the berries of which are used to give it a flavour. The spirit itself is distilled from fermented corn. Rum is distilled from a mixture of molasses; and its name, signifying rich, describes it fairly well. Whisky is distilled from fermented barley. The name is from the Irish word 'uisque,' meaning the water of life. There is found in spirits an oil which is very disagreeable, and so strong that a single drop will flavour many gallons. What is called 'proof spirit' is a mixture of nearly equal volumes of pure alcohol and water, and this proportion of each has been fixed by an Act of Parliament. G. S. O.

THE KING'S HAT.

WHEN Fleetwood was part patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, the actors suffered much discomfort from the bailiffs being so often in possession. Their properties were seized by the myrmidons of the law, and many were the contests, sometimes ridiculous, sometimes grave, which took place at such times between the members of the theatrical and legal professions.

On one occasion the hat of Richard the Third, adorned as it was with jewels and plumes, attracted the notice of a bailiff as a prize worth capturing. The hat belonged to Garrick, and his Welsh valet, ever honest and fiery, did instant battle for it. 'You are not aware what you are doing,' said he to the man of law, 'for, look you, that hat belongs to the King.' At the mention of King George, as he supposed, the bailiff, with considerable reluctance, felt obliged to resign his booty. O.

A SAILOR'S TEST FOR FRESH EGGS.

WHEN a British ship drops her anchor in a foreign port she is immediately surrounded by a noisy host of natives in little canoes laden with all the delicacies the climate affords. Fresh bread, butter, eggs, and fruit—all very tempting fare to poor Jack, after months of salt meat and hard biscuit. However, the native is not so simple in manners as in costume, and it requires all Jack's wits to enable him to guard against the tricks of these dealers. In the very hot climates eggs will not keep long fresh, and as the test applied to them by the steward of a great sailing vessel affords rather an interesting experiment I will describe it.

He selected three eggs from the basket, placed them end to end on the table, then grasping the *outside* eggs, one in each hand, he pressed their ends against the ends of the centre egg, and raised it between them off the table. While thus suspended, the centre egg of its own accord revolved, as it were, on its own axis. It was laid aside as fresh, and another tested till the basket was emptied. He said that unless the egg was fresh it would not make the curious movement which I have tried to describe. It is an interesting experiment, and can easily be tried, but when performed by our steward it was both comic and picturesque. The solemn Oriental, with his ringed ears and toes, the snowy, or yellow-brown eggs, and our burly, broad-shouldered steward, with his jolly English face, made up a picture not to be forgotten.

A. O. H.

'AS HE HAMMERS AND SEWS.'

ALL day the old shoemaker bends o'er his last;
He hammers and sews and hammers and sews.
He is making the shoes that shall carry men fast
Where—nobody knows! ah, nobody knows!

And he sings of his work as he pricks with his awl
The leather through which the waxed end goes;
And his words on the ears of the passers fall,
As he hammers and sews, as he hammers and sews.

'Oh, where will you carry your wearer?' he sings,
As he hammers and sews, and hammers and sews;
'Where the city's pavement with footsteps rings,
Or where water flows, and the green grass grows?

'Will you carry him where his sweetheart waits,
By the garden gate where the lilac blows;
Or down through the shadows of death's dark gates?
Ah, nobody knows! nobody knows!

'Will you go with him where the wedding guest
Hies, and the bride waits fair as a rose?
Where, after the lovers are married and blessed,
The toast is drunk and the bright wine flows?

'Or, perhaps you will carry him where red crime
At night through the streets of the city goes,
Dragging men down in the flush of their prime
Where—nobody knows! nobody knows!

'Not there—but, wherever his lot may be cast,
Luck go with your wearer, as heels follow toes.'
Thus sings the old shoemaker over his last,
As he hammers and sews and hammers and sews.

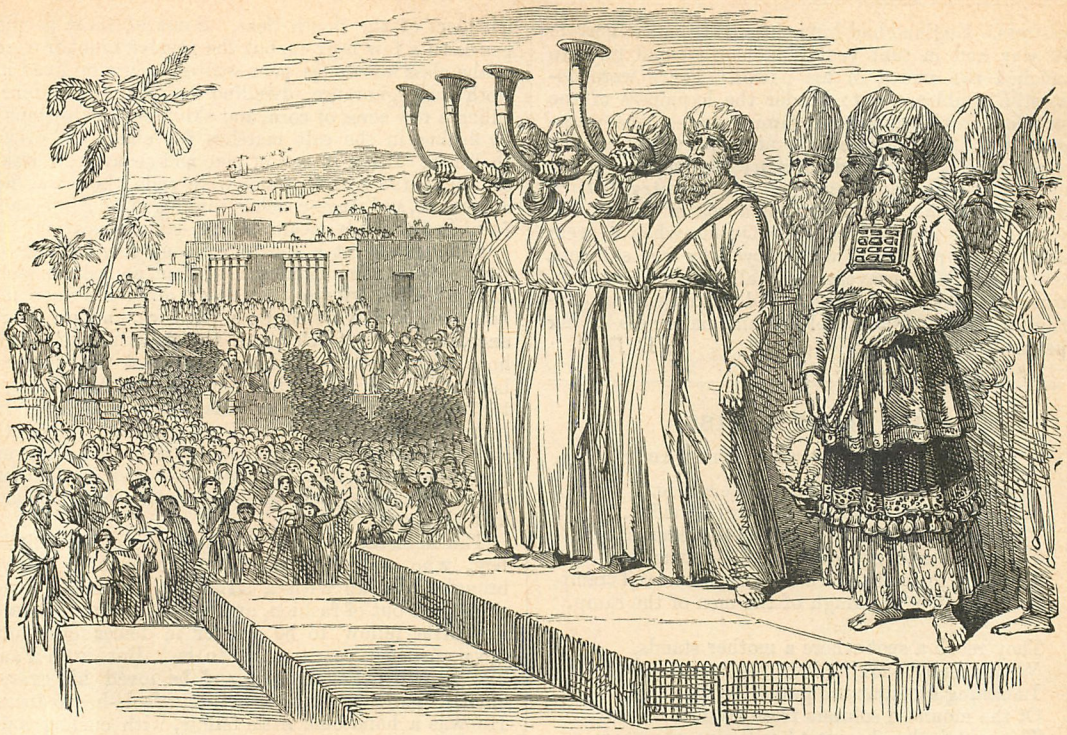


BRADDA HEAD, ISLE OF MAN.

ON a wild rock-bound shore,
Where sea-birds' scream is heard above the roar
Of ocean in its fury, stands a pile
Of crumbling, moss-grown ruins, where, long while
Agone, there dwelt a silent stern-browed knight,
Who proudly held his own in deadly fight.

For these, alas! were days
When might was right, and each man walked in ways
Of his own choosing. Well, in this lone tower,
Where dwelt Sir Penrhyn in his pride and power,
A little maiden, golden-haired and gay,
Sang like a joyous lark from day to day.

She never sought to roam:
For why—the castle was her own dear home;
And the stern, silent knight—who could have loved
Him more than little Morna did? or moved
His grim old soul to do some kindly deed,
To succour the distressed, the poor to feed?



The year of Jubilee.

But, one bright, sunny day
Morna, the golden-haired, was called away
To her young husband's halls, where her sweet life
Was spent in soothing grief and healing strife.
But what of him, who saw his darling go
With anguish in his heart that few could know?

Alone Sir Penrhyn dwelt,
And told to no man what he thought or felt;
But ever and anon kind deeds he did
In memory of her whose image hid
In his so rugged heart, still moved his hand,
And made his name beloved in all the land.

But now they all are gone!
On Bradda Head the grey tower stands alone,
While the calm moon looks down in radiance bright
On tranquil gleaming sea, where morn and night
The patient fisher watches for his spoil,
The hard-won recompense for honest toil.

And thus life flits away.
The years roll on, while slow but sure decay
Lays its unwelcome, dreaded hand on all.
The lowly cottage and the proud knight's hall,
The warrior stern and grave, the sweet young wife,
All, like pale shadows, vanish out of life!

But still, some thing is left.
When pure lives cease we are not quite bereft
Of everything: a subtle fragrance stays
Behind—the recollection of their ways,
Their sweet and holy lives remembered still
Can strangely move the stubborn heart and will.

M. K.

JUBILEE YEARS.

THE year of Jubilee, of which we read in Holy Scripture, was a peculiar institution among the Hebrews, by which every fiftieth year the land which in the interval had passed out of the possession of those to whom it originally belonged, was restored to them, and all persons, who, through poverty, had been obliged to hire themselves out as servants, were released from their bondage. Other privileges, such as the remission of debts, also belonged to this great festival season. The year of Jubilee was proclaimed at the end of harvest by the sound of trumpets, made of horns.

At the present time it is customary among modern civilised nations to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of many public institutions by some special festivity; also the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of the monarch who may then occupy the throne. But fifty years is a very long period of time, and, among the many Sovereigns who have reigned over us, only four have occupied the throne for fifty years and upwards. These are, first—Henry III., who began to reign in 1216, and reigned for fifty-six years; Edward III., who ascended the throne in 1327, dying in the fiftieth year of his reign; George III., who began to reign in 1760, and who occupied the throne for the long period of sixty years; and, lastly, our present Sovereign, Queen Victoria, whose jubilee year was celebrated so recently as 1887.

There can scarcely be any person now alive who remembers the jubilee of George III. in 1810; but it must have been a time of much distraction and public

distress. England had long suffered from the horrors of war, and in that year Napoleon seemed to have reached the zenith of his power. There were domestic troubles, too, to hinder the happiness of the people; provisions were at famine prices; the press-gang was a continual source of terror to the people, while both religion and morality were at a very low ebb indeed in many parts of our country. How different all this to our circumstances in the jubilee year of our gracious lady the Queen, when a great measure of prosperity was enjoyed by her subjects, whose heartfelt prayers were all for the long continuance of that life which had been spent in continual efforts for the welfare and happiness of her people. D. P. M.

THE BABY'S KISS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THOUGH and ready the troopers ride,
Pistol in holster and sword by side;
They have ridden long, they have ridden hard,
They are travel-stained and battle scarred;
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp,
And coarse is the laugh of the men of the camp.

They reach a spot where a mother stands,
With a baby, shaking its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the fight.
The captain laughs out, 'I will give you this,
A bright piece of gold, your baby to kiss.'

'My darling's kisses cannot be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold.'
He lifts up the babe with a manly grace,
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy cheeks, and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

'Not all for the captain,' the troopers call;
'The baby, we know, has a kiss for all.'
To each soldier's breast the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and kissed and caressed,
And louder it laughs, and the lady's face
Wears a mother's smile at the fond embrace.

'Just such a kiss,' cries one warrior grim,
'When I left my boy I gave to him.'
'And just such a kiss, on the parting day,
I gave to my girl, as asleep she lay.'
Such were the words of these soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist when the kiss they gave.

G. R. EMERSON.

THE STORY OF LITTLE PAUL.

ON a certain dreary part of the Atlantic coast of North America, between Maryland and Virginia, there lies a low, sandy peninsula, isolated from the more populous parts of the country, and inhabited (at least, during the bitter days of slavery) by a very quaint and primitive people, who were as completely shut out from the world as though they had been islanders of the South Seas. Some of these people possessed a few negroes, but the greater number were of the class known as poor whites, men who lived in sloth and ignorance, dwelling in miserable cabins, tilling a few acres of corn, and eking out a subsistence by fishing in the salt marshes for clams and other shell-fish. Dense forests of pine and cedar grew amid the sands, the scanty towns were rude, there was no commerce, and stage-coaches running at long intervals furnished the only means of inter-communication.

Religion was at a low ebb among these neglected people, when there came among them a good minister, who with his wife settled down amid the rude inhabitants, and with courage, patience, and perseverance, sought to teach them the doctrines of faith, hope, and charity. And truly the task they had set before themselves required all patience and energy; for the blight of slavery was there—the trade in human beings was carried on without restraint; slave-buyers traversed the country who were not over particular as to how they obtained their victims, at times kidnapping and carrying off free men, women, and children.

The minister and his wife had one child, a little boy, who was very dear to them, though they brought him up with a strictness which has long since gone out of fashion, and which, perhaps, caused the little fellow to be quieter in demeanour than boys of seven years ought to be. But little Paul had known no other life, and he loved his grave, elderly parents with a child's whole-heartedness. He was a handsome little fellow, with curling hair and fine black eyes, and both father and mother doted on him.

As he grew out of babyhood his father sometimes took little Paul with him when he went to visit the simple houses of worship scattered through the surrounding districts. This was a great pleasure to the child, who, seated on a little stool at his father's feet in the 'sulky' (a rough, two-wheeled gig), would watch with intelligent interest everything that he saw beyond the narrow bounds of his own home.

On one such occasion, a cold Sunday in December, Paul and his father set out to visit a certain station twenty miles distant from his home. Paul had never been on so long a journey before, and was greatly charmed with the prospect before him. However, snow began to fall just as they passed a grim, solitary hill, beating down so fast that in a very short space of time the frozen furrows in the fields were hidden from view, and Paul was fain to creep below the huge buffalo robe, which his mother had carefully supplied for the comfort of her husband and her boy. On, on they went till they reached the edge of the forest, the good old man cheering their lonely way by singing verses of hymns; while his thoughtful child fixed his eyes upon the dreary waste of pine and cedar-trees, wondering what would be the fate of travellers who might lose themselves in these sombre depths. But it was very cold, and both father and son were glad when they reached the log-house—a black old pile, with a long shelter-roof for horses down the side of the pave-yard, a couple of sleighs and several saddle-horses being already tied beneath the roof.

A few country people were conversing together in the churchyard, who, whenever they saw the approach of

their minister, came up to receive him with pleasure, the women lifting out and caressing the little boy, who was soon seated in a pew beside one of them, a kindly old body, who, mindful of her own youthful days, handed him a ginger cake to put in his pocket, and warmed his chilled fingers in her own horny hands. The sermon and the prayers were long, but did not seem to be too long for the people assembled there, who joined in with fervour when the negro choir led off the singing, and then composed themselves to listen to the sermon, spoken in homely but earnest words which seemed to reach every heart. But Paul was the only child in that rough log church of the pine forest; he grew weary of the long service, and was greatly pleased when it was over, and his father gave him leave to go into the yard, while a second meeting was being held among his elders. Yet the yard was not particularly inviting; it was deeply covered with fresh snow, while his only companions were Bob, his father's pony, and several horses all crowded together for warmth, while they enjoyed a plentiful meal of corn cobs.

Having patted old Bob, who pricked up his ears as a salute to his little master, Paul, feeling cold and somewhat solitary, crept into the 'sulky,' and drawing the buffalo robe about him lay listening to the hymns and prayers which floated out of the log church away on the wild wintry wind. But he did not listen long; these strange sounds died away into a confused murmur which seemed to fill his ears. Little Paul had fallen into a sound and dreamless sleep.

The service had lasted for an hour, but at length it was over, and the preacher turned into the yard to look for his boy. But where was Paul? His father called him by name, but only the horses raised their ears in reply, no well-loved little voice cried, 'Here I am, father.' The sulky was searched, but the child was not there, and with a beating heart the poor father ran back to the church.

'Brethren,' he cried in a tremulous voice, 'I cannot find my boy! Where can the child have gone?'

They all gathered round him, some saying that he must be hiding mischievously, others suggesting that he had ridden away with others of the congregation to dine with them. But the father shook his head, his good, obedient little Paul would never have done such a thing. But one silent bystander looking down into the snow-drifts, traced four great boot-marks close to the sulky. He followed them across the road into the pines, and out into the road again, then back once more into the forest. Turning to the old minister he exclaimed, 'God give you strength! Your boy has been stolen! The kidnappers have been here!'

'Oh, my God! his poor mother!' groaned the minister, and fell forward on his face in the snow.

When Paul awoke from his nap in the sulky, he found himself in the arms of a brawny negro, who was moving swiftly away out of the yard, and who perceiving that the child was awake, covered his mouth with his huge hand lest he should scream for assistance. But the poor boy was quite unable to scream. Almost stifled by the rude pressure, and with a heart beating with terror, he was swiftly carried away into the dim recesses of the wood, the negro never halting for a moment till he had reached a certain tangled maze, known only to him and his vile confederates, and where they were practically beyond pursuit. Here the negro transferred the shrinking child to an evil-looking white man, with a lean, yellow face and bloodshot eyes, who seized him with such a stern, hard clutch that little Paul shrieked out, 'Oh, father, dear father, save me, save me!'

'Save you!' echoed the white man in a ferocious tone of voice, 'I'll murder you if you call any man father but me! I'm your father, you young whelp; remember that if any one should speak to you or ask your name.'

'Oh, no! oh, no!' cried out little Paul in desperation. 'You are not my father. Where are you taking me? Where is the church, and my father, and old Bob?'

But the negro drew a long knife from his breast, and flourished it before Paul's face.

'Hold um noise,' he whispered savagely, 'or I kill um dead, and bury um out here in de dark forest!'

Then the boy was silent, cowed into a cold, tearless terror. He thought they had brought him to this lonely spot to murder him, and he was silent, as the only chance for his young life. But Paul was not to be slain, almost a worse fate was in store for him; he was to be sold as a slave into what would most probably be life-long captivity.

After whispering together for some minutes, the two men who had kidnapped Paul dived still further into the recesses of the forest, dragging the terrified child with them, till they reached a ruined cabin buried in deep shade, the logs of which were decayed with damp, and the clay chimney fallen down. Climbing up by a creaking ladder they reached a loft, and laid Paul upon a ragged bed. Then they gave him a piece of corn-cake, and stripping off his tidy clothing they dressed him in the coarse blue drilling worn by slaves. Then the two men began to drink together, and after a time both lay down on the floor and slept.

Next morning the flight was resumed, but Paul did not walk away on his own feet from the old log-cabin. He was carried, soundly asleep as he was, in the arms of the negro, who had administered to him a sleeping draught in order that he might be smuggled on board the vessel which was to convey him to Richmond with less chance of discovery by any one who might have suspected that he was a stolen white boy.

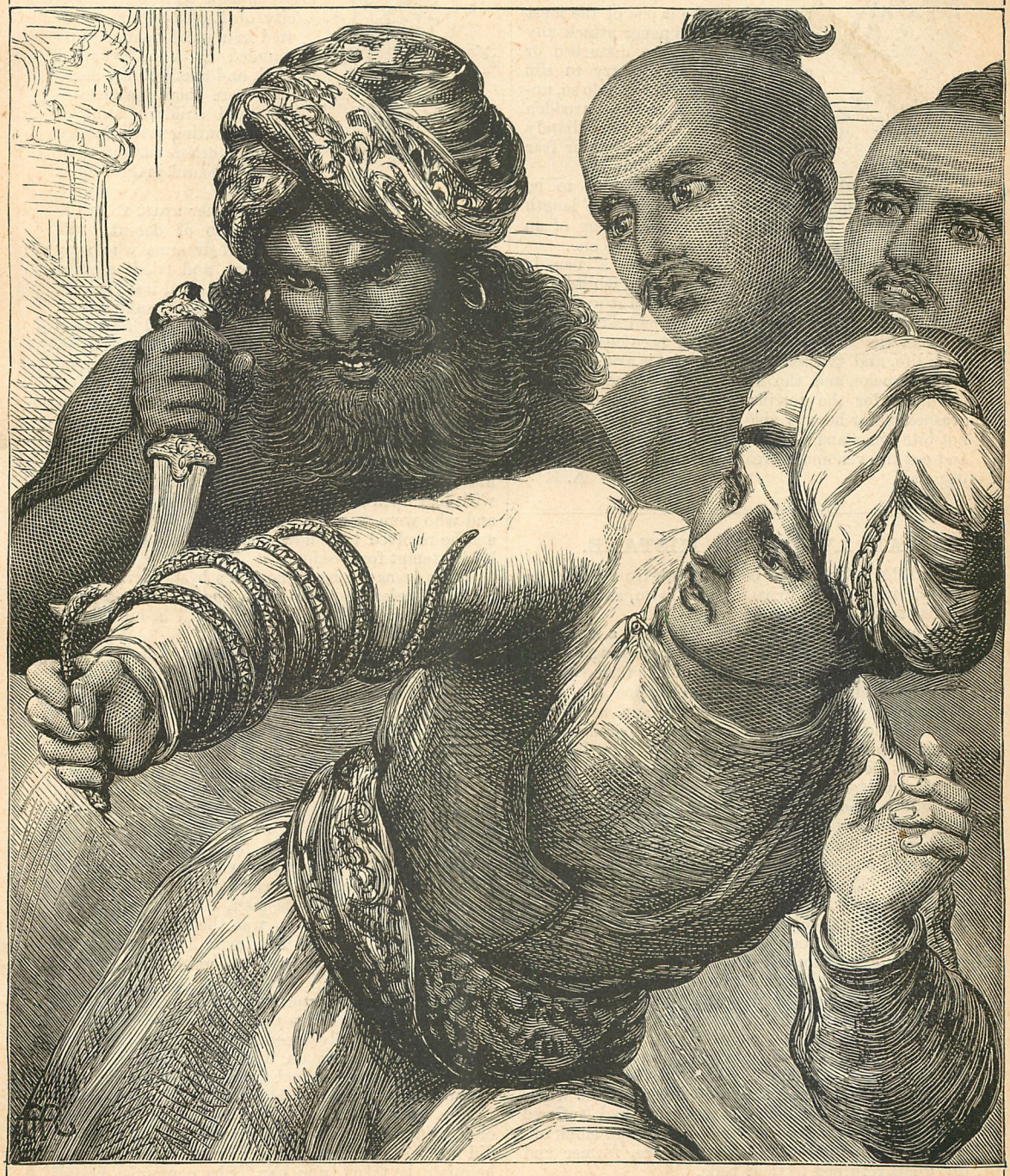
When Paul woke from this sleep, he was on the deck of a small sailing vessel. It was night, snow was falling fast, and a bitter wind whistled through the rigging.

A red lantern moved along the beach, some voices were heard speaking together, and one of them said with a laugh; 'Don't be afraid of the boy, I have sold lots paler than him; thrash him soundly if he speaks, and he'll tell no tales!' Then the anchor was lifted, and they were soon scudding before the wind under a freezing starlight; little Paul, still confused by the effects of the sleeping draught, being glad to lie down on some old sails, and forget his misery in the unconsciousness of slumber.

(*Concluded at page* 282.)



Paul carried off by the Negro.



The Whip Snake.

THE WHIP SNAKE.

—o—

OF all the poisonous reptiles of India, the whip snake is one of the most deadly. Snakes never attack any one unless they are disturbed or alarmed, and always try to slip quietly away, if they can do so, unobserved; but if they are trodden on or touched they immediately fasten on the object of their fear with their poisonous fangs.

Now the whip snake is peculiarly liable to be touched, for though it frequently attains the length of five feet, it is no thicker than the thong of an ordinary coach whip, and looks exactly like one.

A native teacher in India entered a pagoda one day, and seeing what he took to be a whip-thong lying on the ground, stooped and picked it up by the knot on the end; but no sooner had he taken hold of it, than the supposed whip-thong became endowed with life, and twisted itself round his arm. It was a whip snake, and the knot was its head. It was fortunate for the terrified man that he had thus grasped it, for he was able to hold it so that it could not bite him; and a man soon came to his assistance and cut the venomous creature from his arm with his dagger.

A. R.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

A FARMER who had bought a calf from a butcher, desired him to drive it to his farm, and place it in his stable, which he accordingly did.

Now, it happened that very day, that a man with a grinding organ and a dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm. After amusing the farmer's family for some time, the organ-man entered the farmhouse and asked the farmer if he could give him a night's lodging. The farmer replied that he could give the man lodging, but that he was at a loss where to put the bear. After musing a little, he determined to bring the calf inside the house for that night, and to place the bear in the stable, which was done.

Now, the butcher, expecting that the calf would remain in the stable all night, resolved to steal it ere morning. The farmer and his guest were, in the night awakened by a fearful yelling from the outbuilding. Both got up, and, taking a lantern, entered the stable, when the farmer found, to his surprise, the butcher of whom he had bought the calf in the grasp of the bear, which was hugging him tremendously, for he could not bite, being muzzled. The farmer soon understood the case, and he briefly mentioned the circumstance to the owner of Bruin, who, to punish the butcher for his intended theft, called out to the bear, 'Hug him, Tommy,' which the bear did in real earnest, the butcher roaring most hideously the whole time. After they thought that he had suffered enough, they set him free, and the butcher slunk off, glad to escape with his life, while the farmer and his guest returned to their beds.

THE STORY OF LITTLE PAUL.

(*Concluded from p.* 279.)

THE common slave-pen in the city of Richmond was situated in a squalid suburb surrounded by a high-spiked wall, and about thirty negro men were there besides women and children, some of them shouting with foolish laughter, others cursing their evil fate or sunk in the deepest despair.

In a corner apart from the others, crouched a serious group of decent, quiet women, some with babes in their arms who sang hymns together in a low voice, and tried to cheer each other in their distress. Little Paul instinctively drew near to this group, but his heart sank within him. Until now he had not fully realised his dreadful fate; but when he saw his present companions, all hope departed from him, he threw himself upon the stones and wept aloud in his despair. But though only seven years of age, he was a precocious child, and he resolved in his young heart never to forget that he was born free, but to take the first opportunity that occurred of telling his story. When his turn came to climb the auction block, he glanced with fear upon the hard faces which surrounded him, and who were scanning his good points with interest, and he resolved that now was the time to make one bold attempt for freedom.

'Who owns the boy,' shouted a bystander.

'I do,' cried the man with the blood-shot eyes; 'his mother is a likely piece; she will be brought to market to-morrow.'

Then Paul rose to his feet; tears were in his young eyes, though, by a great effort, he kept back the great sob that started to his throat. 'It is a wicked story,' he cried; 'my father is white and my mother is white; I never was a slave; that man there came and stole me.'

A loud laugh broke from the crowd, in which the auctioneer joined, 'Wal, now, ain't he a peart lad, and don't he brazen it out well?' he said; 'why, the air with which he tells his story is worth a cool hundred more . . . . only four hundred dollars, gentlemen . . . . going at four hundred, &c., going, gone!' And Paul was pushed from the block into the arms of a tall, austere man, who led him away into the city. This man was the agent of a rich old lady in Mobile, who required a handsome, active lad to wait upon her and be trained as a house-servant.

This was a most fortunate position for little Paul; his mistress took a fancy to the pale-faced, handsome child, and gradually freed him from menial duties, keeping him very much with herself. Paul could both read and write, and as this was a very unusual accomplishment among slaves, the old lady's suspicions were aroused that the boy was not the slave-child which he had been represented to be; but she did not wish to inquire into his story, fearing that he might be taken from her. She contented herself

with treating him well, and left his future fate to after-consideration. She employed him in reading aloud to her an endless round of novels and romances, she made him carry her spaniel, run her errands, and, when not otherwise required, sit on a stool in her drawing-room, handsomely dressed, to await further orders. If little Paul sometimes wept for the happy past, or felt a child's strong yearnings for something to love, he hid his grief from those about him, and sought that consolation, which even a child may know and which the world cannot take away, in the simple prayers and hymns he had learned at his mother's knee. But he did not again attempt to tell his true history, preferring to wait for some golden moment when he might be believed and emancipated.

From the beginning, however, the agent disliked him; he was an adventurer, cool and ambitious, who had settled in the South with the resolution of becoming rich, and had pursued his purpose steadily and earnestly. But Paul interfered with him; he had lost somewhat of the regard and confidence of his mistress, and he laid it (very unjustly, however), to the boy's charge.

One afternoon the agent, having obtained permission from his employer, took the little fellow with him to his office, where he employed him in writing letters to his dictation, burning other papers, &c., while he himself inspected and cleaned a pair of pistols which he took from a portmanteau. It was late in the afternoon when he had done, and giving the case of pistols to Paul, he desired him to slip quietly into the street and walk straight on till he was overtaken. The boy did so, till, having reached the city limits, he found to his great surprise the agent there before him seated in a carriage. Two other persons were with him, one of them with a case of surgical instruments at his feet. Paul climbed to the driver's box, and they dashed away, meeting a second carriage ere long. Both vehicles stopped; their occupants alighted, and the agent coming to the front, reached up his hand to Paul. 'Good-bye, my boy,' he said in tones of unwonted kindness; 'remain here a moment, perhaps you may see me again.'

All the men then turned off the road, and were speedily hidden in a clump of cedar-trees. Paul remained with the carriages, his heart beating strangely, he did not know why. Presently he heard a shout followed by two reports, so close that one seemed the echo of the other. A few minutes afterwards the agent reappeared leaning upon the arms of his attendants. He was bare-headed and without his coat, his face was pale, and working as though with deadly pain. His shirt was perforated close to the collar, while blood was flowing all over his person. He fainted when he had taken his seat and as the carriage rolled away. Paul, looking back, beheld two men bearing upon their shoulders a stiff, straight burden wrapped in a cloak. The agent had vindicated his courage, but it was at the expense of his life. He lingered on in agony for many days, and Paul, whose tender young heart was touched, stole into the darkened chamber and begged leave to do him some kindness. But the stern, hard man turned away from his would-be comforter, and writhing with pain exclaimed in hollow accents, 'My God, my mother!'

The boy remembered a quaint text of Scripture, and he repeated it in his soft childish voice, 'Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul.'

'I have heard that before,' muttered the dying man; 'go on, tell me the rest!'

'I have the good book here,' said Paul; 'I will read to you, if you like.'

'Do so, boy. Ah, I used to know it well: but I have long forgotten it! ah, my mother!'

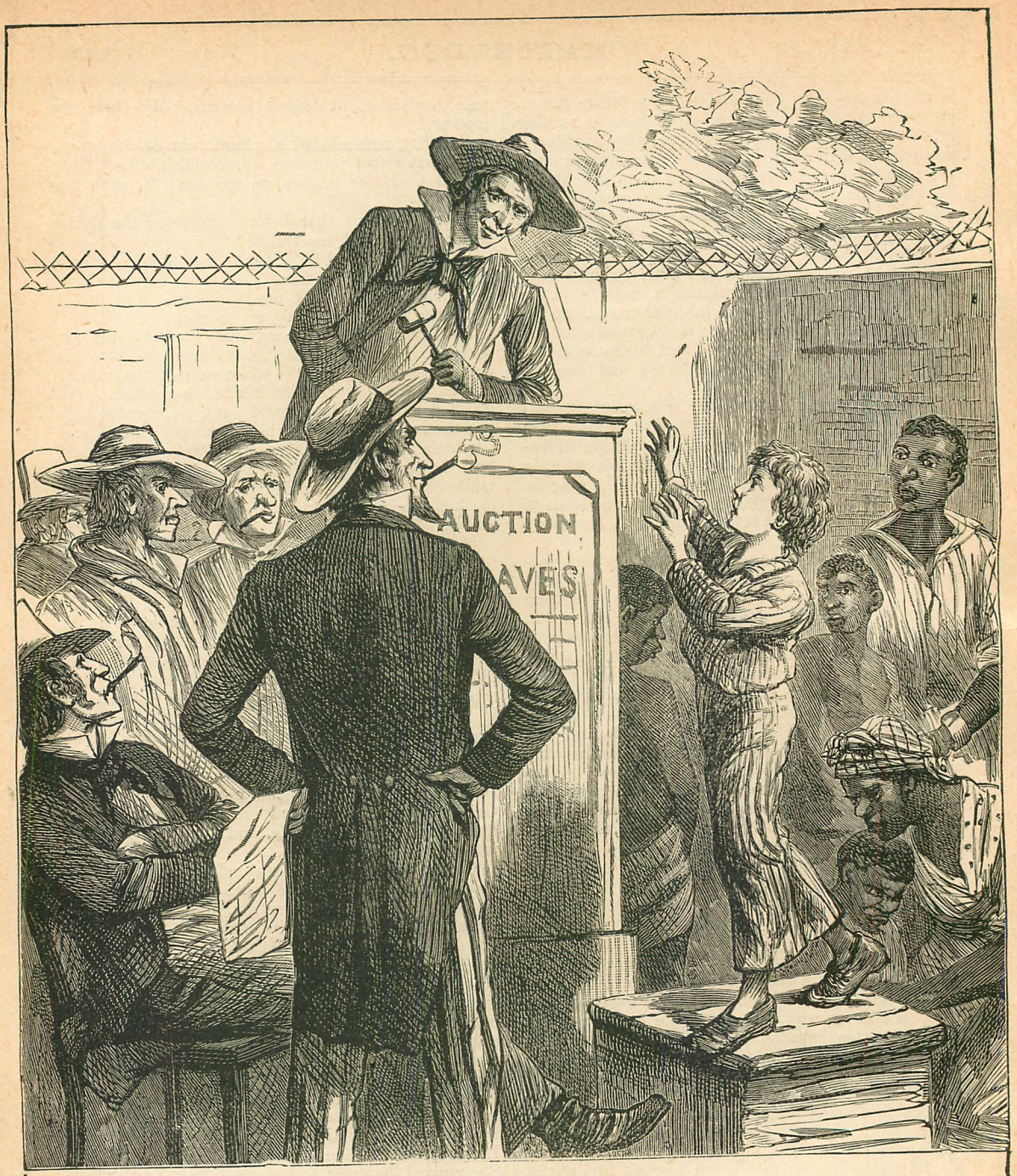
Paul read some soothing and beautiful psalms, which took his poor companion's mind back to his native mountains, and the white spire of the village church where he had knelt beside his mother. He groaned aloud in his mental agony, for conscience was aroused, and accusing him of many things, and particularly of this, that he knew Paul's history, and had deliberately purchased as a slave a free-born white child. It was midnight, they heard the great clock in the hall strike twelve, all the household were asleep.

'Go to your mistress' room,' said the dying man; 'tell her that I must see her now, she must come at once; I shall at least do you justice, boy; go, and may God bless you!'

Paul heard the unfortunate man sobbing as he stole away to his mistress' room, where he gave the message with which he had been intrusted. The old lady was most unwilling to go, but she was superstitious, and afraid lest she might be haunted if she did not go. When she returned from the agent's chamber, her face was pale, and she looked curiously at Paul, who hastened back to the sick room. The wounded man seemed to be in a deep slumber, though the boy could not hear him breathe. Gently he touched the hand which lay upon the bed-quilt; it was cold as marble, and Paul knew that all was over.

Our story now draws to an end. Paul's mistress had been informed of the truth of what she had hitherto only suspected, namely, that her purchased slave was a free-born white boy; but she could not make up her mind to part with him. She was childless, and the little fellow had become dear to her even before she knew that he was white and of respectable birth. His parents, she hoped, might by this time be dead. Why should she not keep him altogether and provide for him? This she resolved to do. She took him to Europe, travelled about with him, and gave him teachers, so that Paul grew fast in knowledge, every day becoming dearer to his mistress' heart. But the old lady was not happy; she was harassed by deep remorse, till at length she fell ill in London, on the eve of their return to America. She revived, however, and reached New York, where she died, leaving the bulk of her property to Paul, and receiving his gratitude and forgiveness ere she died.

And now that Paul was free to follow his own inclinations, we can readily believe that he lost no time in setting out for the Eastern shore in search of his loved parents. His recollection of them was very imperfect, for eleven years had passed since he had been stolen from them. Yet as he approached the



Little Paul sold by auction.

little village of his birth his heart beat high. There were the negro quarters, he remembered them well; there was the shady stone parsonage, and the stable where old Bob used to be. All was just as it used to be, yet how changed! Where was the dear mother who loved him so much, and the kind father who rejoiced to take his boy with him all over the country? Some one directed him to the burial-place, and there he saw a marble slab with the well-loved names written upon the memorial tablet—'Both were dead long years before.' The friendless youth turned away with a full heart. He left the village and travelled northwards. Years afterwards his name was also inscribed on the marble tablet in the old village church with these words added thereto, 'He went about doing good.'

D. B. K.



SUMMER.

SWEET summer reigns around—green are the trees,
So gently bending to the perfumed breeze;
Soft breathing from the hill, adown whose sides
The raging torrent leaps, and quick divides
In twain; then, reaching the green vale below,
The waters cease to brawl, and gently flow
Like threads of silver to the shining sea,
Past hoary rock and flower-besprinkled lea;
While the shy wood-bird, deep in forest shade,
Sends his wild music echoing through the glade;
His tiny mate the while, concealed from view,
Lists his sweet love-song, old, yet ever new!

The herdsman loiters in the cool, sweet glen,
While his meek charges crop the herbage, then
Compose themselves to placid, dreamless rest;
No barking cur to agitate their breast,
No shouting men are near, no stony street
On which to limp with weary, dusty feet.

But this sweet season of repose must yield
Too soon to changed conditions; the green field,
The shining river, must be left behind—
The shady trees, the balmy summer wind;
And they all panting, at no distant date,
Reach the dim city and an unknown fate.

And thus it is with everything around—
Bright summer comes and goes, the merry sound
Of children's voices ceases to be heard,
And ceases too the song of woodland bird.
Quickly the seasons pass, and ere we know
The world lies buried 'neath a shroud of snow!

Our life, too, passes, ah, so fast away!
To our fond hearts it seems but yesterday
Since we were merry boys and girls; yet now
The thin and silvered hair, the furrowed brow,
Tells us that life's bright day will soon be past:
The quiet grave will claim us all at last.

Well, be it so; another world, so fair
That this sweet earth with it can not compare,
Awaits us up above—our Father's Home,
Where no heart-breaking change can ever come.
Then come, sweet spring, and summer, winter, come,
Ye only bring earth's children nearer home.

B. M. K.

A QUIET REBUKE.

THE Duke of Wellington at one period of his life was rather fond of telling a certain pig-sticking story, and persons who knew of this weakness used to lead the conversation so that the great man might relate his favourite anecdote. At length he became suspicious, and any allusion to the subject made him extremely angry. Nearly sixty years ago the Duke was staying at Belvoir. One of the visitors at the castle had never heard anything about the pig-sticking adventure, and was easily persuaded that the Duke would be pleased if he were asked to tell his famous story.

Accordingly one morning, after breakfast in the long gallery, when seated not far from the Duke, the gentleman ventured to tell his grace how much he should like to hear some of his experiences of Indian sport.

At first the Duke was inclined to be seriously offended; but looking round and discovering from the faces of the company that the inquirer had been prompted, and that the request was made in perfect good faith, he quietly got up, and, putting his arm within the gentleman's, said, 'I shall be delighted to tell you all you want to know; but let us come to the end of the gallery, where we can talk quietly.'

A pleasant half-hour's conversation ensued, and it was not till some hours' later that the intended victim learned what a triumph he had achieved over the practical jokers, and what a quiet rebuke had been given to them.

JOHN FOUND OUT.

A YOUNG lady to whom John Wilson was engaged was visiting at his mother's. John had a bright little sister who became very fond of the visitor. One day, when they were alone together, the child said, 'Miss Jones, I wish that you were always with us.'

The prospective bride, with a sweet blush, answered, 'Do you like me so well that you would be glad to have me for a sister?'

'Yes,' said Anna; 'but that's not what I was thinking about. When you are not here John is always cross. He scolds us little ones all the time.'

Miss Jones was startled. She had thought that John was a particularly amiable young man. She had noticed how kind he was to the younger children when in her presence? Was it possible that this was all put on? She would not for the world marry a man who was really unkind and harsh to such a darling as Anna. She determined to investigate the matter. She managed to be present, but unseen, when John came where the children were at play in the kitchen. As soon as he was near enough to be heard he cried out angrily, 'You little brats, you have no business here. Get out of the kitchen this minute, or I'll give you a good trouncing!'

That was enough for Miss Jones. Such an elder brother would not be likely to make a good husband. The engagement ring was returned, and the bride-elect went home feeling she had made a lucky escape.

John's lesson was a severe one, but he deserved it. I advise all the girls to find out how their admirers behave at home before they swallow their honeyed words and say 'Yes.' A coarse-grained and brutal lad may put on fine clothes and fine manners, and thus try to get a wife; but as soon as the honeymoon is over the old nature will assert itself, and woe to the woman who has become his slave for life.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. IX.—THE CLOTHING OF THE WORLD.

OUR clothing is mainly formed of cotton, linen, silk, and wool; and some people, who are rude and ignorant, go about in skins. The reason why good clothing is warm is, that it prevents the escape of heat from the body. We say a great coat keeps us warm, but it would be more correct to say we keep it warm. Garments made of wool are warmer than those of linen, because wool is a bad conductor of heat, that is, it allows the heat of the body to pass away slowly; while linen, being a good conductor, permits it to escape more rapidly. Fur is a yet worse conductor than wool. Hence people in very cold climates wrap themselves up in furs.

Linen is made of flax, and has been so from the very earliest times. We find mummies in Egypt wrapped in coarse linen and embalmed. It is from the stalk of the plant that the linen cloth is made. The flax is steeped in water till the bark decays and the fibres are left, and from them comes the coarse sails of the great merchant ship, and the costly lace that adorns the dress of the fine lady. Paper, too, is made of linen rags after they have been turned into pulp and spread very thinly on a frame of gauze.

Silk, as we all well know, is produced by a caterpillar. It is its shroud, and comes from its bowels. As the great historian Gibbon says, 'Silk forms the golden tomb from which a worm emerges in the shape of a butterfly.' The silkworms are fed on the leaves of the mulberry. The secret of silk making was brought by two monks from China to Constantinople many years ago. They imparted the secret to the emperor, who sent them back with directions to bring some of the silkworm's eggs with them when they returned. They did so, concealing the eggs inside a hollow cane, and getting them hatched by artificial heat. The silk while it continues in the insect's body is in a liquid state, and as it is drawn out it grows hard, and is called raw silk. As it is rather apt to break it is boiled with soap. It is more than half fibrin, and there is much gelatine and albumen in it, so that the compound is of a very tenacious character.

When we come to cotton we find it is the downy bed on which the seeds of a certain shrub are deposited. This shrub is an annual, growing about four feet high, with yellow flowers, which are succeeded by pods about the size of an ordinary apple. The down which surrounds the seeds is called cotton-wool. The chief supply of cotton to our country is from America, but some also comes from India, Egypt, and Italy. The cotton of which nankeen cloth is made is naturally of a tawny or yellowish hue, and was found growing originally in China, but it has been also cultivated in America. Cotton was known to the ancients. The father of history mentions it under the name of 'tree wool.' The manufacture of it crept from the East into Spain, and thence into Holland, and from that country it was brought into our own by Protestants, who had to fly to avoid persecution. The earliest mention of the cotton manufacture as practised by the English is in a book which appeared about the time of the Civil Wars. In it we find Manchester mentioned as being a buyer of cotton wool in London, and as working it up into various articles of clothing. The cultivation of the plant was also attempted in our island, but our cold, backward springs would not allow it to come to perfection.

Wool covers the backs of animals in a temperate climate, as fur does in an arctic one. We find, however, as we approach the tropics, fur and wool give place to hair. All this is as it should be, and it teaches us the wisdom of the Creator, in suiting the dress of His creatures to the places in which they have to pass their lives. If one of our sheep were taken to Africa, it would find its wool too much for it; and if an African animal were transferred to Greenland, it would perish of cold. These materials, flax, silk, cotton, and wool, are bleached and dyed before they are fit for use.

Bleaching is the art of making an article white, and this is done mainly now by chlorine and quicklime, which form what is called 'bleaching powder,' or chloride of lime. In a solution of this powder the linen or cotton fabric is immersed after it has been duly prepared. And then, being white, it is capable of being dyed or stained. The ancients knew something of this art, for we read of 'Tyrian purple,' and of Lydia, 'a seller of purple' cloth. The difficulty has been to invent a method of making colours fast or durable. This is done by what are called mordants, or biters, that is, liquids which do not colour cloths, but which enable white cloths to absorb and retain various colouring matters. We owe, it is said, much of our knowledge about successful dyeing to a chemist named Bergman, of Sweden. Another chemist discovered, by accident or not, that tin dissolved in nitric acid made a mordant by which the dye called cochineal was able to stain a cloth a beautiful permanent scarlet. This will serve as an illustration.

We owe our boots and shoes to the skins of certain animals, which, when tanned, assume the name of leather. You will be surprised to hear that leather is merely glue combined with the tannic acid in the oak bark. The strongest leather is that from bull's hides, especially from those which roam the great plains of South America. These make our boot soles, and our saddles, and trunks, and the buckets used by firemen. Calf skins supply our bookbinders and glovers with what they need, and also boot-makers with material for what are called upper leathers. Sheepskins are also much used by bookbinders, and it is from those skins that wash-leather is made. Our hands are often gloved in goat-skin. Leather breeches, in which our soldiers used to go campaigning, have been found not so healthy as cloth, and have, in consequence, fallen into disuse. The horse and dog also contribute their skins to our use; but we leave to the French the horrid art of tanning human skins, which was done in the time of the Revolution, at Meudon; 'of which skins,' says a writer, 'perfectly good wash-leather was made.' It takes from two to four months to convert a calf-skin into leather, but it is said that electricity is now to make the process more rapid.

G. S. O.

HOMEWARD.

THE sun has sunk behind the golden West—
Sweet eve, so dear to busy hands, has come;
The weary grass-cutters are now at rest,
And gliding gently Home.

All day within the distant Highland glen,
Where greenest pasture, fern, and moss abound,
Far from the busy haunts of city men,
Maiden and youth have found

That wholesome labour, busy, earnest toil,
Mid sweet surroundings, and in purest air,
Which helps to steady human heart and soul,
And keep it pure and fair.

But now they steer their way to 'home, sweet home,'
Where aged parents fondly watch and wait
To see their stalwart lad, their winsome girl,
Approach the cottage gate.

How sweet the hour that sees them without fail
Sit round the table, with its homely fare,
While youthful voices tell their merry tale,
And honoured age is there.

Sweet maiden, with the gentle, thoughtful eyes,
Dream not of cities, with their lurid glare;
Your simple cottage may you ever prize,
And find true gladness there.

B. M.



Homeward.



The Tiger was dispatched by a blow from an axe.

AN INDIAN FLOOD.

FROM the heavy rain which falls upon Indian mountains the low-lying country is liable to such sudden floods that every year many beasts, and even human beings, are drowned ere they can make their escape to the higher grounds. Of course, instinct tells most creatures that danger is at hand, and it is curious to watch the behaviour of all kinds of living things when they feel that something uncommon is about to take place.

These floods, though causing much damage and inconvenience to one set of creatures, brings benefit to others. People who lose their mat houses, and, perhaps, their cattle, on such occasions, have their land so much enriched by what the rising waters strew upon it, that it yields most bountifully after each soaking. Many countries whose rivers overflow their banks every year have to thank the floods for the splendid crops which the land gives when once the water subsides.

Still, floods are terrible visitations while they last; and one of them came on so suddenly, that I had to spend a day and night in an open canoe in consequence, during which time I had good opportunities of seeing the good and bad effects produced by them. I lived at the time in a mat house, situated upon a hill which I supposed was quite above high-water mark; but an old Mahommedan gentleman having told me that, when he was a little boy, he recollected the water once rising higher than the hill, I took the precaution of keeping a canoe in a small ditch close at hand.

All around were similar hills, while in front rose the high mountains at whose base flowed a large river, the low ground being covered with tall grass jungle, in which were wild pigs and other animals, besides snakes and many creeping things, more curious to look at than pleasant as neighbours.

The rainy season began, and daily the river rose higher. One morning we noticed that the mountain tops were covered with heavy banks of dark clouds, though no rain fell out on the plain where we were; but we noticed many animals, a leopard among others, sneak out of the high grass and make for hilly ground. The most curious thing, however, was the smart manner in which rats and even grasshoppers came scampering away from the threatening danger. These latter came in such crowds towards my bungalow, that not only the fowls about the premises had a good feed on them, but kites and crows began to swoop down in such numbers that the air was filled with their cries and noise of their rushing wings.

While watching the immense destruction of these insects, we were startled by the outbreak of the thunderstorm high up on the mountains, but far above the peals of thunder rose the terrible sound of rushing water. Animals now came tearing out of the lowland, too terrified to notice whither they went, so that I stood ready, gun in hand, in case any of the dangerous kind should try to seek an asylum on my particular hill; but with the exception of a huge wild boar, who had to be shot as he charged up the slope, all took refuge elsewhere. Soon the water burst through the river bank, spreading over the country, sweeping down the tall grass jungle, and surging and roaring round our hill. Packing all that was valuable in small parcels, we gathered them in a heap, hoping that the flood would subside ere it reached the building. All round about large trees, uprooted by the terrible force of the deluge, were swept along, several animals vainly trying to keep a footing among their roots and branches. At last the water reached the steps of the house; so, pulling our boat close up, we stepped in with what we could save, and hung on to the wooden posts of the building, vainly trusting that the worst had come; but it was not so, for we soon had to leave go the post and pass the boat's rope round a tree. The water then rushed in, the house toppled over, and it and its contents were swept away by the flood.

In a short time the tree began to shake and bend, so we knew that it was being uprooted; therefore, letting go the rope, we launched forth upon the seething waste of waters, and were whirled away. Onward we rushed through masses of logs, branches, the remains of houses, and such like wreck, having to be very careful that our frail vessel did not get upset or crushed. Twice we made for the tops of hills that showed themselves above water, but on approaching them we found that they had been taken possession of by wild animals. Here a tiger crouched on the branch of a tree, seemingly too much alarmed at his perilous position to molest the half-dozen deer that crowded timidly together right underneath his perch. Up above him the smaller branches were stocked with monkeys, who looked very disconsolate at their enforced imprisonment. As we swept past, the tiger raised his head, gave a deep growl and showed his teeth, then crouched down again as if fully aware of his helplessness, and we had too much to think of ourselves to interfere with him. Gaining the open country, the scene was one of desolation; but the current was not so strong, so we turned round, seeing the flood was going down, and by nightfall we had got back to where the house had stood. Every vestige of the once pretty homestead had disappeared, with sheep and cattle, though the fowls had managed to find a roost on the topmost branches of some orange-trees which alone remained to mark the spot.

As the moon rose, the mountaineers came down from their villages, and embarking on rafts and in canoes, went round the different hills, shooting and spearing the animals that had swam there; and truly the sight of such a hunting scene was an exciting one. Here a stout stag, defending himself with his antlers as best he might against the spearmen, kept up a gallant fight till death. The tiger we had seen in the morning took to swimming, and on being wounded with a spear turned on the nearest canoe, upsetting the hunters into the water, where a desperate encounter took place; but he was eventually dispatched by a blow from an axe—not, however, before he had clawed some of his pursuers most severely.

At daylight the water had entirely gone down, and a thick, muddy deposit covered all the lowland,

while an immense number of snakes, scorpions, and other unpleasant creatures lay dead in all directions, upon which and the drowned animals, vultures, crows, and kites were feeding.

You may be sure that I built my new house much higher, although for years after no flood rose so high as the one just written about. The tea plantation took no harm from being so long under water, and yielded splendidly, so we benefited, not only in that, but by getting rid of the creeping things which, were it not for such occurrences and for the birds of prey, would multiply to an extent that would render the country hardly fit to live in.

'THE BOYS.'

THE holidays, the holidays, with a shiver of gruesome fear,
I felt to the very tip of my toes that those trying days were near;
'Near,' the very air was full of the terrible bustle and noise
That is always a true forerunner of the advent of 'the boys.'

Now 'boys must be boys,' I am often told, and you must be prepared to see
In every delightful shape and form their peculiar kind of glee,
What's a damaged wall, or a broken chair, or boots all caked in mud,
Stamping all over the parlour floor with a head-distracting thud.

Heroes are men, I have often read, who bear trial in every form,
Who smile at danger, know not fear, and rather enjoy a storm;
The greater the danger only the braver grow, and never know despair,
Whether the sky be thunder-riven, or blue, and sunny, and fair.

Now my notion of a hero, or heroine grand and true,
Is a hero at home in domestic life—that's harder, I think, don't you?
To smile sweetly over a ruined book, and enjoy a chemical smell,
And to keep good-natured all the while, instead of saying, 'I'll tell.'

For boys, I think, have the power to make a much more trying racket
Than any one else—try carpent'ring: poor chair, oh, how they'll hack it!
Their papers and litter far and wide, which they never attempt to clear,
Make one lose a calm expression a good many times, I fear.

Then their pets—their strong-smelling mice, their slimy creeping toad,
Or tadpoles carefully sought for on many a country road,
Their puppies nibbling and gnawing, their rabbits or screaming daws,
Or, worst of all, a faithful cat, with her ever-ready claws.

The holidays, the holidays! they may bring their aggravations
Just as important in our eyes as the swaying fate of nations;
And yet when our boys are men, and their school hours gone for aye,
We recall them as the memory of a brighter, merrier day.

The noise may be trying, but oh, how sad are the silent, desolate rooms
Where children's restless footsteps never make work for the brooms!
Their habits may ruffle our tempers, our heads dislike the noise,
But how sadly we should miss our riotous, romping boys!

MAY-GOLDING-BIRD.

MISTAKES.

IT is a mistake to labour when you are not in a condition to do so.

It is a mistake to think that the more you eat and drink, the healthier and stronger you will become.

It is a mistake to go to bed at midnight and rise at daybreak, and imagine that every hour gained from sleep is an hour gained for work.

It is a mistake to sleep in a room without ventilation.

It is a mistake to eat your food in a hurry, or to eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after the appetite is satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

It is a mistake to suppose that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they learn.

It is a mistake to think that whatever remedy causes you to feel immediately better (as wine or brandy) is good for the system, without regard to the after effects.

It is a mistake to sleep in a direct draught in any season.

It is a mistake to suppose that any patent medicine is a specific for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Much bad health comes from an unwise use of medicine. It is not by medicine, but by acting in accordance with natural laws that health of body and of mind and morals can be secured.

It is a mistake to give strong drink to children, except as a medicine, by the doctor's order.

It is a mistake to bathe or to drink iced water when you are heated.

TOO SCRUPULOUS.

TEACHER: 'Somebody has been throwing paper behind my back. Mewes, can you tell me who it was?' Mewes (who was the culprit himself): 'I know who it was, but I hardly like to tell.' Teacher: 'A trifle too scrupulous, perhaps, but it shows honourable feeling on your part. You may sit down.'



LINDLEY MURRAY.

THIS eminent man was born in 1745, at Swetara, near Lancaster, in the State of Pennsylvania, where his father had a flour-mill. Lindley commends his mother as a most excellent woman. They were Quakers, like so many of the Pennsylvanians. Lindley was the eldest of twelve, and so sickly as a child that his mother often said it would have been a mercy if her firstborn had been taken away from her. At an early age he was sent to Philadelphia, where he began work in earnest under Ebenezer Kinnersley. But his parents soon moved from Swetara, first to North Carolina, and thence to New York, where Lindley was sent to a good school, and became famous for his energy both in work and play.

ADVICE ABOUT BREATHING.

DO not breathe through the mouth unless it is impossible to breathe through the nose. The nose was made for breathing; air, passing through the long, moist nasal passage is purified, and leaves behind dust, disease germs, and various impurities, while the air is warm and tempered for the lungs. But when the mouth is left open, dust, dirt, and disease rush down into the lungs, and, fastening there, may develop and destroy the whole system.

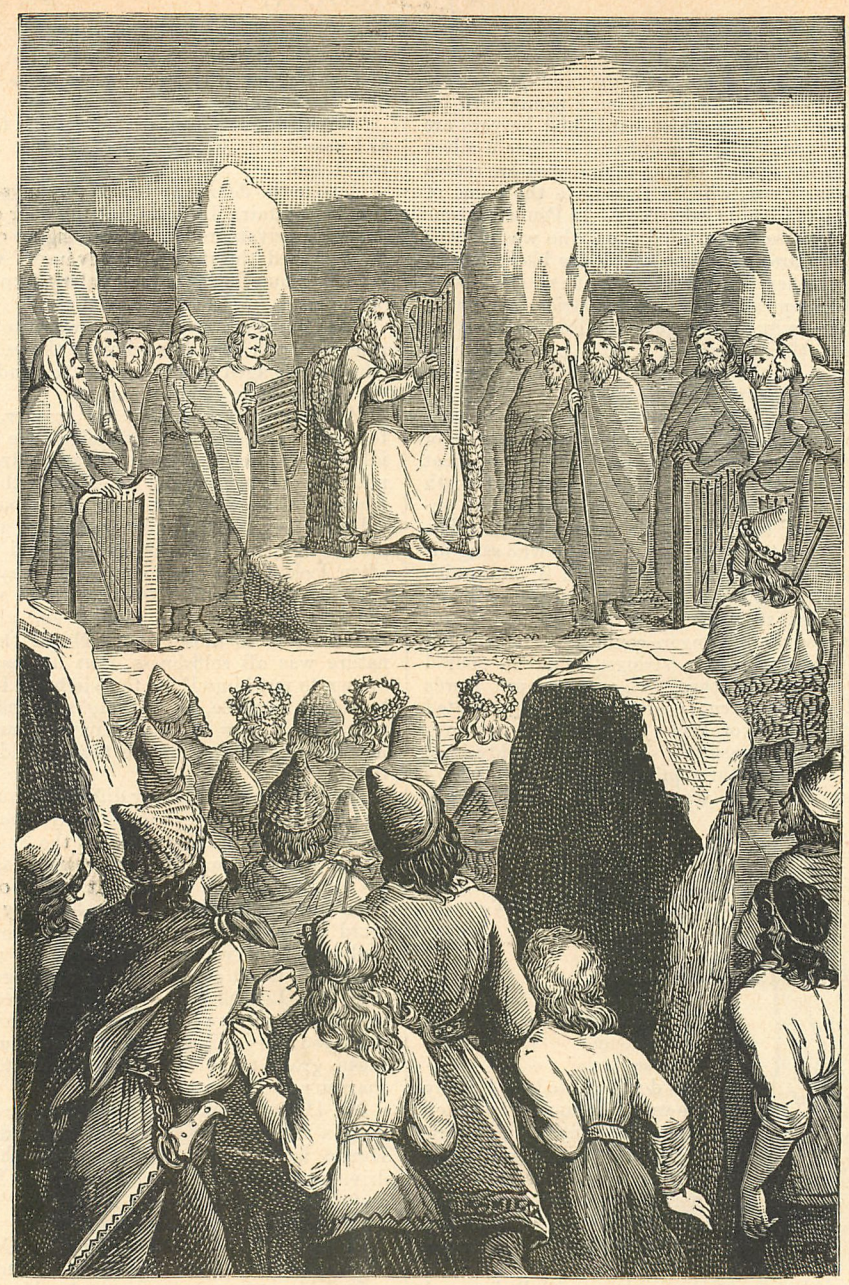
EISTEDDFOD.

THIS old British word is from *eistedd*, to sit; it means a meeting or assembly. It is more especially used as the name for the gathering of bards and minstrels which is held from time to time in Wales. These men come to take degrees in poetry and music before a judge or judges, and in the presence of a large company of more or less critical people.

Thomas Pennant, the Welsh naturalist and antiquarian, is our authority for the following account.

It appears that as long ago as the reign of the famous Cadwallader, who died at Rome in the seventh century, Wales was celebrated for its harpers and bards. Indeed, so numerous were they, that it was found necessary to have them winnowed, as it were, by means of a public examination into their merits, as well in the poetic as in the musical faculty. The chief seat of the Eisteddfod, for many centuries, was Caerwys, in Flintshire, near unto which town was the palace of a Welsh prince. There was another gathering-place in Anglesey, and a third in Powys Land, *i.e.*, Montgomeryshire, with parts of Radnor and Brecon.

Passing over many centuries, we come to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who seems to have been advised



The Eisteddfod in old times.

to revive the Eisteddfod, which had fallen into disuse. In her proclamation, or commission, complaint is made that the swarms of harpers and singers were become a nuisance in the Principality, and a number of Welsh gentlemen were nominated as commissioners to set matters straight, by holding an Eisteddfod on the day after the feast of the Blessed Trinity, in the year of our Lord 1568. Those who did not satisfy the judge were to cease their harping, and earn their bread in some other way. This Eisteddfod was held with great pomp. The successful candidates were divided, the poets into four classes and the harpers into five. The lowest class consisted of probationers, next came secondary students, then primary, and at the top were the chief bards. The harpers were arranged in the same way, only there were two groups of chief minstrels, the first of which were allowed to *teach*. Beside these, there were five classes of players on the Crwth, or harp of three strings.

Fifty-five persons in all received their degrees at

this Elizabethan Eisteddfod. The players on the Crwth, and such as blew into fifes and pipes, were not allowed a seat, and received but a penny each for their attendance. The chief bards and harpers are called Penbardd. They are entitled to bear a silver harp as a badge, and on taking their degree are seated in a splendid chair, whence they have the name of Cadeirfardd, or Bardd Cadeiriawg. In Pennant's time the chief of these was a blind man, who was allowed an unlimited area in which to display his delightful art. The other Penbardds, be it noticed, were required to keep each to his own district, and not to rouse jealousies by overstepping the limits and trying to outshine their brethren. Only one pupil was allowed each at the same time, and Lent was the season chiefly appointed for tuition.

No high solemnity, religious or social, was considered to be duly performed without the presence of these men. No army was marshalled, no great Christian festival held, no wedded pair sent forth into the world, no castle had its housewarming, unless the harper and the bard were present. The lowest of the fraternity of music was he who sang his song in the hall and kept time with a club, with which he thumped the floor as if it had been a drum. He then acted as a menial servant to his greater brother, whose nimble fingers could fly so lightly and unerringly over the harp strings, while he poured from his chest and throat the impromptu words suggested by his *awen* (poetic inspiration), related some stirring deed of arms, or selected some love-ditty from the treasured stores of Myrddyn ap Morfryn, one of the three primary bards, with whose works every Penbardd was obliged to be thoroughly familiar.

WELL CAUGHT.

'MR. ARNOLD.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Mr. Beauchamp wishes to see you in his room.'

'Very well, sir.'

I was delighted to hear it; any change was welcome. I had been scribbling diligently for hours, with only the slight variety of changing one sheet of paper for another, and I was weary of the monotonous silence, only broken by the scratchings of various pens and an occasional yawn.

The head clerk had been in the room all day, and we had had what we called a bad time, for woe to the unlucky wight who dared to relax his efforts in Mr. Hanley's presence, so I put down my pen with alacrity. A message of this sort generally meant something special—probably a run somewhere—and this was regarded by us as a pleasant change. There were six of us in that room, and I was third in point of standing, so that few special expeditions fell to my share, though lately it had struck me that my immediate senior had been sometimes passed over in my favour. Possibly it had occurred to him also, for he favoured me with an angry scowl as I prepared to obey the summons.

'Lucky dog!' murmured my special friend Austen as I passed him, with a look of disgust at the paper before him.

Outside the door I paused to tidy myself, and then, running upstairs, I knocked at the door of the senior partner's private room. Receiving an order to come in, I opened the door and advanced, with all the becoming humility of a junior clerk, into the presence of the heads of the establishment.

'One moment, Mr. Arnold,' was the salutation I received from Mr. Beauchamp, the senior partner, who was engaged in writing a letter, and only paused for a moment to glance up at me.

Mr. Henry Beauchamp, his brother, was in his favourite attitude, lolling against the mantelpiece, idly playing with a small terrier. Mr. Henry was not fond of business, and we all knew that almost the whole of the work rested on the shoulders of the elder brother. Mr. Henry was much younger than his brother, he was good-natured and careless, and often looked into our room on his way up or down, chatting and laughing freely with us, apparently on the best of terms with himself and all the world. But there were those who declared that his good-nature was all selfishness, that he had never been known to put himself to the slightest inconvenience to oblige any one, or to help a friend in trouble, and that if any of the men were under a cloud Mr. Henry was the first to turn a cold shoulder on them.

Mr. Beauchamp was very different—quiet, reserved, and rather stern, and though always courteous, never encouraged his clerks to be in the slightest degree intimate with him. He was scarcely so popular as his brother, though we all felt proud of any notice from him, well knowing that he fully meant every word he said. He was exceedingly severe on any fault, but there was a legend amongst us that some years ago, when one of our men had gone wrong, it was Mr. Beauchamp who had proved the more merciful of the two brothers, and who, though he dismissed the culprit with stern rebukes, he had taken great trouble to enable him to regain his character.

Mr. Henry Beauchamp nodded to me as I entered, with a careless, 'Well, Arnold; fine day, isn't it? Horrid hard on you fellows to be shut up quill-driving such bright weather as this. You must be awfully glad when the day is over, eh?'

'Sometimes, sir,' I said, discreetly.

'I am, I know,' he continued. 'Can't imagine what's the use of grinding all day for nothing at all.'

I could not help being amused. Mr. Henry did so little 'grinding.' Perhaps Mr. Beauchamp saw the expression on my face, for he closed his letter rather hastily.

'Mr. Arnold,' he said, 'I wish to send you to Edinburgh on important business. Can you go by the first train to-morrow?'

'Certainly, sir,' I replied, trying to conceal the delight I inwardly felt at the prospect of such a long outing.

'You will not have much time to enjoy yourself,

I fear,' said Mr. Beauchamp, guessing my thoughts, 'for I wish you to return as speedily as possible.'

He proceeded to give me directions about the business, which included the conveyance of important documents to Edinburgh. When I had thoroughly mastered everything he wished me to do, he continued, 'Besides this, I wish you to take a small case to Arlingham'—a town where we had a branch—'on your way. It contains some valuable jewels belonging to Mr. Wilson, who placed it in our hands for safety while he was abroad. He wishes it to be returned to him, and the present seems a good opportunity to forward it by hand. He will meet you at the bank at Arlingham at twelve to-morrow, and you can break your journey there and deliver it into his hands, taking a receipt from him for its safe delivery. You will go on to Edinburgh in the afternoon, transact this business the next morning, and return that evening or the next day, as seems most advisable. I need not desire you to be careful; from our former experience we feel we can place the utmost confidence in your ability and discretion.'

I bowed, and murmured my thanks; indeed, such praise was very rare from our reserved head, and gave me intense satisfaction.

'You will be here soon after eight to-morrow morning,' Mr. Beauchamp continued, 'and as I shall be engaged, Mr. Henry will meet you and give you the case, and ——'

'Oh, I can't indeed, Dick!' interrupted his brother. 'In the first place I never can get here at such an unearthly hour, and in the second I have promised to ride over to the Vernons with George. Come yourself, there's a good fellow!'

Mr. Beauchamp looked annoyed, but he went on with his sentence as if he had not been interrupted.

'And you will start by the nine o'clock train.'

'Very well, sir.'

'You will seal the packet, Henry,' Mr. Beauchamp went on, 'with the office seal, in the presence of Mr. Arnold and Mr. Hanley, and deliver it yourself into Mr Arnold's hands.'

'What a fuss about nothing,' groaned the other. 'Seal it yourself now, Dick, and give it Arnold to-night. Or look here, give Arnold the seal, and let him do it himself in the morning. Hanley and he can manage without me.'

'Really, Henry,' began his brother, almost angrily; then, checking himself, he desired me to apply to Mr. Hanley for my expenses and any further instructions, and with a courteous 'Good afternoon' I was dismissed.

I ran downstairs in great spirits; the business was more confidential and allowed greater scope for a display of my powers than any that had before been intrusted to me, and so I was highly elated. Mr. Beauchamp's praise, too, sounded pleasantly in my ears, and I returned to the room feeling confident I should prove myself worthy of it by my discharge of this commission. Alas! I was to prove again the truth of the old proverb, 'Pride goeth before a fall.' I reported myself to Mr. Hanley, received from him a very liberal allowance for my expenses, and went back to my desk in high feather. Our time was just over, and the others were leaving, but as I had something to finish, I stayed on, and Austen waited for me. Mr. Hanley had left, and we indulged in a chat over my expedition as I hastily concluded my work.

'I envy you awfully,' Austen remarked, at length; 'I should be uncommonly glad of a little jaunt.'

'I wish you could get one, old fellow,' I said; for he sighed as he spoke, and I saw he looked pale and out of spirits. 'But I'm afraid wishing won't do any good this time.'

'No, it's only steady old fogies like you who are trusted with untold wealth,' said Austen, laughing. 'They would be afraid I might make a bolt with that precious case of diamonds.'

'It wouldn't be a bad move, would it? Don't you feel rather disposed to have a try, Arnold?' said a voice behind us, and, turning, I perceived that Dawson, the man above me, had come in unnoticed. I was rather annoyed, for I disliked Dawson exceedingly, and had an instinctive distrust of him, for which I could not reasonably account. I had been vexed lately at finding he had been making friends with Austen, as I very much doubted if his friendship was at all desirable. I should have preferred that no one should know of my business, least of all Dawson; but it was too late now, so I only replied shortly, 'Not in the least, I assure you.'

'Too virtuous, eh?' said Dawson, with something of a sneer; 'yet I've known saints like yourself come to grief sometimes. Untold wealth quiets a good many pricks of conscience.'

'Not with me,' I returned, coldly; 'I should prefer being an honest man to a wealthy one.'

'A charming sentiment,' sneered Dawson. 'It's lucky they have chosen you. Now, to ordinary mortals like Austen here, it might be a temptation, and I expect it would be to a good many others.'

'Not to me,' I returned curtly, for I did not like his tone. 'Now, Austen, I have finished, let's be off;' and I closed the conversation by locking my desk and leaving the room. Dawson followed us to the door and turned in the other direction, calling to Austen as he did so, that he should look in upon him in the course of this evening, which proposal, I fancied, did not give my companion much pleasure.

'I wish you would not have anything to do with that fellow,' I remarked, as we went on our way. 'I'm sure he is not to be trusted. I wish you wouldn't be so thick with him.'

'I can't help it,' was Austen's reply. 'I wish I had not begun it; but it's too late now,' he sighed again, as he spoke.

'Well, don't let him get you into a scrape,' I said, rather anxiously; but Austen made no reply, and we finished our walk nearly in silence. Half-past eight the next morning found me in the office, and in a few minutes Mr. Hanley joined me; but there was no sign of Mr. Henry Beauchamp. Time went on, and we anxiously watched the clock; but nine o'clock came and he did not appear. The other men came in, Austen looking so pale and so evidently ill at ease that if I had not been taken up with my own affairs I should have been very anxious about him. My train had long started, and it was nearer ten than nine when Mr. Henry hurried in.

(*Continued at page* 302.)



"Mr. Arnold, I wish to send you to Edinburgh."



Beethoven in his Study.

AN ANECDOTE OF BEETHOVEN.

STEPHEN HELLER, the famous pianoforte master and genial man, relates the following story of one of his experiences of the great Beethoven:—'Beethoven acquired the curious habit of continually washing his hands. One day I went to call upon him,' said Heller, 'and after repeatedly knocking, to which no reply was vouchsafed, I gently pushed open the door, when lo! and behold! I saw Beethoven leaning on the piano, with his arms and hands all covered with soap, but with pen in hand, sketching the final theme of the immortal Choral Symphony. I stopped abruptly, not daring to move, looking on with feelings of reverence, for I saw the great tone-poet in the very act of committing his thoughts to paper.'

A CONJURER'S MEMORY.

THE history of the celebrated conjurer, Robert Houdin, furnishes a remarkable example of the power of memory acquired by practice. He and his brother, while yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise. They would pass a shop-window and glance into it without stopping, and then at the next corner they used to compare notes and see which could remember the greatest number of things in the window, and in what positions they stood. Having tested the accuracy of their observations, they would go and repeat the experiment elsewhere. By this means they acquired incredible powers of observation and memory; so that, after running by a shop-window once and glancing as they passed, they would enumerate every article in it.

When Robert became a professional conjurer this habit enabled him to achieve feats apparently miraculous. It is told of him that, visiting a friend's house where he had never been before, he caught a glimpse of the book-case as he passed the half-open library door. In the course of the evening, when some of the company expressed their anxiety to witness some specimens of his power, he said to his host, 'Well, sir, I will tell you, without stirring from this place, what books you have in your library.'

'Come, come,' said he, 'that is too good.'

'We shall see, replied Houdin. 'Let some of the company go into the library and look, and I will call out the names from this room.'

They did so; and Houdin began—'Top shelf, left hand, two volumes in red morocco, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*; next to these, four volumes in half calf, Boswell's *Johnson*; *Rasselas*, in cloth; Hume's *History of England*, in calf, two volumes, but the second one wanting,' and so on, shelf after shelf, to the wonder of the whole company.

More than once a gentleman stole into the drawing-room, certain that he would catch Houdin reading a catalogue; but there sat the conjurer, with his hands in his pockets, looking into the fire.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. X.—THE POISONS OF THE WORLD.

THERE are some things, which, when taken in certain small doses, cause death. These we call poisons. Some of them are vegetable, and others mineral poisons; and some, like the fumes of mercury, poison us when we inhale them. But creatures are so differently constituted, that what is poison to one may be meat to another; and even one man may sometimes take, without doing himself harm, what would kill another man. A pig can eat henbane, while pepper is said to be poisonous to it; and the goat can feed on water hemlock, a wild, poisonous plant, whose roots, mistaken sometimes for parsnips, have caused the deaths of so many unwary people.

Poisons require various periods in which to do their deadly work. Some will snap the cord of life in a moment, while others require a year or more in which to work their full mischief. Arsenic is a metallic poison. The metal, arsenic, is of a steel-grey colour, and perfectly harmless. It is only when it is combined with oxygen that it becomes so deadly. It is then of a dazzling whiteness, and is called arsenious acid, or oxide of arsenic. It may be made to look exactly like powdered white sugar, and has been often mistaken for it. A few grains will cause death, or if it is inhaled in a state of vapour it is equally fatal. Where murderers have used it, it has frequently led to their detection, because it is found in the stomach after death, and not absorbed as some other poisons are.

The metal we call quicksilver becomes a very virulent poison when combined with chlorine. It is then called corrosive sublimate. When united with half the quantity of chlorine it is called calomel, and then it may be used as a medicine with great advantage. It was this poison which the wicked Marchioness de Brinvilliers used in her horrible crimes. She learned the deadly trick from a lover of hers, named Sainte Croix, who got it from an Italian fellow-prisoner in the Bastille. Sainte Croix himself died one day, poisoned by the fumes of the mixture he was compounding. He wore a glass mask, and this falling off by accident he perished. As he left behind a box of papers, with the request that they should be delivered to the Marchioness in case of his death, she was arrested, and, after confessing her crimes, she was beheaded and burnt.

Lead is another metal from which water in its ordinary state can extract a poisonous crust or salt. It produces a species of paralysis in persons affected by it.

Copper, too, yields a poison called verdigris, which may be seen on candlesticks and pans of that metal. A man in Paris once nearly killed himself by a foolish experiment. He put copper coins in a glass, and poured vinegar over them. After the glass had stood

thus for a week he drank the liquor. He became insensible for a time, and, when he was somewhat restored, he was cured by whites of eggs, but it was a fortnight before he was well enough to leave the hospital.

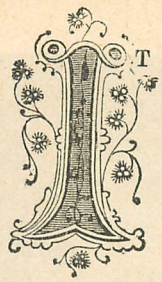
The flaunting poppy yields a juice which kills men by throwing them into a deep slumber, from which they never awaken. The white flowering poppy gives more opium or laudanum than the red. In India this plant is grown as a crop for the purpose of obtaining opium. This is done when the petals have fallen off. The seed-pods are slashed in the evening, and the juice oozes out, and is gathered next morning. It is used not only as a medicine, but also as an intoxicant; indeed, this, unfortunately, is its chief use, or abuse. It is this drug which induces sleep to visit the jaded mind and body; it can also allay pain and soothe the sufferer. But the Chinaman uses opium very largely for purposes of intoxication. He smokes it until he is drunk, or he chews it till he looks a miserable object. The devotee of this drug will even sell his daughter to obtain it, that he may descend rapidly from a vigorous man to a drivelling idiot.

Prussic acid is so called from being obtained from Prussian blue, which comes partly through putrid blood. This acid is found in laurel leaves, and in the kernels of the cherry and plum. It causes death in a few minutes if taken in a strong enough dose. If the patient can survive the dose forty minutes he will recover. It is curious that the pheasants in America eat the laurel, and it nourishes them, yet their flesh becomes so impregnated with the acid as to be poisonous to those who eat of it. An American lady, who had dined off such a pheasant, was seized with sickness and loss of her sight. The doctor, learning the cause of her illness, was able to set her to rights again. One drop of this acid will kill a cat, if applied to its eye. Ammonia is an antidote, as it is called, to prussic acid, and chlorine is a yet more effectual one. A dog at the point of death from poison, and whose breathing had ceased, was restored to life and health by the application of chlorine.

Strychnine has been heard of lately, as a poison used by murderers. It comes from a plant called *nux vomica*, or vomit nut. It is a tree of a white wood, exceedingly bitter to the taste. The fruit is like a small orange filled with white pulp, which is harmless. The poison is in the seeds. Taken in very small doses the poison is useful as a remedy for various diseases, but when taken in large doses it produces terrible spasms, twitchings of the limbs, rigours, symptoms of lock-jaw, and death from suffocation at last. Half a grain will destroy a rabbit in a few minutes. In a celebrated murder case a surgeon, named Palmer, killed his friend, Cooke, by means of strychnine. In the trial it was said that 'from half a grain to three-quarters will lay the most vigorous man low. But in order to have that effect, it must be absorbed into the system. If in a fluid form it is soon taken up, and quickly does its work. The detection of the presence of strychnine seems to be not in the poison itself, which may be wholly absorbed, and so lost sight of, but in the symptoms it produces, which are to be distinguished by the eye of science from the symptoms produced by any other known poison.'

G. S. O.

DAVIE'S TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.



IT was nine o'clock, on a dark and stormy night in November, 1827, that in a certain humble household in the neighbourhood of a large Scottish town, the father of the family lay sick almost unto death. His sorrowing wife having tried in every possible way to relieve his anguish, bethought her that another visit from the doctor who had been already called in, might possibly bring hope to her and relief to the sufferer. Accordingly she called David, her ten-year-old boy, and asked him if he would be afraid to go for the doctor? 'It is quite dark, Davie,' she said, 'and the wind and rain are terrible, but poor father is so ill!' and she looked earnestly in her boy's face.

'Yes, mother, I will go,' was his reply; 'I am not afraid, the lamps will all be lighted.'

'Yes, Davie, so they will; but till you reach the Brewery there are no lamps, you know. Would you like to take the lantern?'

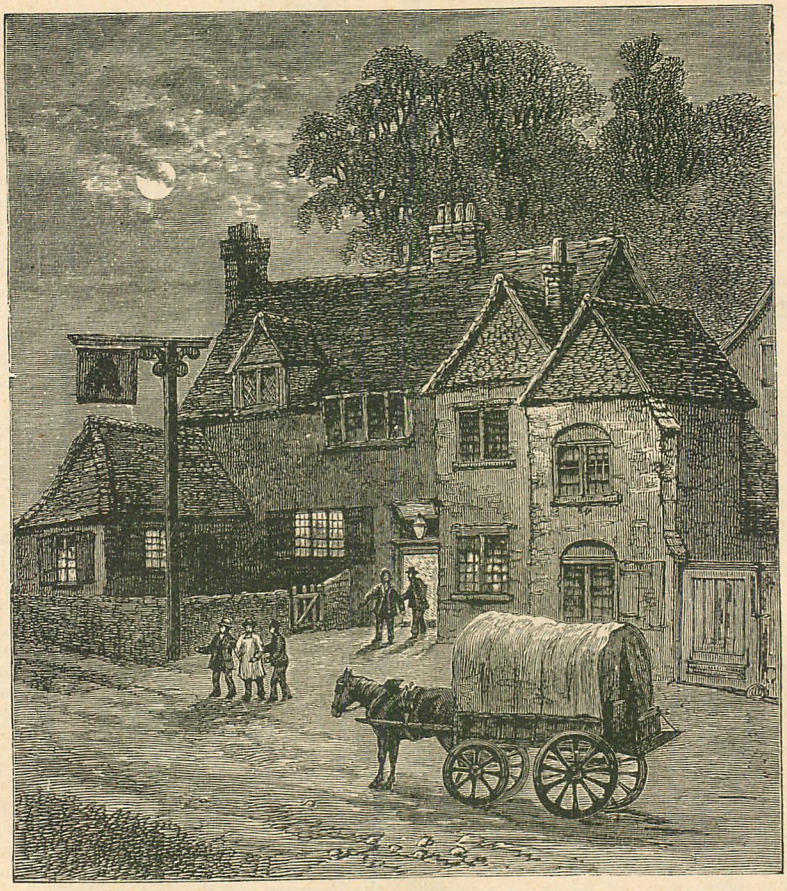
'Yes, mother,' said the boy, with a smile, 'that will be famous; there will be no fear now of losing my way!'

Ten minutes after this short conversation, little David, well wrapped up in a pilot coat, and carrying his lighted lantern, left his father's cottage, and started on his dutiful errand. He was as brave as most boys of his age; but still, the road was dark, the hour was late, the wind was terrible, and robbers—aye, even ghosts—began to haunt his young imagination. More than once the little fellow turned hastily round, feeling almost sure that he heard a footfall near him, a rustling in the hedge, a sound of suppressed breathing; but nothing was to be seen. 'I must not be afraid,' thought the little messenger; 'it is only the wind, I do believe, and, there, I can see the Brewery and the first gas lamp beyond it! Just let me reach that lamp, and everything will be right!'

But poor little Davie never reached the lamp. A something which he could not see knocked the lantern out of his hand; a heavy weight seemed to press upon his back, and the boy fell like a stone to the ground.

Meanwhile all was consternation in the home he had just left. His poor father was dead—had died one short half-hour after his son had left the house, and now, in addition to this heart-rending sorrow, there was added the torturing suspense as to Davie. Could he have fallen into the mill-stream? could he have been murdered? Oh, where was the darling boy? The police were communicated with, but the night passed slowly and sorrowfully away, the cold, grey dawn began to show in the east, but Davie was still missing.

Meanwhile, six miles from the city, at a wayside inn, where a certain night coach in passing used to stay a moment to water its horses, a slow, lumbering carrier's cart drawn by one poor horse drew up, while the carrier himself entered the



The Wayside Inn.

lighted bar to refresh himself with a glass of the national whisky.

'You'd better take no more than one glass,' said the landlord, who observed that the man's hands were shaking, and his gait very unsteady. 'It seems to me you have had more than enough already,' he added; 'and what ails you, man? you look as scared as a rabbit.'

'Never you mind,' retorted the other, sulkily; 'you mind your own business, and I'll mind mine!' and so saying, he turned to his waggon, with the intention of driving away. Suddenly, however, he fell to the ground in a fit, and had to be carried into the inn. Meanwhile, the poor horse could not be left standing there all night, and one or two stable-hands unyoked the animal. Of course, it was only natural that they should look into the waggon, and seeing nothing but a huge package covered over with straw, it was equally natural that they should inspect things a little closer. But why that terrible shout that they raise, and that cry of 'Master, master, look here, there's been murder done? Soon every available hand at the inn had gathered about the waggon, the bundle was opened, and the apparently lifeless body of a boy produced. It was our hapless little Davie who had fallen into the hands of those wretches whose trade was murder, for the purpose of selling the bodies of the persons so murdered to those anatomists who might require them.

But little Davie was not dead; either the deed had been too hastily done in the dark of that stormy night, or approaching footsteps had scared the murderer, for the cord found round the neck of the little victim was so loose as to suggest hopes that he might still be alive.

This was found to be the case: the boy was restored to consciousness and given back to his friends. This seems to be a truly horrible story; but why do we never hear of such crimes now, murder committed solely with the view of selling the dead body to be made use of in schools of anatomy? Simply because a few years after this attempted murder, when other similar deeds of horror had been brought to light, an Act of Parliament was passed permitting the use of certain bodies under proper legal inspectors, which proving sufficient for the wants of the medical profession, has entirely stamped out this most terrible crime. M. K.



THE LAIRD'S SON.

WHO'D live in town! what can the fellows do
Who from their windows have no other view
Than dreary piles of brick, and stone, and lime,
How can they spend their miserable time?

Why don't they rush in wildest, maddest haste
To some sweet glen, or hill, or even waste
Of wild wood, where the frisky rabbits run
At early morn or just when day is done?

What joy they'd feel if they were here with me,
And knew for once the sweets of liberty!
I'd show them all this wide domain, where I
Was born, and where, after long years, I'll die!

I never look at town-bred girls and boys
Without compassion; what can be their joys?
How much I'd like to bring a dozen here,
And show them many a head of antlered deer!

I'd take them to the river, clear as glass,
Whose waters through our glen all foaming pass,
And where full many a silent pool I know
Where lie the speckled trout deep down below.

On the great 12th of August, blissful day!
Together to the moors we'd hie away,
Where underneath the heather's purple bloom
The grouse lie hid, unwitting of their doom.

Last 12th of August we had, oh, such fun!
I bagged two brace myself with my new gun!
'Twas such a glorious day, so clear and bright,
I never felt so brimful of delight!

Yet, friends, remember I have other work
Which, even if allowed, I would not shirk;
I have a tutor, he's a Cambridge man,
He'll turn me out a genius if he can.

Ah, well, I'm not a genius, still I know
I do my best, it pleases mother so;
She says the future Laird should strive to be
The best-informed of all his company. M.

HOW TO STOP A RUNAWAY HORSE.

A POLICEMAN, who has distinguished himself in stopping runaway horses, gives the following points as to how to accomplish that end with the greatest success. When you see a runaway coming do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction or the side, for you will be immediately knocked flat by the collision; but instead, prepare yourself for a short run with the horse. Measure with your eye the distance, start for the run while he is yet some little distance off. You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind, and would not veer for a steam-engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something. So do not get close to the line on which he is rushing, and as he passes you grab the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly, and then, leaning backward as you run, give them as strong a pull as you can. You may be able to brace yourself somewhat as you give this jerk by half sliding with your feet. The jerk on the bit tells the horse that he again has a master, and prepares him for the final struggle. As soon as you have recovered yourself throw yourself back for another pull. This seldom fails when given by a determined man. Keep a firm pull on the reins till you grasp the horse by the nostrils, and hold him so till he is pacified.

WELL CAUGHT.

(*Continued from page* 295.)

'LATE, as usual!' exclaimed Mr. Henry, laughing. 'I told you how it would be! What is it?' as Mr. Hanley observed that I was too late for the train. 'Well, he can go by the next. I'm in a desperate hurry—not a moment to spare.'

He rushed upstairs as he spoke, and in a few seconds came down again.

'There you are, Arnold,' he exclaimed, giving me a bundle of papers and a small packet done up in brown paper. 'Now, get off by the next train, and hold your tongue, there's a good fellow, or I shall hear of it;' and, shrugging his shoulders, he was hurrying out when Mr. Hanley stopped him.

'You have not sealed the packet, sir.'

'Oh, bother!' returned Mr. Henry, 'what does it matter? Give it here, then. By the way,' feeling in his pockets, 'the key of the drawer is in my other pocket. Seal it yourself, Arnold; it will be all the same. That seal will do,' pointing to one hanging to my watch chain. 'Good-bye!' And in another instant he was riding down the street.

Poor Mr. Hanley nearly groaned at such a terrible breach of business habits; but he turned to me with his usual precise manner and desired me to bring the packet to his desk, where he watched while I affixed three seals to it, stamping each down firmly with my own seal, and placing the packet in the breast pocket of my coat; after which, he remarked that I should have to wait some time for the next train, and he feared I should not be at Arlingham before the bank closed. I was afraid I should not; however, it could not be helped, so I sat down at my desk and went on with my usual work, keeping a careful eye on the clock. Mr. Hanley left the room soon after, and the silence was broken by a little muttered conversation.

'Bother the thing!' Dawson exclaimed, presently; 'I can't make it hold. Got any sealing wax, Arnold?'

I looked up and saw he was trying to fasten a thick letter with very weak gum.

'No,' I replied, 'there's some on Mr. Hanley's desk, though.'

'So there is,' said Dawson, fetching it and proceeding to light a taper.

'Here goes! lend me your seal a minute, Arnold, there's a good fellow.' I was hurrying off a letter that I wanted to get done, and did not pay much attention to him, so he took the seal off my desk and went back to his own.

'Eh! what! for me?' was the next thing I heard him say, and I perceived a telegraph boy in the act of delivering a message. 'Hulloa!' as he tore it open: 'My uncle's ill—dying—or something, and wants me at once. I shall just catch the twelve train. Where's Hanley, I wonder.'

He sprang up with such vehemence that he upset a pile of books and papers that were lying on his desk, and not stopping to pick them up he rushed off.

'Where's my seal?' I shouted after him.

'On my desk,' he called back; 'I'll be down again in a minute.'

But ten minutes passed and he had not appeared,

and as it was time for me to go, I locked my desk and went to Dawson's to get my seal. But it was not on the desk, and Austen and I searched among the books on the floor, but in vain. It had evidently rolled away in the downfall, and I had no time to spare in looking for it.

'Stupid dolt!' I said, crossly; 'when he comes back pitch into him, Austen, for being so careless. Tell him he must look till he finds it, and keep it till I come. I wouldn't lose that seal for the world, it belonged to my father. Where has Dawson gone, I wonder?'

Out of sheer curiosity I picked up the telegram that Dawson had crumpled up and thrown down on the floor.

'Why, I didn't know he lived near your people,' I said, as I saw the address. 'Did you know him before you came here? Odd you should never have mentioned it.'

'I didn't—I haven't—I,' faltered Austen; and, looking at him, to my amazement I saw that he was as white as a sheet and seemed in a perfect state of terror.

'What on earth is the matter?' I exclaimed; 'you look awfully seedy, Austen. Do go and ask Hanley to let you off to-day, and get out into the air. I can't stay another instant, though. Good-bye; take care of yourself.'

I hurried out, called a cab, and was driven to the station, wondering for a few minutes what could be the matter with my friend.

I found the change of scene very pleasant, and enjoyed my journey; but, as I expected, it was far beyond the time for closing when I arrived at Arlingham.

After taking my bag to a small inn where I had put up on my former expeditions, and securing a room, I went out and rambled about the town till it was time to return for the supper I had ordered. When I reached the inn I found a gentleman in the coffee-room who had got into the same carriage as myself at a junction some little way from Arlingham. My new acquaintance was a rather older man than myself, and had such a beautiful black beard and moustache, that I was consumed with envy, such appendages having been, alas! denied to me.

When we had finished our meal he proposed that we should take a stroll and have a smoke before turning in, and accordingly we sauntered round the garden. After enlarging on the excellence of his own cigar, my companion offered me one. I certainly did not agree with his taste, but I was too polite to say so, and as it was getting late my politeness was not long tried. When we reached the house I contrived to throw away the remainder, and wishing my companion good-night I left him, promising to breakfast with him next morning.

Almost before I reached my room I became conscious of a curious feeling of drowsiness creeping over me, and had to struggle against a violent inclination to throw myself on the bed dressed as I was. I shook it off, however, putting it down to my journey and the fresh air, and made arrangements for the safe keeping of my precious packet, which had weighed rather heavily on my mind all day. To my annoyance, as I turned to lock my door I found that the key was missing, but I knew the people of the inn to be thoroughly respectable and honest, so I had no misgivings on that score, and contented myself with placing a chair against the door, to warn any stranger that the apartment was already occupied. Then I began to think that never in all my life had I felt so sleepy; it was with the utmost difficulty I contrived to keep my eyes open at all; and when, finally, I went to sleep during the process of winding up my watch, and the key dropped from my hand, I could not refrain from laughing at myself. The laugh and the hunt for the key roused me, and I took the packet out of my pocket and placed it under my pillow, which seemed the safest place for it, and after ascertaining that I had a supply of matches close at hand I got into bed; and hardly had my head touched the pillow than I must have gone off into a heavy sleep, for I remember nothing more.

When I woke I felt very heavy and stupid, and I had an impression that I had been sleeping for many hours, and I instantly seized my watch. What had happened to it?

It pointed to half-past one!

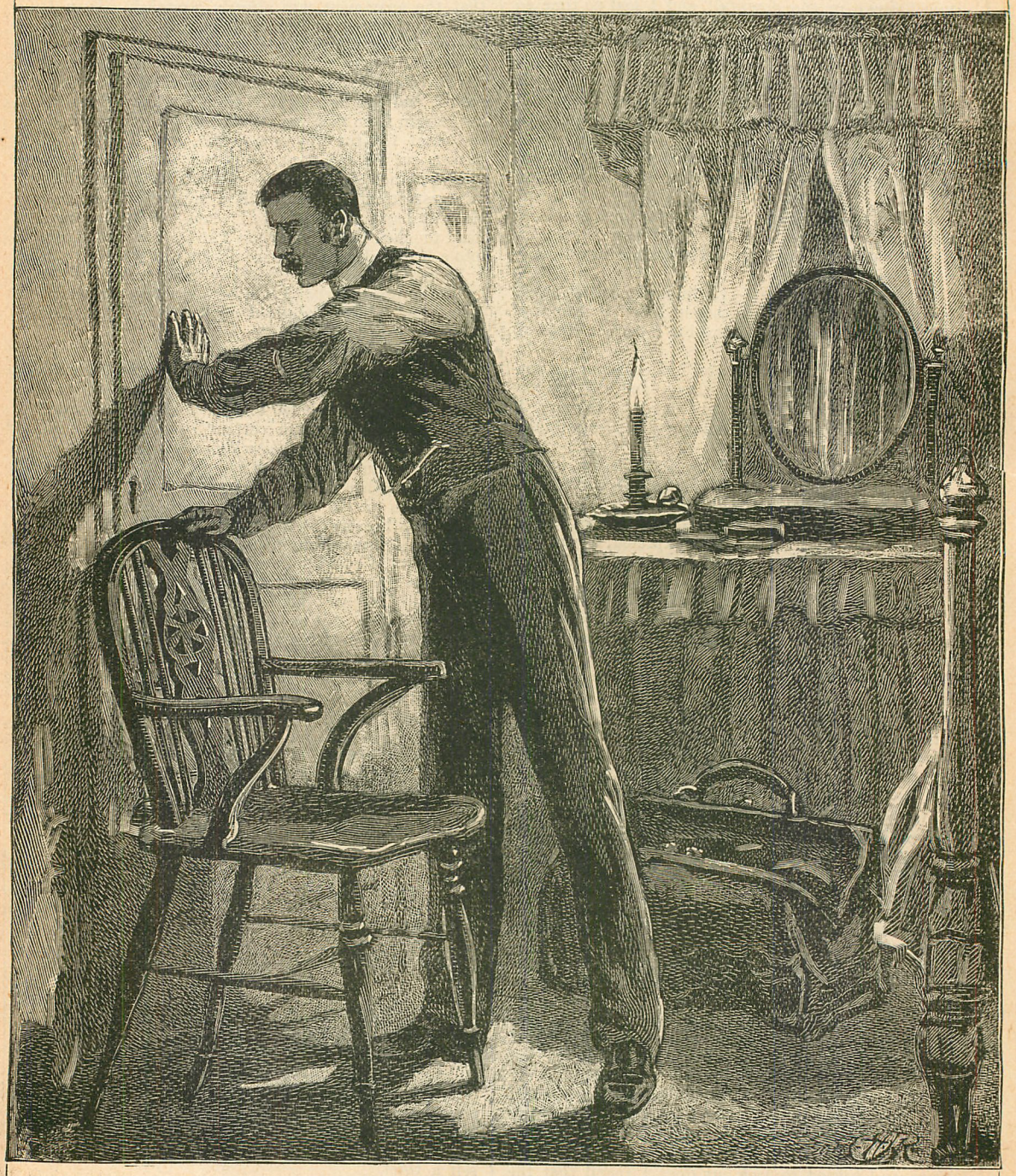
I put it to my ear, gazed at it again and again. No, it had not stopped. It was going, and it was half-past one! I listened to the sounds in the house and street, and became certain that it was only too true, and perfectly bewildered I sprang out of bed and began hurrying on my clothes. Then, and only then, flashed across my mind the awful fact that Mr. Wilson was to meet me at the bank at twelve, and I was horror-struck as it occurred to me what they would think of my non-arrival.

Moreover, I could not account for my having overslept myself in such a singular manner, such a thing had never happened before. Suppose any one had taken advantage of it to ——; but when my thoughts reached this point I felt absolutely sick with a terror that I dared not face. I almost staggered to the bed, and when I drew the case from under the pillow the revulsion of feeling nearly upset me. I examined the packet, the seals were unbroken, and with a feeling of intense relief I replaced it in my pocket and hurried downstairs. Mr. Wilson might have waited for me, and without a moment's delay I rushed into the street, not pausing to leave any message, as no one was to be seen, I ran frantically to the nearest cab-stand, and offered the man double fare to be at the bank in ten minutes. We did it, but it was of no avail.

(*Continued at page* 306.)

THE WINE-MERCHANT AND HIS ASSISTANT.

A WINE-MERCHANT once left a suspected assistant in his cellar, and said to him, 'Now, lest you should drink the wine while I am away, I will chalk your mouth, so that I may know it.' He then rubbed his nail across the man's lips, and pretended to leave the mark of chalk on them. The man drank of the wine, and, to be even with his master, chalked his mouth, and thus proved himself a thief.



"I found that the key was missing."



A Royal Pickpocket.

A ROYAL PICKPOCKET.

FREDERICK THE GREAT rang his bell for his page to attend on him, but no page appeared. Again and again he rang, but still the summons was disregarded; and the monarch, opening his door and passing into the antechamber, found the heedless page asleep in a chair. The corner of a letter was projecting from the youth's pocket, and 'Old Fritz,' probably thinking it was a love-letter, and that it would afford him some amusement, quietly abstracted it, and began to read the contents. It turned out, however, to be a letter from the mother of the page, fervently thanking her son for his kindness in remitting to her a large portion of his salary.

The King was so gratified at this instance of filial affection, that he enclosed a considerable sum of money in the letter, and returned it to the pocket of his page, who slept on, oblivious of either his royal master's larceny or generosity. A. R.

SPANISH FABLE.

JUPITER, having made the world, proceeded to make animals to live in it. The ass was the earliest created. He looked about him. He looked at himself; and, as the habit of asses is, he asked himself what it all meant; what it was to be an ass, where did he come from, and what he was for? Not being able to discover, he applied to his maker. Jupiter told him that he was made to be the slave of another animal to be called Man. He was to carry men on his back, drag loads for them, and be their drudge. He was to live on thistles and straw, and to be beaten continually with sticks and rope's ends. The ass complained. He said that he had done nothing to deserve so hard a fate. He had not asked to be born, and he would rather not have been born. He inquired how long this life, or whatever it was, had to continue. Jupiter said it had to last thirty years. The poor ass was in consternation. If Jupiter would reduce the thirty to ten he undertook to be patient, to be a good servant, and to do his work patiently. Jupiter reflected and consented, and the ass retired grateful and happy.

The dog, who had been born meanwhile, heard what had passed. He, too, went to Jupiter with the same question. He learnt that he also was a slave to men. In the day he was to catch their game for them, but was not to eat it himself. At night he was to be chained by a ring, and to lie awake to guard their houses. His food was to be bones and refuse. Like the ass he was to have thirty years of it, but on petition they were similarly exchanged for ten.

The monkey came next. His function, he was told, was to be led about by a string, and grimace and dance for men's amusement. He also remonstrated at the length of time, and obtained the same favour.

Last came the man himself. Conscious of boundless desires and, as he imagined, of boundless capabilities, he did not inquire what he was, or what he was to do. Those questions had already been answered by his vanity. He did not come to ask for anything, but to thank Jupiter for having created so glorious a being, and to ascertain for how many ages he might expect to endure. The god replied that thirty years was the term allotted to all personal existences.

'Only thirty years!' he exclaimed. 'Only thirty years for such capacities as mine. Thirty years will be gone like a dream. Extend them! oh, extend them, gracious Jupiter, that I may have leisure to use the intellect which thou hast given me, search into the secrets of nature, do great and glorious actions, and serve and praise thee, O my creator, longer and more worthily!'

The lip of the god curled lightly, and again he agreed. 'I have some spare years to dispose of,' he said, 'of which others of my creatures have begged to be relieved. You shall have thirty years of your own. From thirty to fifty you shall have the ass's years, and labour and sweat for your support. From fifty to seventy you shall have the dog's years, and take care of the stuff, and snarl and growl at what younger men are doing. From seventy to ninety you shall have the monkey's years, and smirk, and grin, and make yourselves ridiculous. After that you may depart.'

STEPHEN DUCK THE THRESHER.

THIS man, like many others of his class, evinced in early life a taste for writing verses. And he was happier than many aspirants, for his poems attracted the notice of the highest lady of the land. Queen Caroline settled a small annuity of about 30*l.* a-year upon him, and made him the librarian of the books she possessed at Richmond. But, in spite of this Royal patronage, Stephen Duck was not happy. He became a clergyman in due time, and enjoyed the Lord Chancellor's living of Byfleet in Surrey, but 'melancholy marked him for her own,' and, not able to bear existence, he drowned himself. The following epigram was written on him by Dean Swift:—

'The thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail;
The proverb says, "No fence against a flail!"
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains,
For which Her Majesty allows him grains,
Though 'tis confest that those who ever saw
His poems think them all not worth a straw.
Thrice happy Duck! employ'd in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double!'

O.

WELL CAUGHT.

(*Continued from p.* 303.)

WHEN, breathless and excited, I hurried into the office, I was informed that after waiting some time Mr. Wilson had gone away, leaving word that he would come again to-morrow at eleven o'clock. I asked to speak to the managers, and was shown into their room, where I made a very awkward apology

for the delay, getting more and more uncomfortable as I saw that they had evident doubts of the truth of such an unlikely story. I asked to be allowed to leave the case with them, not being anxious to have the care of it another night, and they agreed, placing it in the safe in their private apartment, and desiring me to be there by eleven the following day to deliver it into Mr. Wilson's hands. I promised to be there without fail, and made the best of my way out, feeling intensely vexed and disgusted with my own carelessness. But I could honestly say it had been an entire accident, and as I was beginning to feel that I had had no breakfast, I resolved to return to the inn.

When I reached it, it occurred to me that if I went on to Edinburgh that afternoon, I might get the business done there, return to Arlingham the next day in time to meet Mr. Wilson, and get back to town in the evening. It would certainly save time, so I desired Mrs. Jones to give me something to eat as quickly as possible.

'I should think you must want it, Mr. Arnold,' remarked that worthy woman. 'We kept your breakfast waiting a long time, thinking you would be in for it. You are an early bird, sir.'

'Very,' I said, laughing, thinking she was 'chaffing' me on my lazy habits.

'And you don't look any the better for it,' Mrs. Jones continued. 'Is anything the matter, Mr. Arnold? You do look bad, upon my word! Can I get you anything you would like better, sir?'

For, now I had time to think, I became aware of the fact that my head was aching terribly, and that I could scarcely swallow a mouthful.

'No, thank you,' I replied; 'I shall be all right when I've had some dinner.'

'Your friend said he was sorry not to see you again,' remarked Mrs. Jones, pausing as she left the room. 'Mary gave him your message.'

'My message?' I repeated; 'I never sent him any message.'

'Why the girl said you told her when you went out that you were sorry you could not wait for him, but you found you had to be off early.'

'Early, indeed,' I said, laughing; 'if that's what Mary calls early I'm sorry for her. And I certainly never saw her to give her any message for any one.'

'To think of that, now!' exclaimed Mrs. Jones. 'Whatever could the girl mean by inventing all that? She declared you told her when the gentleman came down to say you had to be off, and when she brought him his breakfast she told him, and he said he was sorry to have missed you. The good-for-nothing to tell such fibs! She's out now, but I'll trounce her when she comes in. And if she didn't say,' waxing more wrathful as she proceeded, 'that you had asked her to do a bit of a job for you!'

'She must have been dreaming,' I said, finishing my meal. 'If I can I'll look in on my way back to-morrow and see what she meant by it. Don't pitch into her too much, Mrs. Jones.'

I settled accounts with my good landlady and departed, with many hopes from that worthy woman that I should be better soon. I hoped so too, but I felt doubtful, for I never remembered in my life feeling as I did then, and only trusted I was not going to be ill, not wishing to make any more failures. Happily my gloomy fears were not fulfilled, for the air refreshed me, and when I reached Edinburgh I was feeling very much better.

I was fortunate in being able to get through my work in a way that I knew would give great satisfaction to Mr. Beauchamp, and as there had already been some delay, I telegraphed the result at once, instead of waiting till I returned the next day. My good star was surely in the ascendant when I did so; it was the only bit of luck that attended me in this ill-fated expedition.

Although I had no packet on my mind that night, I did not sleep very well, which was an unusual thing for me, but after breakfast I felt more energetic, and, well satisfied with my last performance, I started on my return to Arlingham in a very comfortable frame of mind. Again my ill-luck stepped in the way. Half-way between Edinburgh and Arlingham we were stopped by the news that a slight accident having happened to the train preceding us, we should be delayed some hours. I could scarcely help laughing, vexed as I was, at the difficulties that beset me on this apparently simple expedition; but this certainly could not be considered my fault, so I telegraphed to the manager at Arlingham explaining the matter, and passed away the time as best I could.

It was past one when we steamed into the station, and hardly had I set foot on the platform when I was accosted by a man who was evidently on the look-out for me.

'Mr. Arnold, I believe.'

'Yes,' I replied.

'You are wanted at the bank at once, sir.'

'Of course I am going there,' I returned, wondering why they should have taken the trouble to send for me. 'Did not Mr. Hastings get my telegram explaining why I was delayed?'

'Don't know, I'm sure,' responded the man, shortly. 'But I was told to tell you to go straight there. Better get a cab.'

I called one and got in; the other, muttering something about saving time, jumped in after me, and we were soon deposited at the bank. Not the faintest shadow of a misgiving had entered my mind, and not till I saw the grave faces of the managers and Mr. Wilson, who were deep in consultation in the private room, did I in the slightest degree guess that anything was amiss. The man who had met me at the station followed me into the room.

'Mr. Arnold,' began Mr. Hastings, 'you brought us yesterday a packet addressed to Mr. Wilson. Did you deliver it to us precisely as you received it from Mr. Beauchamp?'

'I did, sir,' I replied.

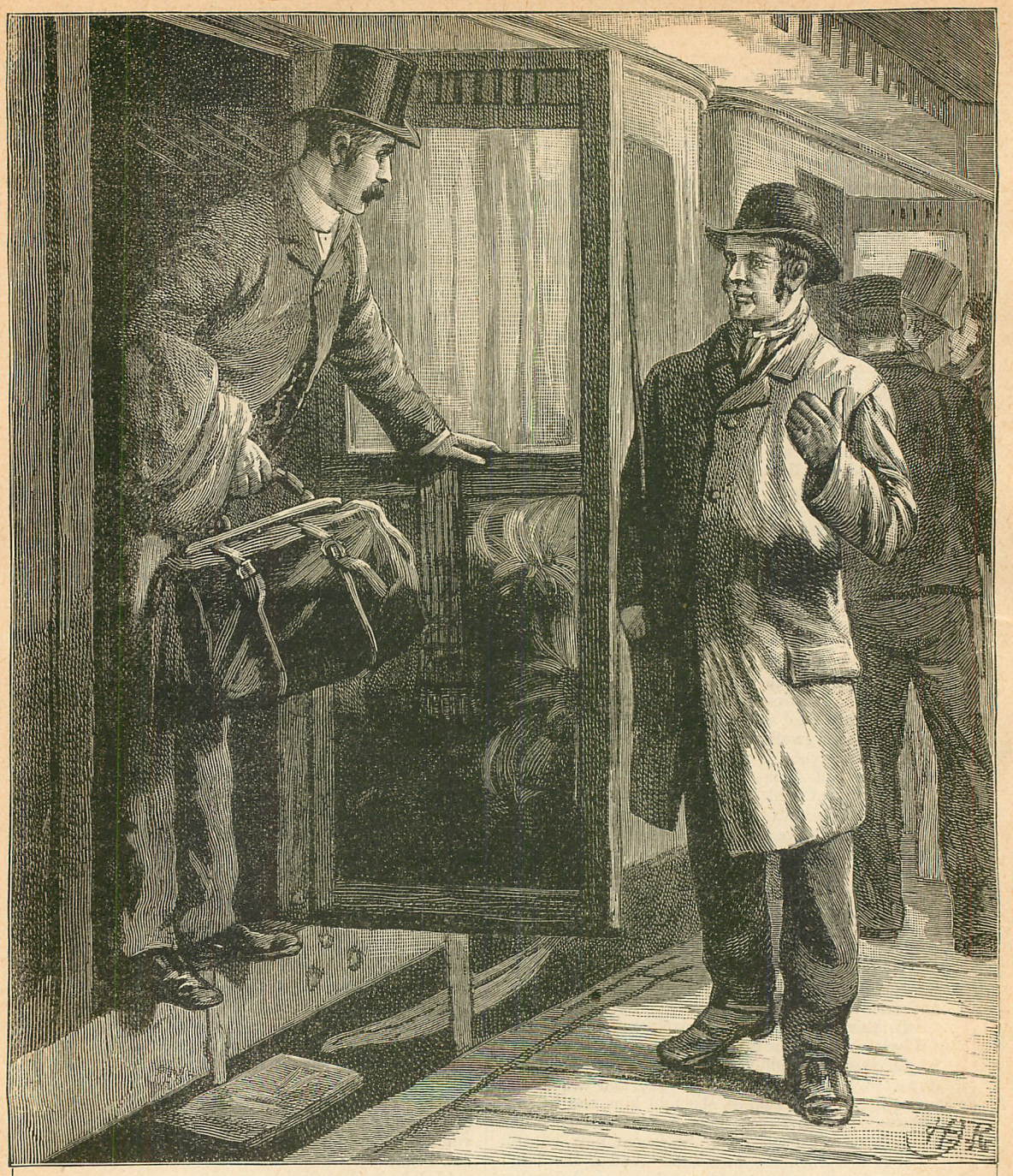
'It had not been out of your possession during the time?'

'Certainly it had not.'

'You are perfectly certain it has not been tampered with in any way?'

'Not to my knowledge. It could not have been; the seals were not broken.'

'Why was it not sealed with the office seal?' inquired the other manager.



"You are wanted at the bank at once, Sir."

I explained the reason, and getting uneasy at these questions, I asked, 'Is anything wrong with it?'

'A good deal,' responded Mr. Hastings, drily, and touching the spring of the box which lay on the table before us, the lid flew back. *The case was empty.*

For a moment I was utterly amazed. 'Why, what can have happened? Who can ——'

'Stay a moment, Mr. Arnold,' interrupted Mr. Hastings; 'the case was intrusted to your charge, and without expressing any opinion on the subject, it is only fair to warn you to be careful what you say. You must be aware that your unaccountable delay in delivering it yesterday, and your absence this morning, are, to say the least, very singular circumstances.'



I was aware of it, and insisted on being allowed to explain, but my heart sank within me as I perceived the doubt expressed on the faces of my hearers and saw that they did not believe my story. Nor could I wonder at it. To my own ears it sounded a complete 'make up,' nor could any one be expected to believe that a man could sleep over fifteen hours without waking at all, and that with a case of diamonds in his possession.

'Well, Mr. Arnold,' remarked the manager, coldly, as I concluded, 'fortunately we are not called upon to act in the matter. As you did not arrive at eleven, we opened the case in Mr. Wilson's presence, and finding it empty, telegraphed at once to Mr. Beauchamp. We have received a reply, saying that he will come down immediately, and requesting us not to take any steps till he arrives. He will be here in about an hour, and till then we must ask you to remain in one of our private rooms.'

'Will you come this way, sir?' said the man who had met me at the station.

I followed the man upstairs into a small, well-furnished room, and when the door closed, I found myself alone with a companion who by this time I knew, without being told, was a policeman in plain clothes.

(*Continued at page* 314.)

AT THE CORNER.

THE toilsome day is over now;
The wearied men, set free
From heavy task, rejoice to feel
The sweets of liberty.

Yes, they are free at this calm hour
To do just what they like;
To stand about the corner and
To talk about the strike.

Perhaps within the public house
To sit with pipes and beer,
While the poor wife sits all alone
With none her heart to cheer.

And yet her toil is heavy too,
Her labours are not light;
She cooks and washes, darns and sews,
From morning until night.

For, oh, she could not let her boy
Go hungry all the day;
Nor Anne, with ragged pinafore,
Run from the house to play!

Now, you kind-hearted men, go home!
'Twill help to cheer her so;
She loves you and your little ones
More than you'll ever know!

B. M.

SOMETHING ABOUT HORSE FURNITURE.

IN the oldest times the rider used to sit on the bare back of his horse. Then, as people grew fonder of ease and show, coverings were placed on the steed, such as skins or cloth, the latter sometimes hiding the animal's sides, and richly embroidered. Yet, for a long time, it was held to be far more manly to ride without a saddle than with one. The foppish Persians were scorned by the hardy Xenophon for using saddles; and the vigorous old Germans, who crossed swords with some of the Cæsars and their Roman soldiers, despised them as womanly for not sitting their horses without some sort of coverings. It is not at all certainly known when saddles, such as we have at present, were first made, but we do know that in the year 385 the then Emperor, Theodosius, ordered that no saddle for a post horse should weigh more than sixty pounds. If it was found heavier than that, it was cut to pieces. In the next century it was the fashion to ornament the saddle with precious stones, and this wasteful habit had also to be put a stop to. The wooden frame of a saddle is called the saddle-tree. The front part is the pommel.

Stirrups are useful, both in mounting a horse and riding it. But men used horses many hundreds of years before they seem to have known their need of stirrups. In old statues of great men at Rome, there are no stirrups to be seen. The Greek writer, Xenophon, who has left a book on horsemanship, does not mention them. But the old physician Galen does speak of certain diseases, caused by long rides taken without any support for the legs. It is thought by some that saddles must have been invented before stirrups, because they depend from them. In the more rude and manly ages, it was the custom for young riders to vault on horseback without help of any kind; and to teach every one to do so readily, wooden horses were constructed and set up at Rome in a public place. For the comfort of those who, through age or infirmity, could not manage this, stones were set up, or stools provided.

Sometimes a conqueror would make his conquered enemy bend down, and then use his back as a stool to mount by. Rich men used their servants for this office. Horses were sometimes trained to kneel down until their riders had mounted. A heavy-armed dragoon often had a loop fastened to his spear, into which he could place his foot, and so mount his steed. A book, written in the end of the sixth century, speaks of a soldier requiring two iron scales (supposed to be stirrups), and, on a piece of tapestry of the eleventh century, the horses all have stirrups hanging from their saddles.

Iron horse shoes are a somewhat late invention. The ancient horse shoes were generally made of strong leather. Nero, however, had his mules shod with silver, and his favourite wife was not content with anything but shoes of gold. These were not nailed on, but made so that they could be removed at will, as was the case with Vespasian's coachman, who stopped on the road to put on the shoes of his mules. The war horses were not generally shod at all in ancient times, as we learn from the historian Appian, who tells us the hoofs of the cavalry of Mithridates were all worn out; and so it was also with Alexander's army. No appearance of horse shoes is to be found on Trajan's pillar, or other ancient sculptures, though in the same works the shoes of the soldiers are minutely shown. Nor are horse shoes mentioned in any of the old books which relate to horse furniture and diseases. And, when armies are spoken of, and all persons needful to armies, no notice is ever taken of farriers. The war horse of old was chosen carefully with strong hoofs, and those hoofs were hardened by every possible method. Xenophon suggests that this may be done by causing the horse to walk and to stamp with his feet in a stony place. A war horse's hoofs, he says, should be so hard, that when the foot strikes the ground, it may resound like a cymbal.

It was surely a bold thing, whoever first did it, to nail an iron shoe on a horse's hoof. A piece of rusty iron, shaped like a horse shoe, was found in the grave of Childeric, who died A.D. 481. His grave at Tournay was opened in 1653, and there was the supposed horse shoe; and horse shoes of iron have also been found in the graves of the old German and Vandal chiefs in the north countries.

As far as England is concerned, the practice of shoeing horses with iron shoes nailed on the hoof was brought in by William the Conqueror. He gave the town of Northampton to a person, on condition that he paid a stated sum yearly for the privilege of shoeing horses; and the family of Ferrers have horse shoes in their coat-of-arms, because the founder of that ancient family was intrusted by Duke William with the inspection of the farriers. G. S. O.

FLOWER-NAMES.

SOME young folk who love flowers find the flower-names hard to remember. Rhododendron, geranium, for instance, are not those words to twist the tongue and puzzle the mind? But they grow easier when we know that the first means only 'a rose-tree,' and the second a 'crane.' What has a crane to do with a geranium? Well, look at the time when the scarlet flowers have fallen from the stalk. Does not the seed left look in shape something like the beak of a bird? If you do not think so, people in olden time did, and named the flower after a crane accordingly.

Snowdrop—there is an easy name, given because it is just when the snow melts and drops from the trees that the dainty white flowers think it time to come up. Primrose means the first rose of the year. The one 'rose without a thorn,' somebody has called it; not to be counted among the real roses, however.

Anemone! Why is that long word hung like a chain round the neck of the pale, sweet flower that dances so lightly in the April breezes? Anemone only means the same as the common name, wind-flower. The French gave us the dandelion's name, and in their language it signifies lion's tooth, because the smooth, green leaves are cut at their edges like

teeth. The daisy, with its starry buds opening so wide when night is past, means really, day's eye.

Have you noticed that the flowers of the cyclamen spring up around the root in a *circle?* Then you know the meaning of the word. In France they call the flower by an uglier name, sow-bread, because pigs love to feed on its roots. In summer-time, in the garden, you have seen the tall, pointed leaves rising round the blossoms of the gladiolus. When next you see them, remember the word means little sword. German children call the pansy 'stepmother flower,' and say that its gay petals are the step-mother's own children, which she dresses out in many colours, while the dark purple petals are the poor step-children, plainly dressed. It is a quaint little fancy, but many a story no less amusing lies wrapped up in some of the flower-names.

KATE T. SIZER.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

32.—HISTORICAL.

LET'S hasten from this hateful place,
Says prudence, while we can;
Here have I drunk of deep disgrace,
A wrong'd, insulted man.

Come, wife and children, we will go
Where friendly voices call,
And leave these haunts of gaudy show,
Which do but gild my fall.

The coach is in the quiet street,
The summer night is here;
Why tarry their reluctant feet,
With every moment dear?

At length we move, but, by mischance,
One precious hour is lost,
And though our well-fed horses prance,
It will be to our cost.

All through June's scented night we ride,
Night far too brief, alas!
Meeting upon a forest side
A herbman and his ass.

He notes us as he trudges on,
With laden beast and cur;
And when they've found the birds are gone,
And all the town's astir,

His finger points them to the gate,
Through which our coaches went;
That man, designed by cruel fate,
To be our punishment.

And so, there is a hue and cry
Throughout that long, long day;
And though one night ahead we fly,
We cannot get away.

As through a town that second night,
We hurry near our goal,
We find it blocked, and must alight
With vexed, indignant soul.

Our plans upset, ourselves in fear,
And, oh, the grief and pain
To meet the city's scornful sneer
As we went back again!

And often thought I, in the tower,
As I paced to and fro,
It was the wasting of one hour
That wrought our direst woe!

G. S. O.

33.—SINGLE ACROSTIC.—GEOGRAPHICAL.

THE chief town of a large country in the New World, founded by its conqueror, and famous for its riches.

1. A town in the British Isles famous for having withstood a long siege.
2. A small island belonging to Europe, which was once used as a burial place for kings.
3. The ancient capital of a country in Europe, destroyed during a foreign invasion.
4. A seaport in Palestine, famous in the time of the Crusades.

[*Answers at page* 319.]

IN THE COOL SHADE.

FAIR shines the sun and sweet, as on that day
When one short year ago I passed this way,
And stood upon this bridge, with Mary's hand
In mine, my Mary, fairest in our land.

'Twas here we stood, beneath the cool, sweet shade
Of trees, deep foliaged, where the soft winds played,
Fanning her fair young face. Ah, Mary dear,
Would I might see thy form still standing here!

Yes, all unchanged the scene, the kine are there,
Knee-deep among pond lilies, fresh and fair;
The silvery fish beneath the waters glide,
While the shy wildfowl in the osiers hide.

I glance around, the fields are summer green
As when they by my Mary's eyes were seen.
Gay larks still flutter to the deep blue sky,
Outpouring bursts of liquid melody.

'Tis only I am changed, for from my side
My Mary passed, who should have been my bride,
And with one fair white lily on her breast,
Was laid beneath the daisied turf to rest.

And change must come here too. Winter's cold breath
Will shrivel all these fresh green leaves in death;
The lark will cease his song, the snow will fall
Coldly and silently enshrouding all.

But even then sweet hope can never die!
The months glide past, and once again is nigh
The glowing summer, when the woods all round
With sweet and wild bird-music will resound.

I, too, within my heart must firmly hold
The happy truth so often heard and told,
That though Death lays a cold and wintry touch
On those we cherish, yet God's love is such
That He provides for them and us above
A summer-time of re-united love!

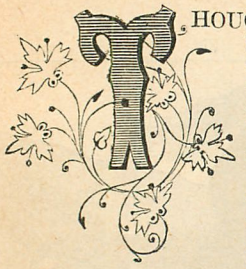
B. M. K.





The Tame Lion of Hillah.

THE TAME LION OF HILLAH.



THOUGH the old stories of the lion's generosity and gentleness of disposition are now regarded as fables, it seems to be a fact that lions are less ferocious and more easily tamed than tigers.

When Sir Henry Layard was at Hillah, engaged in researches amongst the ruins of ancient Babylon, there was a lion belonging to Osman Pasha, the Turkish Governor, that used to roam through the streets and bazaars of the town without molesting any one. To be sure the animal was allowed to do as he pleased, and lived well, for when he entered a butcher's stall to select a fine juicy joint of mutton for his dinner, the owner thereof thought it expedient to clear out, and leave the premises to the noble animal till he had finished his meal. He was also very partial to fish, and would go down to the river-side, and there await the coming-in of the fishermen's boats, and driving away the owners, he chose some specimens of a large kind of barbel, of which species of fish he was very fond, and ate to his heart's content, the fishermen looking on from a respectful distance. Having satisfied his appetite, he would lie down in the sunshine, and suffer the mischievous little Arab boys to pull his tail and play their pranks on him without attempting to do them any injury.

This lion was of the kind known as the Babylonian lion. It has not the long, shaggy mane of the African lion, but only some short, thick locks of hair about the head and neck, exactly like some of the lions represented in the Assyrian sculptures. Lions with manes are, however, sometimes seen in Babylonia, and the Arabs say they are the old infidel lions, whilst the common maneless lions are Mohammedans; and they assert that if a man falls into the power of a maneless lion, he has only to remonstrate with it, and tell it that he believes in one God, and that Mahomet is His Prophet, and the animal will spare his life, but that the long-maned infidels never show any pity, though, as no one appears to have tried the experiment with either variety, it is not quite clear how the Arabs arrive at such a satisfactory conclusion. A. R.

WELL CAUGHT.

(*Continued from page* 309.)

THE next hour was certainly the most miserable I had ever spent, as it dragged slowly along. I thought over every circumstance till I was utterly bewildered and half stupefied, but I could see no way out of the web which circumstances had woven round me. At one time I wondered if it were possible the case had been empty when it was given to me; at another, I wildly speculated whether it could, by any possibility, have been robbed during the previous night. But I knew both ideas were utterly impossible. The safe was too secure, and the bank too well-guarded for the latter, and Mr. Beauchamp had, no doubt, opened the case before delivering it to me.

As time passed on, I began wondering which of the brothers was likely to come. I scarcely knew which I should prefer. On the one hand, I had not much confidence in Mr. Henry Beauchamp's powers of elucidating the mystery, and was not sure that he would care to take any trouble to do so. On the other, I dreaded Mr. Beauchamp's stern looks, and though I had the greatest faith in his kindness in any real trouble, I hardly knew how he might take this.

I had worked myself up into a perfect fever of doubt and misery when voices were heard in the passage, and Mr. Hastings and Mr. Wilson entered the room.

'Mr. Beauchamp has arrived,' Mr. Hastings said.

I looked anxiously at the door, and it was with a mixed feeling of relief and dread that I saw it was Mr. Beauchamp himself who was entering. Two or three other people entered with him, but I saw no one but the man, on whose verdict everything, as far as I was concerned, depended. At the first glance, I saw he looked grave and anxious, and as his eyes rested upon me, my heart beat as though it would have suffocated me. What would he say?

'Why, Arnold!' were the words that fell on my ear, as Mr. Beauchamp held out his hand to me, 'you surely have not been thinking that I should suppose you had any hand in this unlucky business; I know you too well for that. I should just as soon think,' with a kind smile, 'of disbelieving my brother, or Mr. Hanley.'

Then, turning to the others, he continued in his clear, decided voice, which always carried conviction that he meant every word he said,—

'Before my friend Mr. Arnold is asked any questions, I should like to say that I have the fullest confidence in his honour and integrity. He has proved his worth on many previous occasions.'

I was utterly beyond expressing my gratitude. It was scarcely too much to say that at that moment, had Mr. Beauchamp requested me to lay down my life for him, I would have done so with the utmost pleasure; but any attempt at speech would have choked me. Probably Mr. Beauchamp read my thoughts without words, for he laid his hand on my shoulder for a moment and said, in a low tone, 'Never mind, Arnold, I know what you want to say;' and then, turning away, he began talking to Mr. Wilson and drew away the attention of the others till he saw I had recovered myself.

'Now, Mr. Arnold,' he said, turning to me in a few minutes and speaking in his usual businesslike tone, 'I have brought down a detective with me, and I have no doubt if you tell him exactly what has happened since my brother gave you the case, he will be able to help us. It is not the first time I have had recourse to Mr. Davis, and I think he will see his way through the difficulty.'

A quiet, pleasant-looking man who had been standing by the door came forward on hearing his name.

'I shall do my best, Mr. Beauchamp,' he said; then addressing me, and speaking in a sharp, though not disagreeable manner, he continued, 'Come here, Mr. Arnold, if you please.'

He led the way to the opposite side of the room

a little apart from the rest, and, pointing to a chair near the window, said, 'Sit down there.'

I did as I was told, and the detective took up his position in front of me, apparently leaning carelessly against the window, but, as I soon discovered, keeping a pair of keen eyes fixed on my face.

'Now give me your account of it first,' Mr. Davis began, 'and then I shall ask you some questions; only you must keep in mind that anything you say *may* have to be used against you.'

I was not afraid of that, and without more ado I repeated my story. The detective listened attentively, making no remark till I had concluded, then he beckoned to the policeman who was still standing by the door.

'Is the police-station far from here?' he demanded.

'No, sir,' replied the other; 'only in the next street.'

'Then just go there and tell the superintendent I should be much obliged if he could spare me a man for the next four-and-twenty hours or so—a sharp young man in plain clothes—as quickly as possible. Here, take this to him,' writing a few words rapidly on a card.

The man looked at me, and then at Mr. Davis.

'Oh, you are not wanted here; the case is in my hands now. Mr. Arnold will stay with me. Be quick, and don't let the grass grow under your feet.'

The policeman disappeared hastily.

'Will you send for the clerk who spoke to Mr. Arnold when he came in?' said Davis to the manager; 'and let me have the case and the paper it was wrapped in.'

The clerk appeared, and Mr. Hastings produced the case and the wrapper. It had been cut open and the seals were intact. The detective examined them with the utmost care.

'When Mr. Arnold came in, did you observe anything unusual in his manner?' he demanded of the clerk.

'Yes,' was the reply; 'he seemed hurried and excited, and did not appear to know quite what he was about; and ——'

'I told you I was annoyed at being so late,' I exclaimed, advancing; 'and that I had hurried in hopes of catching Mr. Wilson.'

'Don't interrupt, Mr. Arnold,' said Mr. Davis sharply; 'you can say what you have to say presently. Did any one besides you notice it?'

'Certainly, sir; we all remarked upon it afterwards.'

'You had seen Mr. Arnold before?'

'Yes; several times.'

'And you noticed that his manner was different?

'Yes,' again replied the other; 'we said he looked muddled.'

'Muddled? In what way?'

'Bewildered—as if he scarcely knew what had happened.'

'In fact, quite unlike his usual manner?'

'Yes, certainly.'

'That will do, thank you,' and the clerk left the room.

'You received the packet, I believe, Mr. Hastings; did you notice anything unusual in his appearance?'

'Yes, we did,' replied Mr. Hastings. 'Of course, I am extremely sorry to have to say it, but both Mr. Morris and I remarked that Mr. Arnold was very odd.'

'As if he was annoyed at something?'

'That was the explanation he gave; but he seemed quite dazed.'

'You would say he was bewildered?'

'Yes; he seemed hardly to know what he was doing or saying.'

I felt unutterably miserable during this conversation. I thought I knew too well what Mr. Davis was driving at, and expected every moment that he would ask the question point blank. But he did not do so, and a knock at the door at this instant announced the arrival of the sharp young man.

The detective eyed him keenly, and then nodded his head as if satisfied. The man only glanced at me for a second, but I knew well enough that if I should be 'wanted,' that 'sharp young man' would know me again. Davis went to the door, and calling the man out into the passage, gave him some directions, after which he returned alone, and began what might be called a strict cross-examination.

'Who was in the carriage when you started?' was his first question.

I described some of the passengers.

'Where did the gentleman you talked to get in?'

'At the Junction,' I replied.

'You had never seen him before?'

'Not to my knowledge.'

'You had supper together; did he propose it or you?'

'He did,' I replied; 'he had just ordered his supper when I went in.'

'And you shared whatever you had, I suppose. Will you think whether he ate and *drank*,' with an emphasis on the word, 'everything that you did?'

'Yes, I am sure he did,' I replied, after a moment's consideration.

'You are quite certain he did not offer you anything to drink that he did not drink himself?'

'Quite certain.'

'After that you both went to bed?'

'We went out for a quarter of an hour and smoked.

'You didn't say that before,' said Mr. Davis sharply.

'I didn't think it signified,' I returned.

'Everything signifies,' was the emphatic rejoinder; 'did you smoke your own cigars or his?'

'My own first, then one of his,' I replied, feeling that the detective was only trying to put me off my guard by this minute questioning; 'but I did not like it, and threw it away.'

'When you got up to your room you felt very heavy?'

'Very. I could hardly keep awake a minute.'

'You are sure you put the packet under your pillow?'

'Quite sure,' I replied.

'Are you certain you knew what you were doing?'

'Quite!' I burst out. 'If you mean to insinuate I was not——'

'Gently, Mr. Arnold,' interrupted my cross-examiner; 'I suppose I am to take it for granted that



you want to help me, am I not? If you do, you must answer any question I ask you.'

'Yes, of course,' I said, recovering myself; 'I beg your pardon.'

Davis nodded and went on.

'You remember nothing more till you woke the next day? Was everything in the room as you left it—the chair at the door, for instance?'

'As far as I know; but I was too much upset to notice particularly.'

'You went from here to Edinburgh, you say?'

'Mr. Arnold telegraphed to me from Edinburgh about some business he was transacting for me,' Mr. Beauchamp said, who with the others had been listening to every word.

'Did any of the other men in the office know about the case?'

'Yes.' I hesitated a moment.

'Speak out, Mr. Arnold,' the detective said, sharply.

'Austen did and Dawson.'

'Were they both there when you left?'

'Austen was, but Dawson had been summoned by telegram to some relation just before I started.'

Davis drew a telegraph form from his pocket and rapidly filled it in.

'Will you send that in your name?' he said, giving it to Mr. Beauchamp, who complied, looking rather vexed.

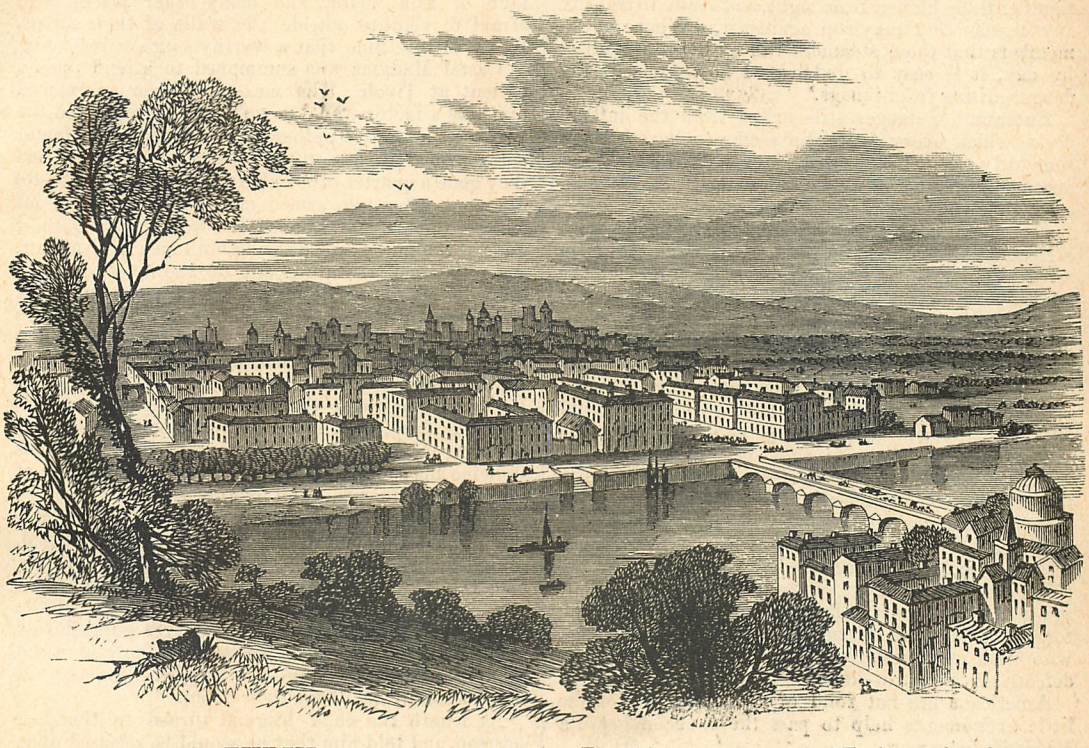
(*Continued at page* 326.)

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

GLASGOW, the great industrial metropolis of Scotland, is, after London, one of the largest and most important cities of the kingdom. It had its first beginning in the Cathedral, situated on rising ground north-east of the city. Here it is believed that St. Mungo founded a bishopric in the year 560; but for nearly 600 years afterwards the history of the place is a blank. In the twelfth century, however, and in the reign of David, king of Scotland, the foundation of the present Cathedral was laid by Bishop Jocelin. It is a fine old Gothic structure, bearing marks in its architecture of various dates of erection. Its length is 319 feet, while the tower and spire attain a height of 225 feet. The choir of the Cathedral is still used as a place of worship, while its new crypt, fitted with stained-glass windows, is one of the most remarkable in Europe. All the windows of the nave, choir, and chapels are from the royal manufactory at Munich. M. K.

THE FIGURE NINE.

NO person now living will again date a document without using a '9.' This year it is in the third place—1890—where it will remain ten years. It will then move into second place—1900—and there will rest a century.



TURIN.

TURIN, formerly a fortified city, and the capital of Piedmont, in Northern Italy, is situated on the river Po, close to its junction with the Dora Riparia. At the beginning of this century, the French, dominant everywhere, destroyed and levelled its ramparts, converting them into public promenades, while of late years the moats and fortifications have also been demolished to make way for new streets, with the effect that Turin is now one of the handsomest cities of Europe, four miles in circumference, and with a population of over 200,000. Turin has many handsome squares, one of the finest of which is the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, quite remarkable for its size, regularity of architecture, and beauty of situation. Leading out from this piazza is a fine five-arched bridge across the Po, the building of which was begun by Napoleon I. and completed by the Kings of Sardinia.

Among the numerous churches of Turin, the principal are the Cathedral of San Giovanni, dating from the seventh century, also the church of San Fillippo, one of the most beautiful in Turin. The Cathedral at one time was very rich in plate, jewelry, and other votive offerings, but these were seized by Napoleon and sold, the proceeds being used to defray the expenses of building the bridge. Besides the numerous churches, there are in Turin many fine palaces and public buildings, a Waldensian church, a large university, an extensive library, and museums.

The chief manufactures of Turin consist of woollen and silk fabrics, pottery, glass, fine porcelain, leather, arms, and liqueurs.

Turin has been greatly extended of late years, and owing to its liberal institutions, has been made the refuge of the oppressed all over Italy. The first parliament of the new kingdom of Italy was held here in 1861. The population of Turin is said to be sober, industrious, and well-to-do. B. M.

A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.

TO a stranger travelling for the first time on the great Mississippi River, it is rather alarming to see over the mirror in his cabin a printed card conveying the following information: 'Passengers will find life-belts under their berths, also the doors can be lifted easily off their hinges.' It is, no doubt, well to know, that if occasion called for it a life-belt was within reach; but the possibility of having to float down the Mississippi in the middle of the night, dressed in a life-belt or sitting on a cabin-door, is not a cheerful thought to a sober-minded Briton. There is no doubt that the Mississippi steamers have an ugly habit of blowing up, or in some other way coming to grief; but when one considers all the circumstances attending a river voyage this is not difficult to understand. In the first place, though the river may be wide, the channel is always narrow, and is continually shifting. Then the river is full of 'snags,' and these

are a fruitful source of danger. A 'snag' is a tree which has dropped into the water, and been swept down by the current till its roots getting embedded in the mud, it remains slanting up like a spear, sometimes entirely hidden from sight, and ready to transfix any steamer that may run against it. When one remembers that these steamers run by night as well as by day, it is easy to understand how great is the danger arising from 'snags.'

But another danger still arises from the intense desire which every American seems to have to beat somebody else. No steamer is ever allowed to pass another without a struggle and a race. A traveller gives the following as his experience:—

'I remember,' said he, 'our coming up one day with a steamer, which had just been at the bank taking in wood. The moment she perceived our approach she gave two "toots" with her steam-pipe, which was instantly responded to by our steamer. In a moment an eager crowd had gathered on the deck, one man remarking, "I guess now we'll put that craft astern, or we'll go up!" Both steamers were already quickening their speed. The long, soft breathing of ours had changed into a deep, panting sound; the shuddering from stem to stern became tremendous, while the passengers of both steamers seemed quite to forget all sense of danger in the furious desire to see their own steamer win. The two were soon perilously near each other, and rushing over the water with terrific velocity, the race being kept up till everything about us seemed to be red hot. At length our steamer, which was really superior in size and speed, forged ahead, amid the tumultuous cheers of our men, who with stentorian voices derisively offered their defeated rivals a tow-line!'

Americans are not fond of monotony, and these little excitements help to pass the time on board a Mississippi steamer. D. B.

ADVENTURE WITH ITALIAN BRIGANDS.

IT was in the summer of 1819 that many of the ill-governed Italian States were infested with banditti, whose lawless and violent deeds made them the terror of all quiet and peaceable persons. These banditti had for a long time made safe travel between Rome and Naples almost impossible; but a body of troops having been sent against them they fled to the mountains, taking refuge in the wild and inaccessible glens of the Apennines. From these safe retreats they made excursions in every direction, levying contributions from the terrified inhabitants of the mountain villages, who dared not refuse to give whatever was demanded of them.

In these lawless deeds the brigands were greatly assisted by the various shepherds, whose flocks roamed over the hills; but it is scarcely fair to blame the shepherds for this. The brigands had them completely in their power, swooping down upon the lonely sheep-cot, killing and roasting the sheep, sending the men to procure bread and clothing for them, and threatening them with torture and death if they refused to comply. They also obtained, through the shepherds, information as to the principal persons in the various mountain towns with the view of securing such persons, and demanding a ransom for them. So terrible was the condition of the country during the summer of 1819 that the inhabitants of Poli, Tivoli, and many other places were afraid to venture outside the walls of their towns. It was at this time that a worthy surgeon belonging to Castel Madama was summoned to attend upon a patient at Tivoli. The messenger who summoned him was a factor well known to the doctor, and the two men set out together on horseback, the factor being armed with a gun. Scarcely, however, had they gone a quarter of a mile from the walls of Castel Madama, when two armed men suddenly rushed out from a thicket and stopped the way, pointing their guns at the factor, and desiring both men to dismount. As resistance was quite out of the question they immediately did so, observing at the same time that two more men had appeared in the rear, these men being also fully armed. That they had fallen into the power of brigands was quite evident, and the surgeon endeavoured to move their compassion by reminding them that he was engaged in professional duty, that more than one sick person was awaiting his visit, and in proof of his assertions showing his captors his case of lancets and his bag of surgical instruments. But men who live by violence and murder care little for the sufferings of sick people; the brigands laughed at his entreaties to be released, snatched his watch away, and desiring both him and the factor to follow, they walked at a swift pace towards the mountains. Having reached the rendezvous of the band, the two captives were allowed to sit down and rest, while the robbers (now increased to fifteen in number) began whispering together as though consulting about their doom.

At length the chief brigand turned to the poor surgeon, and told him that he would be released upon payment of 2000 dollars, and pen and paper being placed before him, he was compelled to write to his relatives to raise the money. The thing was now to procure a messenger to carry this letter. This was soon done. A man was seen ploughing on the side of the hill lower down, and another man belonging to Castel Madama in the flat below. Both these men were secured by the brigands and dispatched to town with the doctor's letter.

And now that these lawless men await the return of the messenger, let us try to imagine what must have been the feelings of the poor surgeon in this terrible extremity. He had a wife and little children, all unconscious of his dangerous position; he was, moreover, a poor man. If this large ransom really must be paid it would well nigh ruin him; but could so much money really be raised? He did not believe that, even by selling all his effects, his poor wife could produce such a sum. And then, terrible thought, the robbers had only allowed three hours' time for the production of the money! How could it possibly be done?

Meanwhile, before the expiry of the three hours, the brigands, alarmed at the sight of some armed men in the country below, hastily decamped to a still more inaccessible spot, taking their prisoners with them, and here a terrible tragedy was effected. The factor, who seems to have been an imprudent person,

was detected by some of the bandits spying about and examining their weapons, and without more ado he was struck down by the long knife of their chief. It was a terrible sight for the other poor captive to witness the doomed man thus suddenly murdered, and his still quivering body rolled down a precipice, and left as a prey to the wolves and the vultures; but more terrible still was the perfect coolness with which these monsters returned from this foul deed, and sat down to play at cards beside their other unfortunate prisoner!

As the messengers did not return at the expiry of the appointed time, the doctor was compelled to send another and more peremptory letter, while one of his ears was cut off, and sent along with the note as a proof of the deadly intentions of his captors.

Meanwhile his distracted friends were not idle; money was borrowed, goods were sold, and at length the stipulated sum being raised, the surgeon was set free, and returned to his home, where not only his own family, but all the townsfolk were anxiously awaiting him. The church bells were rung, and the simple people flocked thither to render devout thanks to God for the safety of their fellow townsman from the hands of the dreaded robber band. M. K.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

34.—Single Acrostic.—Historical.

A great general of antiquity, noted for his cruelty and ambition. Having acquired by the worst means unbounded power, he suddenly laid down his authority, and retired into his private station.

1. A celebrated ancient philosopher unjustly put to death through the envy of his enemies.
2. The title of a noble family, whose claims to the throne of a great kingdom involved the country for many years in a disastrous civil war.
3. The Christian name of many of the Kings of France.
4. A bishop, who, in a time of religious persecution, was put to death for his opinions.
5. A young prince, the rightful heir to the throne of his country, who was cruelly murdered by a near relation who had usurped his rights.

Scene from History.—No. VIII.

I SEE before me a noble company—a king surrounded by his courtiers, nobles, warriors, and many persons of high rank, while before them stands one upon whom all eyes are fixed, a person whose external appearance denotes a lowly position, but upon whose expressive countenance are clearly stamped undaunted courage, high resolve, and heroic enthusiasm.

As the interview proceeds, there is seen upon the faces of some present unbounded trust and admiration; upon others, great astonishment, not unmixed with incredulity: while some few listen at first with suspicion, and even disapproval.

At length, after many searching tests, borne and answered to the satisfaction of most of the hearers, nearly all seem convinced, and many appear to catch the enthusiastic fervour of the central figure, at whose request, and with whose help, an heroic enterprise is undertaken, for a time with wonderful success, but in the end, through envy and treachery, resulting most disastrously to one whose unselfish courage and devoted patriotism deserved a better fate.

[*Answers at page* 350.]

Answers to Puzzlers for Wise Heads.

30. Marriage of the Emperor of China.

31. Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, &c.

32. Louis XVI. arrested in his flight at Varennes.

33. Lima.

1. Londonderry. 2. Iona. 3. Moscow. 4. Acre.

AN HONEST CRITIC.

IT is sometimes a dangerous thing to deal truly with great men, especially if they dabble in literature, and write bad verses like King Frederick of Prussia, the once friend of Voltaire. An amusing instance of this has descended to us from before the Christian era. Dionysius the elder flattered himself that he wrote excellent poetry, and one day he submitted some of his lines to Philoxenus, a master of the art. Philoxenus thought the verses about the worst trash he had ever read, and if he did not say as much, he looked it; wherefore the offended tyrant sent him to the Quarries. Next day the potentate relented, and restored the poet to favour. At the same time he showed him some other verses he had taken special pains with. Philoxenus, instead of having profited by his punishment, looked round at the guards, and said to them, with a smile, 'Take me back to the Quarries!' O.

THE WOUNDED PIGEON.

I WAS once witness of the wonderful instinct of the common pigeon, generally not thought to have a great share of intelligence. Our object was to shoot a rabbit, but the evening was dry and windy, and the grass not toothsome enough to suit bunny's dainty palate. So, looking around, I espied a flock of pigeons—blue rocks—one was pied, having white feathers in its wings. Getting fairly within gunshot, I fired, and the rest of the flock flew away. The pigeon lay motionless while I reloaded and walked towards it to pick it up. Judge of my surprise when two pigeons swept past me, touched it on either wing, and it flew rapidly away in company with its preservers, settling on the roof of a barn a quarter of a mile distant. The explanation was probably this: the poor bird's legs were broken, so that it could not rise without assistance. The companions must have seen this by a sidelong glance as they flew away, and swept round again on their errand of mercy. I have not shot pigeons since.—*Luke Ellis in the 'Echo.'*



The Wounded Pigeon.



A Surprise. By W. H. J. Boot.

A SURPRISE.

FAR from the haunts of men I took my way
To where the river glides—
The river in whose cool depths troutlings play,
And on whose mossy sides,
Amid the tangled wilderness of green,
The graceful fern and sweet wild flowers are seen.

The world seemed all my own, for silence deep
Was round me everywhere;
The merry song-birds even seemed asleep
In the calm noontide air.
Ah, 'twas indeed experience sweet to me
To be alone in scenes so fresh, so free!

But what is this? A rustling in the grass.
Then not alone am I.
Close to the river's edge they slowly pass,
With meek and wondering eye,
The peaceful flock, who gaze (with nought of fear),
Surprised, no doubt, to find intruders here.

Was it but yesterday that on the street
Of the great smoky town
I walked, where eager crowds for ever meet,
And hurry up and down,
With anxious hearts all filled with busy care,
Amid the city's close and stifling air?

Yes, only yesterday, and soon, alas!
My steps I must retrace
To that same crowded, dusty town, and pass
From this sweet rural place!
For when stern duty calls we must obey,
Thankful for even one short holiday!

M. K.

A BRAVE MESSENGER.

SEE! a boy is swimming from one ship to another through a line of fire! He is in the very heat of the battle. He holds papers between his teeth. Will his courage fail? Will he persevere in his mission? Yes, he gains the ship in safety, and delivers those important dispatches. That brave boy became one of the greatest seamen of the age. His name is Cloudesley Shovel. He was born in Norfolk in the year 1650, of poor parents. When very young he became a cabin-boy on board a ship of war, and attracted the notice of one who was able and willing to help him on in his chosen career. Sir John Narborough drew him out of obscurity, and that gallant exploit in carrying dispatches for his Admiral through the very heat of an engagement drew the notice of the officers of the fleet, and contributed to his advancement. The boy fulfilled the highest hopes of those interested in him, and by his own merits he was raised step by step in the service. He was as discreet and observant as he was brave, and on being sent by Sir John Narborough, when on an expedition to Tripoli, with a message to the Dey, his observations while on shore enabled his patron to render important service to his king and country. This led to Cloudesley's appointment to the command of a ship. He gained promotion from King James, and in the following reign, that of William, he distinguished himself so much in the battle of Bantry Bay as to obtain the honour of Knighthood. Queen Anne made him Admiral of the fleet, and his country loaded him with honours and distinctions, yet through it all he retained his early simplicity of manners and character.

England mourned truly for his loss when he was wrecked off the Scilly Isles, October 22, 1707. He is said to have been thrown on the shore alive, and to have been murdered by one of the islanders for the sake of a valuable ring. Many years after the shipwreck, a ring belonging to him and well remembered by his friends, was delivered up by his murderer, in confirmation of the truth of her dying confession. England was proud of her faithful son, she had honoured him in life, she honoured him in death, and she gave him a resting-place in her noblest Abbey.

CLARA THWAITES.

THE OLD GAME OF 'THREAD THE NEEDLE.'

IT is wonderful what curious little fragments of history we often find connected with some simple childish games that have been played in our country for many years, or it may be for centuries. They show us interesting facts about old places, or the customs of our worthy forefathers, and sometimes they lead us to the thought that human nature is very much the same in every age.

Now there is an old, though not a very old, game called 'Threading the tailor's needle,' which exhibits remarkably the influence of London, our capital city over the rest of this island. During the playing of this game, a quaint (perhaps it might be deemed rather silly) set of jingling verses is repeated, and the circumstance that in it are mentioned the names of certain London churches proves that the unknown, possibly illustrious, author of the lines was a dweller in London City. Yet these lines accompanying the game of 'Thread the needle' have been heard in repetition by children in many counties far away from the metropolis.

The manner of the game was this:—Two players represent the needle; the others, of any number from six to a dozen or more, represent the thread. Having joined hands and lifted these in the air, the two stand firm, and the rest following each other in single file, each grasping some part of the clothes of the one before him, wind their way in and out while the rhymes are repeated. When the last word is arrived at, the two representing the needle suddenly drop their hands and make a captive of the one who is passing under at that instant. He or she then takes place as a part of the needle, and the other goes to the rear of the procession; the game is resumed again in the same way. The following are the lines repeated:—

'Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's;
You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's;
When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey;
When I get rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch;
When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney;
I'm sure I don't know,
Says the great bell of Bow!'

The date when this was written nobody knows, but we observe that the author first names St. Clement's; this might be St. Clement Danes in the Strand, or St. Clement's, Eastcheap. Probably the St. Martin's meant is that in Ludgate, and the church of Old Bailey is doubtless that possessing the melancholy name of St. Sepulchre's, the bell of which was always tolled as the criminals went to execution. The author then skips to the east of London, naming the churches of Stepney and Shoreditch, but comes back to Cheapside, to the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, notable for its big bell, and also formerly for the dragon surmounting the steeple. The name of 'Cockney' was supposed to apply to the persons born within the sound of Bow bell, which, in those days when the metropolis was much quieter and smaller than it is at present, could be heard miles away from Cheapside.

Mr. Hindley, who has written an amusing book about the 'Cries of London,' has discovered another version of this canticle, in which the churches are somewhat different, and the narrator recounts certain objects in connexion with the eight churches named.

'Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's;
Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's;
Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel;
Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's;
Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells of St. John's;
Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles;
Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's;
Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Margaret's.'

With regard to these I may note that St. Peter's is most likely the church so-called in Cornhill, and of several City churches named after St. Ann, that in Aldersgate is probably meant. There can be little doubt that the St. John's is that in Clerkenwell, very celebrated, and part of which is of venerable age. St. Giles' is probably that of Cripplegate, not St. Giles-in-the-Fields, by Oxford Street. The concluding reference to St. Margaret's, is I take it, to the historic church of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, rebuilt by Wren after the great fire, and famous for its carved font.

J. R. S. Clifford.

HURRAH!' An interesting correspondence has been published in the *Times* on the derivation of this word, which most people would have thought a genuine bit of the tongue that Alfred spoke. The Berlin correspondent says it is Slavonic. Dr. Buchheim produces strong evidence in favour of a Teutonic origin. The imitative German interjection *hurr* describes a rapid movement; and the Middle High German *hurren* means to move rapidly, to hurry. The question arises, when did 'hurrah' first appear in English? It was used in Germany in the Napoleonic wars, and since then it has been adopted by other nations. Even the French have *hourra*.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

35.—Double Acrostic.

Two words of foreign extract, whose compound
Fills many an English home with cheerful sound;
The one is soft as voice of cooing dove,
Or tenderest tones of minstrel breathing love;
The other loud as wintry ocean's roar,
Or the wild crash of elemental war.

1. My first with care the greedy miser hoards,
And oft while sharing, robbers draw their swords.
2. Of villains, villain of the deepest hue,
Shakespeare supplies us with my number two.
3. 'Tell,' the Swiss hero, or 'bold Robin Hood,'
Will give you of my next example good.
4. When sinks the sun to rest and day is done,
My fourth begins its constant course to run.
5. My last, a golden fruit, whose blossoms fair,
Emblem of purity, a bride doth wear.

36.

		C			F			I	
	L			O			R		
U			X			A			D
		G			J			M	
	P			S			V		
Y			B			E			H
		K			N			Q	
	T			W			Z		
C			F			I			L
		O			R			U	

Here are 100 squares. Put down every third letter of the Alphabet, beginning from the top left hand square, as in the diagram. The puzzle now is, to fill up the squares, so as to form a readable sentence, or if that cannot be done, at least to fill up the blank spaces so as to form a number of unconnected, yet genuine words.

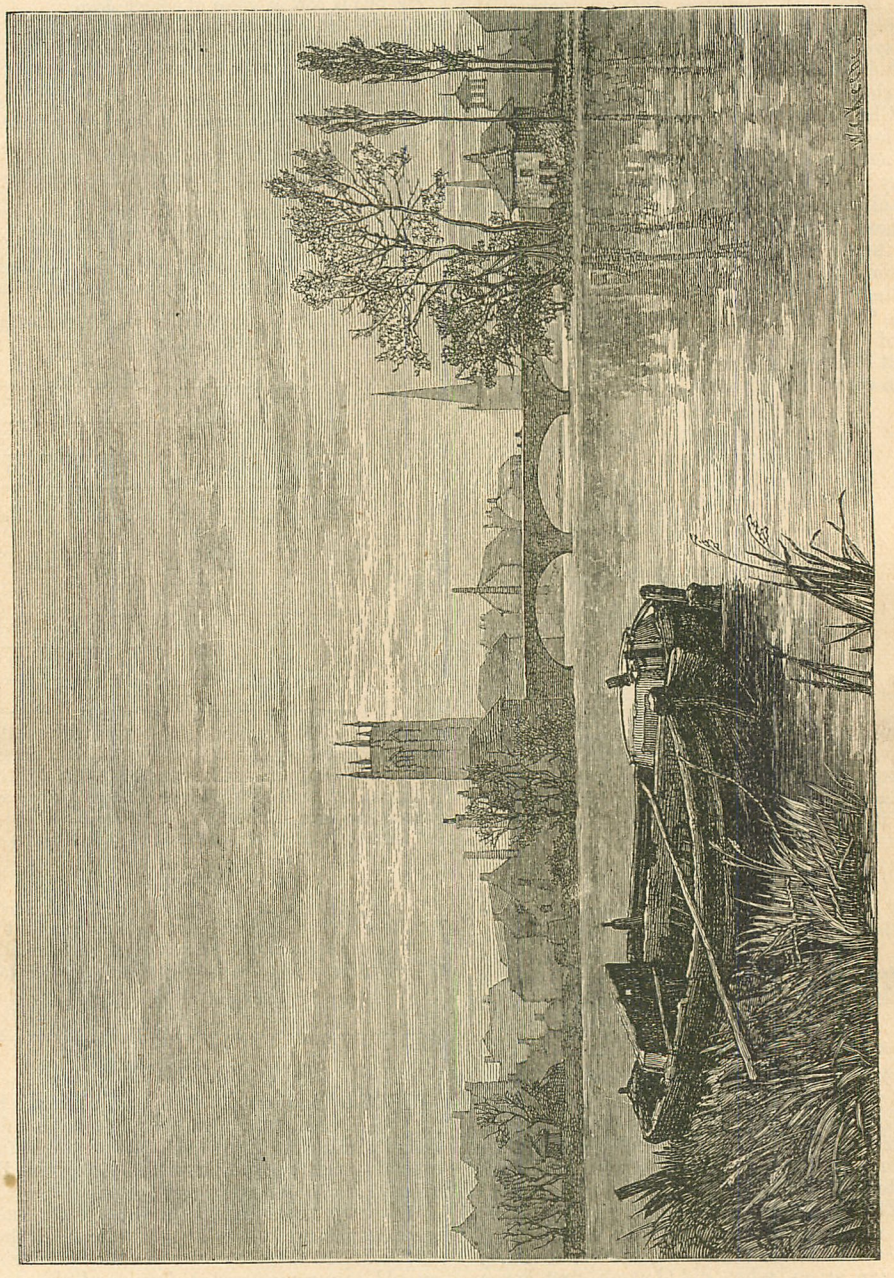
37.—Nursery Rhymes.

To fetch the limpid water from the fount,
See up the steep ascent they slowly mount
In converse sweet, when, mournful to relate,
Headlong he falls, blindly she shares his fate.

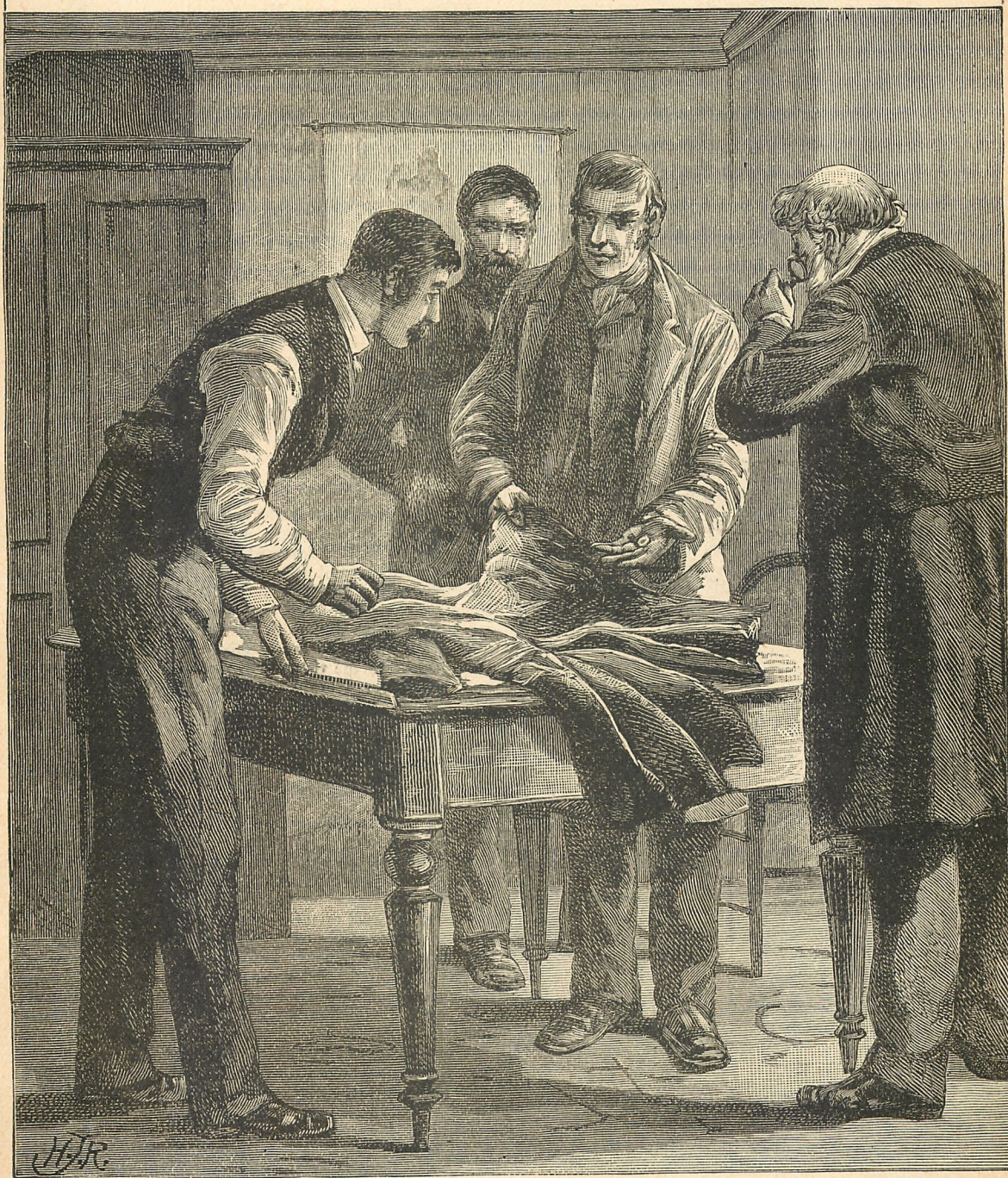
[*Answers at page* 350.]

DERBY.

THE fine old town of Derby stands on the banks of the Derwent near its junction with the Trent. Some think that the name Derby is short for 'Derwent-by,' but others that it anciently was Deoraby, from *deor* a deer, and *bye* an abode, and so the arms of the town are a buck in a park. The most conspicuous feature in the Derby landscape is the tower of All Saints' Church. In the time of Henry VIII. an old tower was pulled down and this grand one was built. It was begun in 1509 and finished in 1527. It is 174 feet high without the pinnacles, which are each thirty-six feet in height. The spire



Derby from the old "Long Bridge."



"How came it there, sir?"

in the picture is that of St. Alkmund's Church, built in 1844, and 200 feet high. At one time Derby was the centre of the trade of 'silk-throwing,' that is, making the raw silk into thread. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the Italians alone had the secret of this manufacture, and the English had to import silk at heavy cost. In 1717 a clever mechanic named John Lombe visited Italy, and by persevering observation and bribery he learned the silk secret. He set up on an island in the Derwent a huge mill lighted by 468 windows. He did a thriving trade, but after about three years he was poisoned by a woman who was sent to Derby for this purpose by the Italian manufacturers, whose secrets and profits he had acquired. John Lombe was only twenty-nine when he died. The silk trade is still, on a small scale, one of the industries of Derby. It is more notable as the centre from which the Midland Railway is worked, and thousands of skilled mechanics are employed in constructing its engines and carriages. The old porcelain manufacture has also been revived, and Derby 'crown' china is again celebrated. The scenery of some parts of Derbyshire is very famous. Its glens and caverns attracts thousands of visitors every summer.

WELL CAUGHT.

(*Continued from p.* 316.)

THERE was a long pause. Davis walked up and down with his arms folded, evidently considering the whole story and drawing his own conclusions, and I could almost hear my heart beat as I thought what those conclusions might be, and what might be his next step. No one broke the silence, and presently the officer took up the paper and examined the seals again.

'You say you sealed this in the office with your own seal; give me the seal to compare with the impressions.'

'I have not got it with me; I lost it just before I started.'

'Lost it!' the man shot a sharp glance at me, 'where?'

'In the office,' I replied, faltering in spite of myself; 'I could not delay to look for it, or I should have missed the train.'

'Rather a curious thing to lose it and say nothing about it. You are quite sure you did lose it?'

'Quite sure,' I replied, steadily, though I knew my embarrassment had not escaped those keen eyes; 'I have not seen it since.'

At this moment the policeman returned and handed Davis a sheet of paper, which he read attentively. Then he turned sharply to me.

'On your honour, Mr. Arnold, you have not seen the seal since you left the office.'

'On my honour, I have *not*,' I replied.

'Nor have the slightest idea where it is now?'

'No, I have not.'

Davis looked at me for an instant, then, advancing a step, he said,—

'Take off your coat, Mr. Arnold, and give it to me.'

I started back indignantly. I was not in custody yet, and I did not like it. Nor did Mr. Beauchamp, for he said, hastily,—

'I am sure there is no occasion for that, Davis; Mr. Arnold's word is quite sufficient.'

'Very likely,' was the reply, 'but you see, sir, we prefer conducting these cases in our own way. Now, Mr. Arnold.'

I saw he meant to have what he wanted, and though I might have protested, it would have looked suspicious, so I did as he ordered without more demur.

To my surprise, he did not even look in the pockets as I expected him to do: he laid the coat flat on the table and looked carefully along the bottom of the lining inside. One particular spot seemed to attract his attention, for he examined it minutely, looking keenly at me as he did so, and passing his hand once or twice along the lining. While I was wondering what he was about, he took a penknife from his pocket, cut open one of the seams and inserted his hand under the lining. In another minute he turned to me.

'How came it there, sir?' he said, abruptly; and he laid the seal on the table.

For an instant I thought my senses had forsaken me. Then I started forward.

What mattered it to me that Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hastings, and Mr. Morris exchanged glances and shrugged their shoulders, that nothing seemed before me but disgrace and ruin, that probably in another moment I should be in custody. Only one person was present to me then; only one idea pressed itself on my bewildered brain—to clear myself in the eyes of the man who had trusted me.

'Mr. Beauchamp,' I said, making a violent effort to control myself for a minute longer, 'on my honour I do not know how the seal came there. If only *you* will believe I have not deceived you, I care for nothing else. If they were the last words I had to speak, I could only say again, I have not seen the seal since I lent it.' The floor was beginning to slope downward, the tables and chairs were dancing before my eyes. I saw Mr. Beauchamp step hastily forward. I felt Davis put his arm round me. 'I have not seen the seal since I lent it to'—and then, exhausted by mental agitation and overwhelmed by this last blow, I did what I had never in my life done before—I fainted dead away.

When I came round again I was lying on the sofa, with Davis holding a glass of water to my lips.

'Stupid fellow,' I heard him say, in a half-aggrieved, half-amused tone, 'to go off like that just as he had got to the very point I wanted!' I looked up with intense anxiety at Mr. Beauchamp, who was standing by me.

'Don't distress yourself so much, Arnold,' he said quietly; 'I have not changed my opinion.'

At which remark I saw the managers look at one

another as if it was *their* decided opinion that the head of their firm was amazingly simple. It did not signify to me what they thought; I lay still and closed my eyes, only longing to be left alone. Then I came to the conclusion that it was cowardly to lie there shirking it, that it would be better to face at once what must come sooner or later. So I sat up and looked at the detective. But the words I expected were not uttered.

'That's right,' Davis said, cheerfully; 'pull yourself together again, sir. I don't want to waste my time. Just look at those impressions and tell me whether they are exactly as you sealed them in the office.'

I took the paper and looked at the seals. I only trust that never again in my life may I be tempted as I was then. Truth—and ruin stared me in the face. Falsehood—and a hope of safety.

If I said they were, Austen and Dawson could prove that I had lost the seal before I started. If I said they were not, what inference could any sensible man draw, when the seal—all knowledge of which I had so strenuously denied—lay a silent witness on the table?

The detective stood by with apparent unconcern, though I knew he was watching me narrowly, and probably guessing my thoughts.

'No, they are *not!*' I said, firmly. 'This one is, putting my finger on one impression; 'the other two have been sealed again since.'

Mr. Hastings uttered an exclamation, even Mr. Beauchamp started.

'Don't ask me any more questions now,' I said, faintly; 'I cannot ——' and I buried my face in my hands.

'You are quite right,' said Davis, coolly; 'the first seal was opened with a hot knife, the other two were failures. I think I must ask you to leave me alone with Mr. Arnold,' he continued, addressing the others; 'he is rather upset, and had better keep quiet a little. Perhaps you could let us have another room if it is inconvenient for us to occupy this one.'

Mr. Hastings assured him it was not.

'Thank you; then we will stay here. Johnson, I want you a minute;' and he went to the door.

'You need not mind Davis,' Mr. Beauchamp stopped to say as he passed me; 'he has rather a sharp manner, but he is really a very kind-hearted fellow;' and then he followed the others from the room.

'Suppose you put on your coat again, Mr. Arnold,' Davis said, as he returned from a colloquy with the sharp young man. 'It has been rather a disagreeable coat to you, hasn't it? I am afraid you won't associate any very pleasant recollections with it for the future.'

I looked up in astonishment, but the face before me was too well-trained to conceal its owner's thoughts, to give me the slightest clue to his next move. He held up the unlucky coat and I put it on, and, apparently touched by my woe-begone appearance, he went on kindly,—

'There is no need to upset yourself so much about it. Things are not so bad as you are fancying. You are going to have a glass of wine and lie down for half an hour or so. I don't want you to get knocked up just now.'

Johnson entered as he spoke with some wine and biscuits, which, in obedience to Davis's orders, I managed to eat and drink.

'I suppose I can trust you not to give me "leg-bail,"' he said, smiling, as I lay down. 'I am going downstairs to speak to Mr. Beauchamp.'

I gave my word that I would remain where I was, and after pulling down the blinds, and advising me not to think about anything, Davis left the room, accompanied by Johnson.

Strange as it may seem, I followed his advice literally. Whether it was that Mr. Beauchamp's kindness, and the detective's change of manner, combined with the fact that his leaving me alone proved that he did not entirely distrust me, soothed my nerves, or that I was thoroughly done up with all the worry that had overtaken me, I know not; but in spite of the wretched position in which I found myself, in spite of my doubts as to what would be the end of it, no sooner was I left in silence and solitude than I actually went to sleep.

I have no idea how long I slept, but I awoke to find Davis looking at me with undisguised amusement.

'I am glad to see you obeyed my orders,' he remarked. 'But I think ——'

'That I am the very sleepiest man you ever met with?' I asked, for I saw he looked friendly. 'I really do not always sleep in this extraordinary way.' A curious expression passed over Davis's face. 'I only hope you will remember that it is a *guilty* conscience that makes an uneasy pillow.'

'I don't believe that would weigh much with a jury,' said Davis, smiling. 'But what I was going to say was that I think I must trouble you with one or two more questions.'

I got up, shook myself, and waited to hear what was coming next.

'It is nothing very alarming,' observed Davis, seeing my face. 'I should only like to know, as a mere matter of curiosity,' with a droll twinkle in his eyes, 'how, when, and where you lost that seal.'

I was not at all disturbed by his manner now, though he elicited everything that had happened before my departure.

'Mr. Austen helped to look for it,' he said, balancing a pen and speaking carelessly. 'Where did Mr. Dawson go; have you any idea?'

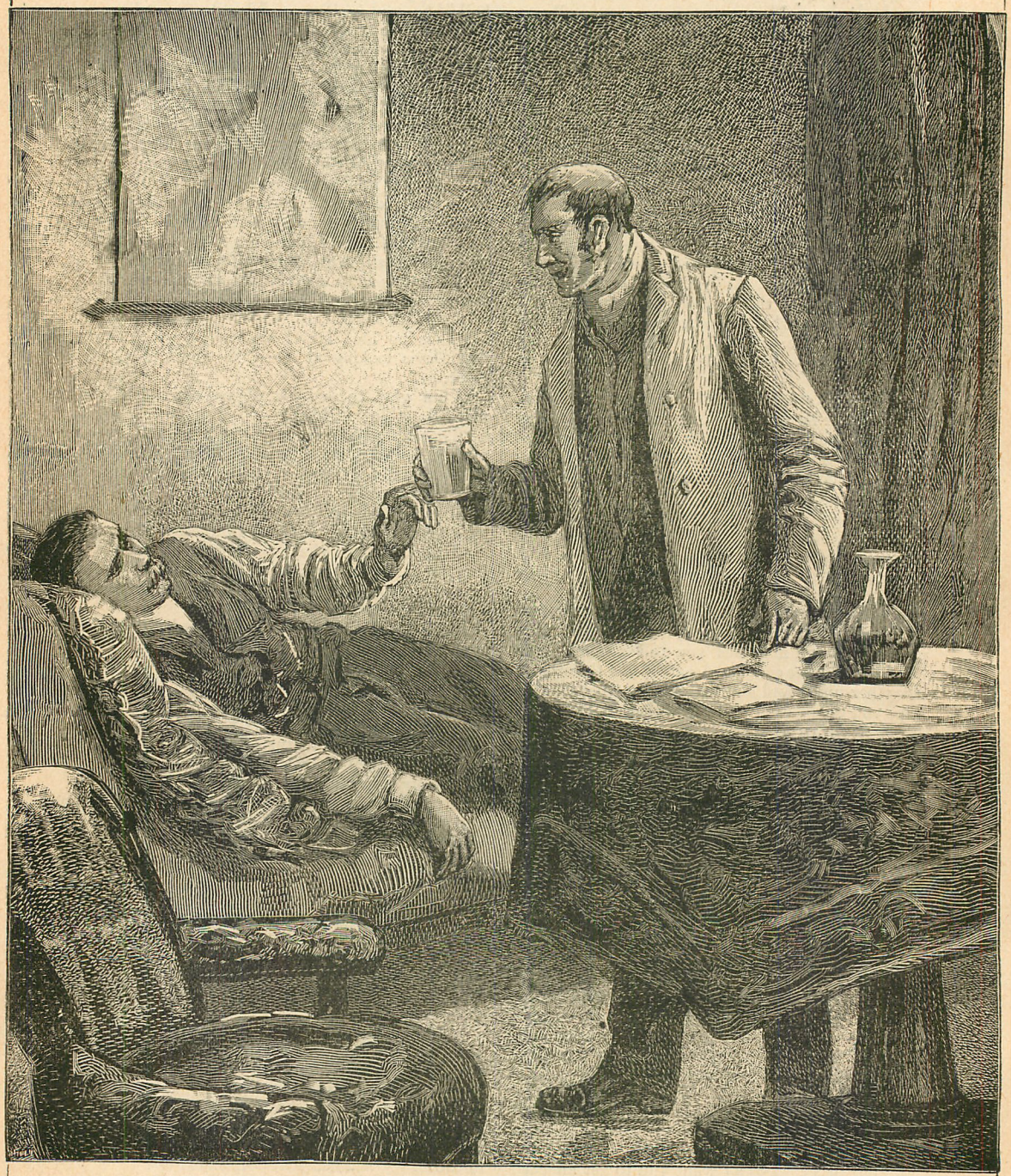
'The telegram came from a place near Austen's home,' I replied.

'Ah!' said the detective, suddenly. 'Well, now,' after a pause, 'I want you to come with me to Mrs. Jones. There is a little difference in the story Mrs. Jones's servant tells and yours. She declares positively that you went out at six o'clock and spoke to her on the way. We will go and see if she sticks to it when she sees you.'

'I cannot imagine what she means,' I replied, as I followed him downstairs, through the office, where the clerks looked at me with intense interest, to a cab which was waiting at the door.

'You can say you have come to see whether the girl's been dreaming any more,' said Davis, when we reached the inn. 'I'm a friend of yours, remember.'

(*Continued at page* 330.)



"When I came round I was lying on the sofa."



A Box of Lucifers.

A BOX OF LUCIFERS.

—o—

THERE is nothing extraordinary to us about a box of matches; but to savages, who have never seen anything of the kind before, and are only able to obtain fire by the slow process of rubbing two pieces of wood, it is a source of wonder to see a flame kindled by the single stroke of a little slip of wood against the side of a box.

An Englishman who travelled in Australia many years ago, when some of the native tribes had as yet had no intercourse with Europeans, fell in with a community of 'black fellows,' as the colonists call the aborigines, and was well received by them. These 'black fellows,' though they *are* black, are not in the least like negroes. Their hair is not woolly, but curly; nor have they projecting mouths and retreating foreheads like the true negroes, and they rejoice in thick moustaches and big beards; and many of them are finely made, muscular men. Well, these black fellows were greatly astonished at the many wonderful things the Englishman had with him; but when he wanted a light for his pipe, and, taking out a box of matches, instantly produced one by rubbing the match against the side of the box, their amazement knew no bounds—it seemed a miracle to them, and their chief begged that the wonderful box might be given to him, as he would then be able to procure fire with ease at any time. The Englishman gratified him, receiving in return for a box of lucifers that cost one halfpenny, two mats of native manufacture and a cloak made of fur!

The chief was delighted with his new acquisition, and immediately proceeded to test the wonderful properties of the little 'fire sticks.' Taking one out he drew it, not along the side of the box, but across the tips of the matches. They were as dry as tinder with the hot weather, and instantly the whole boxfull flared up about the black fingers of the chief with such a smoke and such a terrific smell of brimstone and sulphur, that he started back in alarm, and dropped his precious box with even more alacrity than he had taken it; and the worst of it was that the value of his cloak and mats had vanished!

A. R.

SATIRE BITES DEEPER THAN THE SWORD.

WHEN Timoleon, the Corinthian, rescued Sicily from tyranny, and restored to the natives their laws and privileges, he punished Euthymus, a certain general, with death, because he was accused of a severe sarcasm against the Greeks. He had said, when the Corinthians took the field, 'It was no formidable matter if the Corinthian *women* were gone out to take the air.' So true it is, remarks Plutarch, that men are generally more apt to resent a contemptuous word than an unjust action. Hostile deeds are imputed to the necessities of war, but satirical expressions are considered as the effects of malignity.

O.

WELL CAUGHT.

(*Continued from p.* 327.)

IN the front room, sitting on the table, dangling his legs and talking volubly to Mrs. Jones and the Mary in question, we found, to my surprise, the 'sharp young man.' Not the faintest shadow of recognition crossed his face as we entered.

'Why, Mr. Arnold, I am pleased you've looked in again,' exclaimed Mrs. Jones. 'But, sir! you do look ill. Whatever is the matter?'

'Nothing much,' I replied, as carelessly as I could. 'Is this the Mary who dreamed she saw me yesterday morning, when I was in bed and asleep all the time?'

'I did see you,' said Mary, snappishly. 'Missus has been going on at me for saying so, but I did, so there's an end of it. You told me to give that gentleman with the black beard a message, and I did it too.'

'I never saw you at all,' I said, in astonishment, for the girl evidently believed what she said. 'There was no one about when I went out, or I should have left a message for Mrs. Jones.'

'Well, I never, now!' said the girl. 'Do you mean to say you don't remember asking me to mend your coat for you?'

'Circumstantial evidence, Arnold,' laughed Davis, interposing to cover the start I could not help giving, as I saw what had given him a clue to the seal. Where did you mend his coat, Jane?'

'My name's Mary,' replied the handmaiden, huffily. 'I mended it at the bottom, just along the lining.'

'Now, Arnold,' continued the detective, still laughing, 'we'll have a look at that coat, if you please. But I've more confidence in Mary Jane's word than yours.'

Apparently enjoying the joke, Davis took hold of my coat and looked round the edge.

'Here you are, you rascal!' he exclaimed, when he came to the place. 'What does he deserve, Jane, for such a fib? By the way, how came you to prick your fingers so doing it? Oh, Jane, Jane! I'm afraid you are not much of a needlewoman!'

'My name's Mary, I tell you,' snapped the indignant damsel; 'and it was the gentleman made that bloody himself. He said he could have mended it without troubling me if he hadn't cut his hand badly.'

Again Davis laughed and pretended to shake me, giving the slightest possible glance at Johnson. In an instant the latter slipped off the table with a jolt that upset a basket of spoons and forks that was on it, and stumbled against me in trying to save himself.

Mrs. Jones and Mary rushed to pick up the contents, so did Davis.

'Put your left hand in your pocket and keep it there,' said Johnson in an undertone to me; then aloud, 'I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir; hope I haven't hurt you. And yours, too, Mrs. Jones. Let me pick them up,' and he went down on his knees to do so.

'Clumsy fellow!' said Davis, as he put the basket back on the table, 'giving us such a start. How did you do it, eh?'

'Suppose I was thinking of what you were saying,' returned the other. 'Seems odd now as that gentleman shouldn't know if he was in bed or not. Who is to know if Mary wasn't mistaken? Some one else saw him, maybe.'

'Master did,' said Mary, aggrieved; 'leastways, he saw him go up again.'

Again Davis gave a glance.

'Well, now, I'd like to hear the end of it,' Johnson said, strolling to the door. 'Hey! Mr. Jones, come here a minute, will you?'

Mr. Jones made his appearance in answer to the summons.

'We're having a bit of a dispute here,' said Johnson. 'Mary says she saw that gentleman come downstairs yesterday morning at six o'clock, and he says he was in bed. Now, I holds as a man must know whether he's in bed or not, so I goes with him. T'other gentleman,' indicating Davis, 'goes with Mary. Of course, he knows his own friend better than I do, but it stands to reason as a man knows whether he's asleep or awake.'

'Right you are, sir,' said Mr. Jones. 'It wasn't Mr. Arnold; that I'll stake my life on! It was some one like him, but it wasn't him; he went into the other gentleman's room.'

'The other gentleman?'

'The black-bearded man,' responded the landlord; 'I was standing at the top of the stairs cleaning a window, and I wondered what they were at, dodging into each other's rooms.'

'You are sure the gentleman had cut his hand?' Davis inquired of Mary.

'That I am,' returned Mary. 'It was bleeding, and he tied his handkerchief round it.'

'Give me your hand, Arnold,' said the detective, suddenly; and as I held out my hand, he went on: 'It has healed very soon, Mary!' Mary looked aghast.

'I am sure I thought,' she was beginning, but her master interrupted her.

'It certainly was not Mr. Arnold, for when the gentleman with the black beard came out, he went into Mr. Arnold's room for a minute on his way down, and left the door unfastened; and as I knew Mr. Arnold wasn't up, I went in to shut it, and Mr. Arnold was as sound asleep as ever I saw anybody in my life—sounder, I think!'

If I had given way to my feelings at that moment I should have astonished the worthy Mr. Jones by embracing him then and there! I was going to speak, but Davis frowned at me.

'What became of the other man, Mr. Arnold's double?' he said, carelessly.

'That's more than I know,' returned Mr. Jones. 'It's a puzzle to me. I looked into the room as I passed, and there was no one in it, and he couldn't have got out without my seeing him.'

'The double distilled idiot!' exclaimed Davis, dropping his indifferent tone, and speaking sharply and excitedly. 'You haven't a minute to spare, Johnson! How soon can you get there?'

'By ten o'clock, sir,' replied Johnson, changing suddenly from a sleepy-looking idler to a wide-awake policeman. 'The *Ariadne* doesn't sail till four, and the *Sultan* not till five.'

'You'll do it then; be sure you see there isn't one any sooner. I'll wire to them to let you have a couple of men, and to the captains as well. I shall be down by four to-morrow, unless anything happens, but if I'm not there you must go across, and I'll telegraph instructions to New York. You'll know him when you see him, I suppose? I wouldn't take too much notice of the colour of his beard!'

'Well, no,' laughed Johnson; 'it's an even chance he hasn't one at all by this time!'

'The dolt! to imagine that shuffling about like a knave in a card trick could put us off the scent, or, rather, put us on the wrong one, for that was what he wanted, I suppose. I don't quite see why the other one let himself in for it, though; burnt his fingers, too, I'm rather afraid. Do you see your way to keeping close to him till I get there?'

'Well, you see,' said Johnson, with the most utterly mild expression of face, 'its rather an odd thing that I should happen to come from the same part of the world as he did. Often heard my father, the carpenter, mention him. It isn't likely he should remember me, because Smith is such a common name. But, being as I am on the way to foreign parts, I naturally cling to any one who reminds me of my home.'

Davis laughed. 'You have got some brains in your head I see, Johnson. Better come up and try your hand in our line. Don't overdo it, though. Of course it's just possible that's not his game, but I'll frighten it out of the other one to-night and let you know in the morning. Off with you, and do your best.'

Johnson disappeared, got into the cab which was waiting at the door, and drove off rapidly.

'You look very much mystified, Mr. Arnold,' said Davis, laughing at my bewildered face. 'I can't stop to explain now, for I want to get back to drop upon a friend of yours. I hope you are not used up, for you'll have to come with me. No, I am not going to tell you anything; you will have to be satisfied with knowing that matters are much clearer as far as you are concerned.'

This went far to raise my spirits; and, after rapidly telling the Jones's that he would come and explain it all to them in a day or two, my energetic companion hurried me off to the station. Before many hours were over we had reached my rooms and when we got out of the cab, Davis asked the question I had been dreading to be obliged to answer: 'Your friend, Mr. Austen, lives next door, doesn't he?' I assented reluctantly. 'We'll just ask if he is in,' ringing the bell as he spoke.

The reply was, as by this time I expected and feared,—

'Mr. Austen had been out all day and had not returned, but they expected him in every minute. He had said he was going out into the country, and should not be back till late.'

(*Continued at page* 339.)



INDULGING IN GRIEF.

MY dear, you look so very sad
I fain would cheer your heart;
But, dear, excuse me if I say
You act a foolish part.

'Tis true one grief has fallen on you,
A grief both sad and sore—
You've lost a tender mother's love,
Her face you'll see no more.

But, child, is nothing left behind
To fill your aching heart?
Your father, what of him, my dear?
He feels the dreadful smart

Of sudden, overwhelming loss
Even more than you can do.
Now, Mary, love, be ruled by me,
I'll tell you what to do.

Put self away, think first of him,
And let him know and feel
That while he lives on earth below
There's one to love him still.

Ah, child! it is worth while to live
If we another's pain
Can soothe away, and bring a smile
To pallid lips again.

B. M.

CHRISTIANITY IN IRELAND.

THE rapid and peaceful spread of Christianity in Ireland is unexampled in the history of the Church. The country was divided amongst fierce tribes, constantly at war with each other, but they all united in receiving the Gospel with enthusiasm. St. Patrick preached through all the provinces, and filled the country with churches; yet, though he himself tells us that his life was often in danger from the machinations of the Druids, Ireland possesses but one Christian martyr, and that was Oran, his charioteer, who received in his bosom the spear intended for the saint—a sufficient proof that the introduction of the new faith was free from the persecution and bloodshed it met with in so many other regions. The churches erected by St. Patrick and his clergy were structures, hastily erected, of wicker-work and clay, but they were soon succeeded by small stone churches and chapels, many of which are still in existence. They were frequently erected in those places that were sacred to the idolatrous rites of the Druids, and when the saint overthrew the pillar-stone in the Plain of Slaughter, in Leitrim, where children were wont to be sacrificed to the sun, he built a church on the spot.



St. Patrick preaching at Tara.

IN AN ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

DURING the Peninsular War, when all Spain lay prostrate before the French, who had not as yet felt the weight of Wellington's iron hand, a certain Italian nobleman on the staff of King Joseph, and reputed a brave and daring officer, was sent one morning to carry instructions to a small corps of the French army stationed not many miles from Madrid. Although in an enemy's country, so passive seemed the Spanish people that the young officer went attended by only one man, a steady old Polish trooper, and together they very speedily accomplished the mission.

But there were other duties to fulfil before returning to headquarters, namely, to visit one or two outposts scattered round the country, after which he was to have a few days' leisure to attend to his own affairs. Don Francesco, for such was his name, having accomplished the greater part of his duties,

had fallen in with two young French officers who intended going on a shooting expedition, and who warmly invited the Italian to accompany them and enjoy a day's sport. This was, of course, agreed to at once, and, in high spirits, the three young men set out the following morning, Don Francesco being attended by his faithful trooper, while the two French officers had no follower save a bare-footed Spanish lad, who carried their game-bags and acted as guide.

Having fixed upon their route, Don Francesco then left his companions at the head of a little valley in order to visit the last outpost under his charge, having first arranged, however, to meet them again early in the evening at a village, which they could see half way through the glen, and in which place they proposed to pass the night. The succeeding day was, of course, to be a day devoted to sport. As Don Francesco rode away from his friends, it was rather trying to hear an active firing going on in their direction; and being anxious to share in the fun, which seemed already to have begun, he put spurs to his horse, and never drew rein until he came up to the French picket.

But business is not always got over so soon as one would like. The young Italian was detained one way and another until it was much later than he could have wished; he also had received some rather annoying information, which was, that the Spanish people were not so passive as they seemed to be—they utterly detested the French; that an officer of the line had been assaulted and nearly murdered not many days before in the very district which he and his friends intended to traverse; and, finally, that even before the French invasion, that particular district was infested by robbers! The young Italian felt, of course, chagrined at the turn affairs were taking. But he had promised to meet his friends; he was brave, and, we must add, young and rather rash. So, late as it was, he set off at a hand gallop for the glen. When he and his faithful follower arrived at the appointed rendezvous all was quiet, gloomy, and still.

The village turned out to be only some half dozen miserable cottages, and, on inquiry, Don Francesco could hear nothing of his friends. Feeling rather inclined to be angry at their want of punctuality, he was about to turn his horse's head, when an old goatherd addressed him, and told him that he had seen the two strangers cross the hills at the top of the glen, and that, doubtless, they would be found at a farmhouse which lay in that direction, adding that the farm was not more than a good league off, and that game in that quarter was very abundant. Spirited on by this intelligence, and, alas, not suspecting treachery, Don Francesco took the direction pointed out to him, proceeding with as much speed as the increasing darkness would allow. At length he drew rein, and, peering through the night-gloom, he and his companion listened eagerly to catch, if it might be, the barking of a dog, or the tinkling bells of a sheepfold, or anything to announce the neighbourhood of a farm or cottage. But not a sound could they hear save the panting of their tired horses, and the murmuring of the night wind among the brushwood that grew on every side of them. What should they do?

The rough path they had hitherto followed was now lost in a labyrinth of other paths. The country also seemed wilder and more desolate than any they had already passed over: treeless, houseless, uncultivated, and barren! The prospect was not inviting. Don Francesco, however, was not the man to turn back—and, indeed, to attempt to reach the cantonments would now have been as difficult as to find out the farmhouse. He did, therefore, what is, perhaps, the wisest course a man can pursue in such circumstances: he threw the reins on his horse's neck and let him choose his own way.

The sagacious creature had not gone far when he threw up his head and neighed; and the moment after a little glimmering light appeared, proving that they were near some habitation.

The two wanderers now found themselves before a long, low wall, in which, after groping for some time, they found a strong wooden gate, at which they knocked. Presently the light reappeared, but lower down than it had been seen before, and the gate opening, an old Spaniard appeared, whose face seemed to wear a hospitable smile. After a courteous salutation, the young officer asked whether there were not two Frenchmen within. 'They were not—they had not been seen—but had they come there would have been a welcome for them, as there was for the Caballeros who had now arrived.'

Such were the words of the owner of the farm, as he now stood by his open door inviting the strangers to enter; and, giving his horse to his attendant, the young Italian, without a scruple or thought of danger, immediately walked in. The apartment had nothing remarkable about it. Its inmates were an old woman, another man, decidedly forbidding in appearance, but, perhaps, not more so than the usual run of half-savage Spanish peasants, and a young girl, who made her appearance after the arrival of the visitors, and took her seat by the fire. Presently some food was placed on the table, and Don Francesco was invited to partake, his host, at the same time, remarking that he spoke better Spanish than any Frenchman he had ever met before.

'I am no Frenchman,' he replied, 'I am Italian.'

This simple remark seemed to arouse the attention of all. The young girl fixed her dark eyes on his face with a strange, wistful expression, while the host rejoined, 'You! Italian! then you are half a Spaniard! Still, you are with the French army!'

The other man said nothing, but the expression of his face while these few words were being interchanged was so horrible that Don Francesco's attention was thoroughly roused. He could plainly read in his dark, forbidding countenance his heart-hatred of the French, and his hatred of himself also as an officer in the French army.

(*Concluded at page* 338.)

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. XI.—THE MEDICINES OF THE WORLD.

THE most powerful of poisons are in some cases used as medicines, when taken in very minute doses. Thus, arsenic is found useful in skin diseases, and even strychnine in palsy. Aloes is a medicine, grown in the West Indies and the Cape of Good Hope and other places. The leaves of this shrub

contain a bitter juice which runs freely out of the stalk when it is cut. The juice is evaporated in the sun, or over a fire, and what remains is put into boxes. It is a valuable medicine for stomach and liver complaints. The stem of the plant is three or four feet high, the leaves are of a sword form and edged like a saw, and the flowers red, in clusters, on tall stalks, which rise erect from among the leaves.

Another medicine much used is Epsom salt, found in the springs near that town, and at Seidlitz, and elsewhere. You can make it by pouring oil of vitriol upon magnesian limestone. The bind-weed family, of which the convolvulus is a member, supplies us with jalap. It is grown in Mexico. The root of this, which is large, is dug up in spring, and dried. Our old friend Turkey rhubarb is called a 'noble roote' by Turner, in his herbal. It is grown in Tartary and Thibet, and while the root is medicine, the leaf stalks (at least in the case of the Indian rhubarb) are used in pies and puddings. Senna, from which, with salts, the nauseous 'black draught' is made, is a plant called cassia, which grows in Egypt and the countries contiguous thereto. Its virtues lie in its long narrow leaves. It was first used in the tenth century by two famous Arabian physicians.

Some medicines are used to induce perspiration and check fever. One of the most valuable of these is antimony, which is a silver-white metal. This is prepared for use in various ways. It is a safe emetic, but ought not to be given in cases of poisoning. Many a fever is stayed or prevented by the employment of this emetic. It gets its name from a curious circumstance. The superior of a monastery happened to be fond of chemistry, and having found that certain preparations of antimony promoted the fattening of pigs, he came to the conclusion that the same would do his monks good also. But the monks did not take so kindly as the pigs to the antimony, and several of them were killed by it, whereupon the superior named the metal which was the base of his preparations 'anti-moine,' which means against the monks, or monk's bane.

Nothing caused more angry discussions among the doctors, some 300 years ago, than their differing opinions on the subject of antimony, and its use was forbidden by an edict at Paris. But it was restored to favour nearly a century afterwards.

Quicksilver, also, is prepared as a medicine. We have already seen how this is done in the case of calomel. Mercury, or quicksilver, is very volatile, and may be turned into vapour readily, or distilled. It is funny to think of a metal being in the form of steam, but so it sometimes is. The beautiful colour we know as vermilion is a preparation of quicksilver. Calomel, to which we have alluded before, is a valuable salt of this metal. It is perfectly tasteless. It has had many names, among them 'white eagle' and the 'manna of metals.' Its name, calomel, was given it by Turquet, a physician who had been driven out of France by the battle of the doctors, and had become medical attendant to the first James and Charles.

Ipecacuanha is an Indian word. This emetic comes from a very humble shrub, and the root is the part used. When we take it in a large dose it makes us violently sick; if in a smaller dose it loosens a hard cough; and a yet less quantity is good for the appetite and digestion.

Some flies found in Spain, and other warm countries, have the peculiar power of raising blisters on the skin. They are very curious insects, green and gold in colour, and of a strong and disagreeable smell. They swarm on the trees, whose leaves they devour, and in the early morning they are shaken, while yet torpid, into cloths; but the man who shakes the tree has to be protected by a mask and gloves. The flies are quickly smothered with the fumes of boiling vinegar, and then dried. The blistering particle is found in a white powder, one atom of which will raise a blister on the skin. Caustic, as it is called, has the valuable property of keeping water pure. One ounce of it in 12,000 ounces of water will preserve it for years. It is also used in photography, in the making of ink for linen, and in burning the skin when necessary. It is really nitric acid in action upon silver.

The foxglove, which we all admire, possesses a valuable juice of an intense bitterness. It is a calming thing, causing the pulse to beat more slowly; but it must be taken with great caution. A woman once boiled some of the leaves, and drank the liquor, as a remedy for dropsy. She was, however, soon very ill indeed, and it was two whole days before the doctor restored her.

Bark, or Peruvian bark, is one of the most valuable of vegetable medicines. The Countess Cinchon, wife of the Governor of Lima, having been cured of fever by means of it, brought some of it home with her, and it took her name, Cinchona, at the suggestion of Linnæus. These trees grow on the slopes of the Andes. They are fine trees, or were, for the gatherers of the bark have dealt with them wastefully, and they have nearly all disappeared. Quinine, so useful as a tonic, comes from this tree. It is white, very bitter, and is worth its weight in silver. G. S. O.

JACKO, WOLF, AND BRENDA.

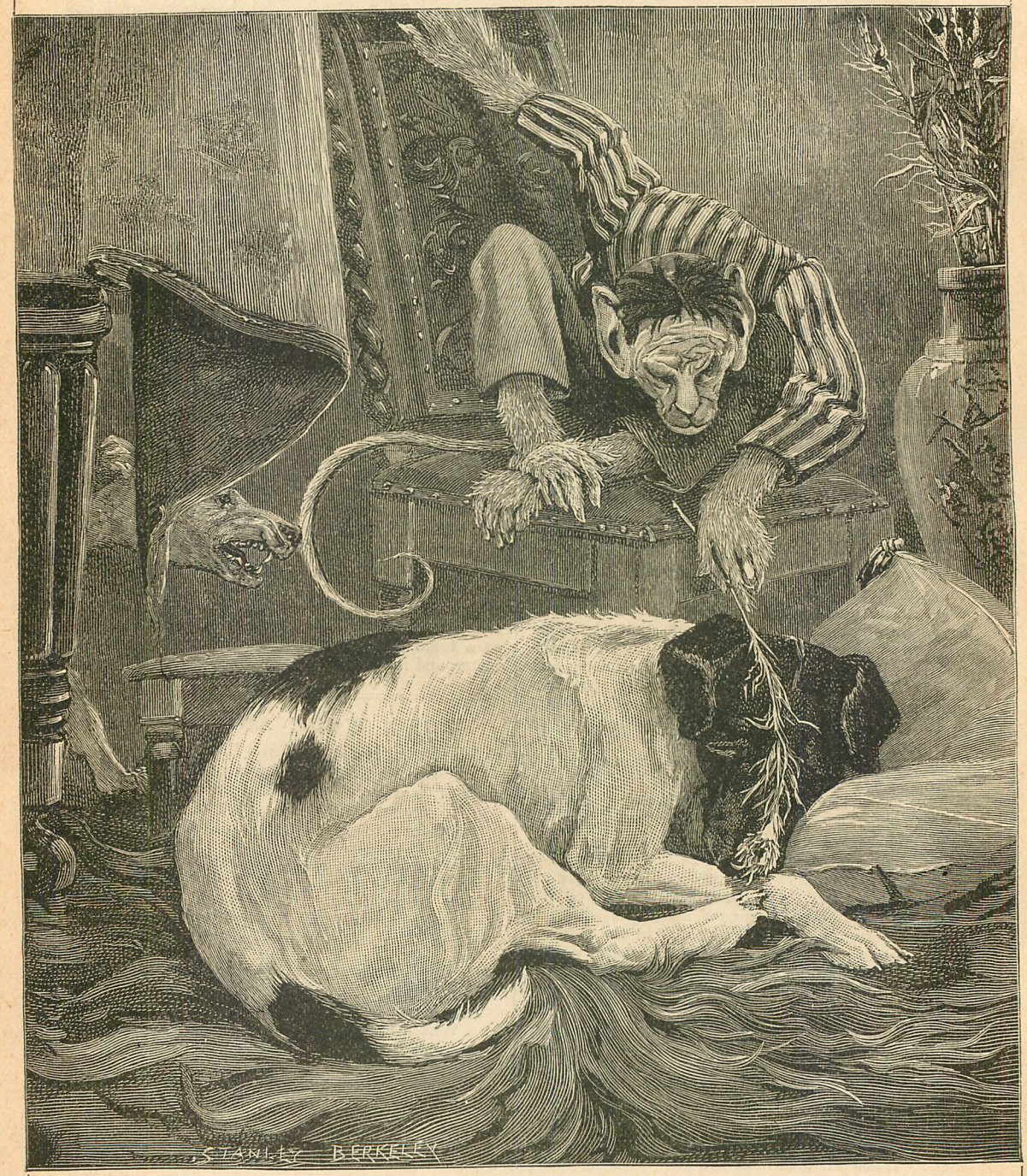
Why, what is this? Here's Brenda, I declare,
Quite fast asleep. A famous chance for me.
Wolf is away, or else I should not dare
To interfere with madam, lest that he
Should show his teeth and make it hot for me.

Now, really, this is fun! What should I do;
Pull her thick tail, or jump upon her back?
Now, let me think. Her tail is hid from view;
And so, perhaps, my first point of attack
Should be, as I have said, her fat old back.

Or stay! this peacock's feather on her nose
Will tickle her. She'll wonder what's the row,
And start and snap if she awakens; but here goes.
Whatever happens, I'm in for it now,
And, after all, I rather like a row!

Why, Wolf, have you come back? Now, dear old friend,
Pray do not growl so savagely at me! [
On your goodwill I constantly depend.
I've just been fanning Brenda; for, you see,
The flies are troublesome as they can be!

M. K.



Jacko, Wolf, and Brenda.



"'Oh fly!' said the girl, 'it is your only hope.'"

IN AN ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

(*Concluded from page* 334.)

WHILE musing over this unpleasant incident, his Polish trooper, who had been busy with the horses, came in, and while assisting to wait upon his master, contrived to whisper in French, 'Sir, there are things here I don't quite fancy; there are several desperate-looking fellows in the stable, and, I am almost sure, the old goatherd, who directed us here, is one among them!'

Startled as he certainly was at this information, the young soldier contrived to preserve his presence of mind; he felt that if they really had fallen into a trap, escape by force was impossible, while a quiet though watchful demeanour was absolutely necessary. He therefore continued his repast, after a few rapid words in French to his follower, desiring him to keep the saddles on the horses, and to sleep with his eyes open.

It was by this time waxing late; the evil-looking man and the old woman had retired, after bidding him 'Good night,' and devoutly wishing that the saints might guard him. Then the young girl slowly withdrew, and Don Francesco, with a yawn, begged to be shown to his place of rest. His host, politely expressing a wish that he had better accommodation, led him up a rickety wooden stair into a long, dark room, the floor of which was partly covered by grain, while at the far end there was two low couches, one of which was already occupied by some one with a large Spanish cloak thrown over him. The host, putting his finger to his mouth as though to prevent talking, which might disturb the sleeper, pointed to the couch in the other corner; and no sooner had Don Francesco thrown his military cloak upon it than, with a whispered 'Good night,' the Spaniard instantly withdrew, carrying the lamp with him. As he descended the ladder staircase he drew a trap-door after him, and the young soldier was certain that he heard the noise as of a sliding bolt, to secure the door!

We have said before that Don Francesco was a brave man, still all these disagreeable incidents jarred very unpleasantly on his nerves. Instead of at once lying down to rest, he grasped his pistols, and drawing his sword, he groped his way to the end of the room by which he had entered. The darkness of the night had somewhat abated, so that with some difficulty he could still pilot himself through the heterogeneous articles that encumbered the floor, and by kneeling down he could detect an iron ring which raised the trap-door. To his surprise and relief, he found that it opened easily, while by listening closely he could hear the low murmuring of a voice in prayer. Encouraged by this, and deciding in his mind that, after all, they must be good, honest people, he groped his way back to the couch and lay down.

'My companion there sleeps soundly,' he said to himself; 'he would not do so if this were a den of robbers. I am a fool to be so suspicious.' Then wrapping his mantle about him, he soon fell into a light sleep. But his slumber was not of long continuance; he was suddenly startled by the creaking of a door. Quick as thought he rose to his feet, sword in hand, but for a moment or two he could see nothing. Then, in the dim darkness, he could perceive that a door which he had not observed before was slightly open, and a pale, yellow light, as though from a screened lamp, flickered into the apartment. He was about to rush forward and grapple with his murderer when, to his intense astonishment, a female figure stole into the room. It was the young girl whom he had seen in the chamber below.

'Stranger!' she whispered, in low tones, 'put up your arms and follow me. I would save your life! There is hardly a minute between you and murder!'

'Is it really so?' said the young man, gasping for breath.

'Haste,' said the girl, 'or you will be too late!'

But the brave soldier, even in that extremity of danger, could not reconcile himself to the thought of leaving a sleeping man to be murdered.

'Stay, maiden,' he said, 'let me rouse this man who lies here.'

But the girl wrung her hands.

'He needs not your care,' she said, weeping; then drawing the cloak off the recumbent figure, and holding down her lamp, she revealed to the horror-stricken soldier the ghastly countenance of one of the young Frenchmen he had been in search of!

As to what passed after this horrid disclosure, for some seconds, the young man could never give an account. What he first recollected was, standing at the head of a flight of stone steps descending into the courtyard, with the Spanish girl pointing to the wall that inclosed the court, while she whispered to him what road to take so as to reach Madrid. But a terrible interruption took place. A carbine was fired, apparently from the stable, the well-known voice of the poor faithful trooper was heard, then a deadly scuffle, and a low groan.

'Oh, fly!' said the girl, 'it is your only hope. But no! come here!' and she dragged him into a dark recess, just as footsteps were heard approaching.

'That dog of a trooper is done for,' said a voice, but he has wounded me sorely in the arm. Quick, however, the noise may have awakened his master, and, remember, he is well armed!'

The footsteps died away in the distance, and the trembling girl emerged again from the shadow.

'Go, now,' she said; 'and may God go with you. You are my country's enemy, but I cannot hate you. I would have saved your companion if I could. Farewell!'

Without another word she glided away, and the soldier, vaulting over the wall, ran with all speed from the accursed spot.

The young Italian was pursued as soon as his escape was detected; but he managed to elude the Spaniards during the night. In the early dawn, just at the moment when it seemed as though he must give up all hope, the distant sounds of a drum faintly struck his ear; he bent his head to the earth, and then heard distinctly enough that it was a French drummer beating the *reveille*. Soon he saw a little

village close before him, with a detachment of French troops mustering on its outskirts! With a shout of joy he ran on, and was presently safe among friends and comrades.

His tale of horror was soon told, and troops were sent off to search for the assassins. But they were too late—every inmate had left the farmhouse, all the horses had been removed, as also the bodies of the murdered men; the blood-sprinkled stable was the only evidence left of the horrors that had been enacted in this desolate mountain glen. B. M. K.

WELL CAUGHT.

(*Continued from p.* 351.)

DAVIS made no remark, nor could I discover what he thought this meant. When we had had supper together he proposed I should go to bed, as he had another journey in prospect on the morrow. For himself, he said, I must let him sleep on my sofa. Of course I could not object, and, feeling rather done up, I retired to bed, though I was too uneasy to sleep. About twelve o'clock Davis opened my door, and said, 'It's all right, Mr. Arnold. Mr. Austen has just come in. I know you are anxious about him. We shall find him in the morning.'

Immensely relieved, for I was much attached to Austen, I soon went to sleep, and slept till morning without interruption.

Before eight o'clock next morning we went up to Austen's room, and, according to instructions, I opened the door without knocking and entered. Austen was sitting before an untasted breakfast, looking as wretched as could well be imagined.

'You, Arnold!' he exclaimed, with evident relief. 'I am so glad to see you. I was afraid you were ——'

'In custody?' said Davis, advancing. 'He very nearly was, and he may be yet, if you don't speak out about it.'

Austen rose from his chair, trying to look unconcerned, though he was as white as a sheet.

'I haven't any time to waste,' went on Davis, sharply, 'so I must make quick work with you. Where has that scoundrel gone?'

Austen made no reply.

'I'll give you one more chance,' said Davis, sternly. 'Give me all the papers you have in your pockets, and let me find out myself.'

Austen turned paler than before, and glanced round at the fire his landlady had lighted with the kind intention of cheering him.

'Stand still, sir!' said Davis. 'If you move from where you are I shall take you into custody. Now make up your mind!'

Austen seemed to think resistance useless, for he took some papers and letters from his pocket and handed them to the officer. It took him only a minute to glance through them. Then he looked fixedly at Austen.

'I should be very sorry to have to proceed to extremities with you,' he said, 'but unless you give me your word that this is all you have you must come with me!'

Austen's hand shook as he took another sheet of paper and gave it up.

Davis opened it. It was a rough copy in Dawson's writing of the telegram he had received summoning him to his uncle.

'I suppose you know this might compromise you, said the detective, advancing a step. 'Now you had better answer my question. Has that rascal gone to Liverpool?'

'I believe so,' said Austen, slowly. 'It doesn't much matter what I say. I am ruined now!'

'Not a bit of it,' said Davis, changing his tone instantly to one of kindly sympathy. 'It was a great pity you let that scoundrel get you into his power; but you are rid of him now, and you'll be wiser for the future. It was hardly worth while to run the risk of sacrificing Mr. Arnold for him, was it?'

'I have been almost beside myself,' muttered Austen, looking at me.

'Now take my advice,' went on Davis, 'make a clean breast of it to Mr. Beauchamp. It will have to come out, and it would be better for him to hear it from you than from me.'

'Oh, I couldn't!' cried Austen; 'he is so— so——'

'*Kind*, Mr. Arnold will tell you!' Now, can I trust you to go to the office to-day and come back here, in case I want you? otherwise I should have to——' He paused.

'Indeed you may,' said Austen, eagerly, looking much relieved; 'and thank you.'

'You rascal, to try and get that young fellow into a scrape,' muttered the good-natured Davis, as he hurried downstairs, without allowing me time to speak to Austen. 'I shall drop upon *you* with the greatest pleasure in life, and soon too, as sure as my name is Davis!'

By this time I was too bewildered to do more than follow him, supposing that he saw his way to the end of the business, which I could not say I did.

Another hurried journey brought us to Liverpool, and my companion took his way without an instant's delay to the docks, where two fine steamers were making ready to start. As we reached the first, a man who was standing about doing nothing, after a glance at us, made a slight move in our direction.

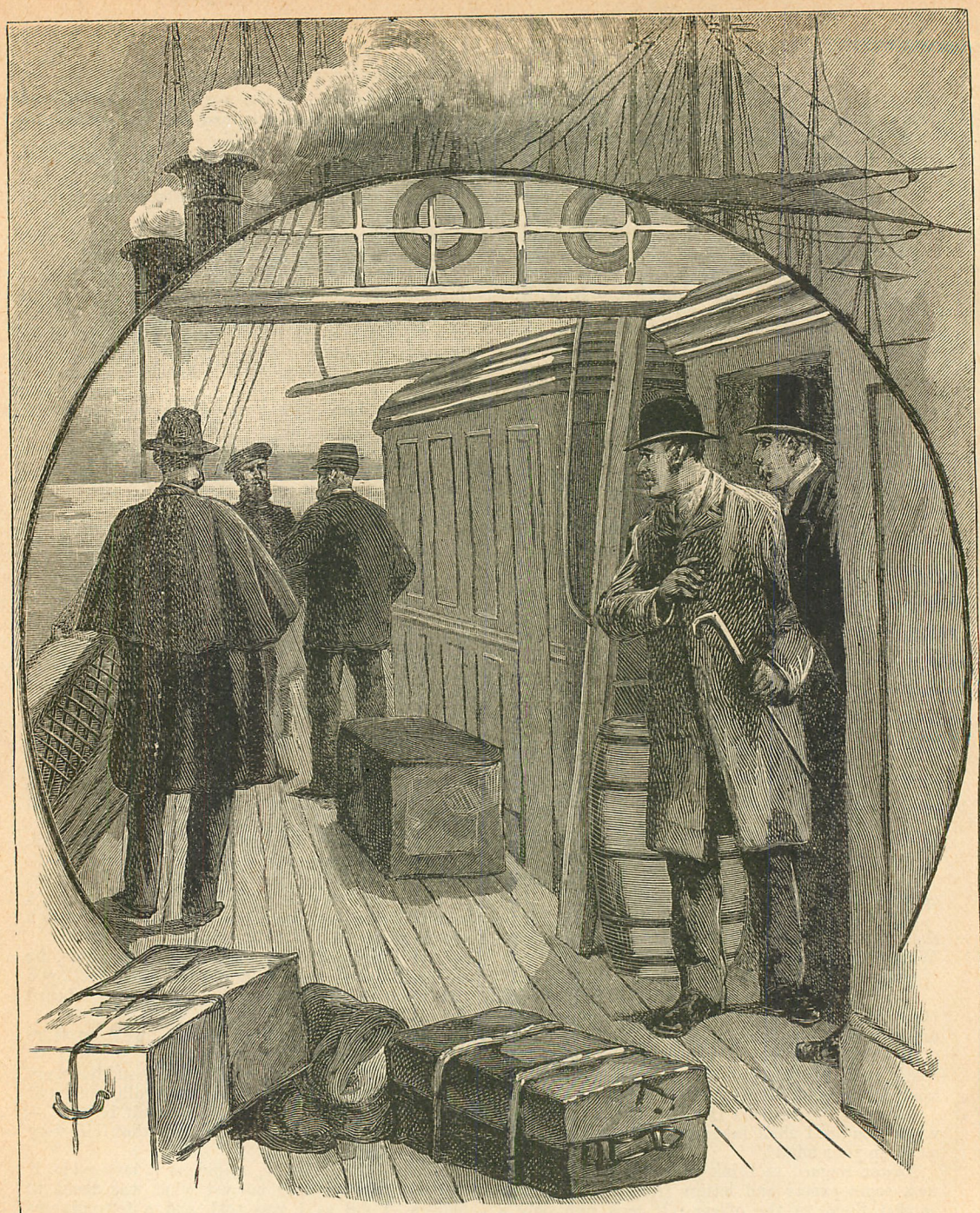
'I've a message for you from a friend of yours,' he said, as Davis looked at him. 'I was to tell you that the gentleman you wish to speak to is on board the *Sultan*.

'Ay, to be sure,' returned Davis; 'we'll go there then. You need not stay any longer.'

We pursued our way onwards, till suddenly my companion paused. 'Turn up the collar of your coat,' he said to me, 'and muffle yourself in that'—giving me a scarf; 'it won't do to let that fellow see you too soon.'

Much astonished—for, stupid as it may seem, it had not dawned upon me yet what was about to happen—I did as I was told, and a few minutes brought us in sight of the *Sultan*, which was crowded with passengers, and in all the hurry and bustle of a vessel getting ready for departure.

Lolling against the rails, dangling his white glove, and chatting amiably with the idlers who were standing there, stood one of the guardians of the peace. When he saw us approaching he strolled leisurely to meet us, and, just as he passed us, he



"Do you see any one you know."

dropped his glove. Stooping to pick it up, he said, without even looking in our direction,—

'On board, sir.'

'Keep close,' the detective said, apparently addressing me, and presently the man turned and came slowly back to his former position.

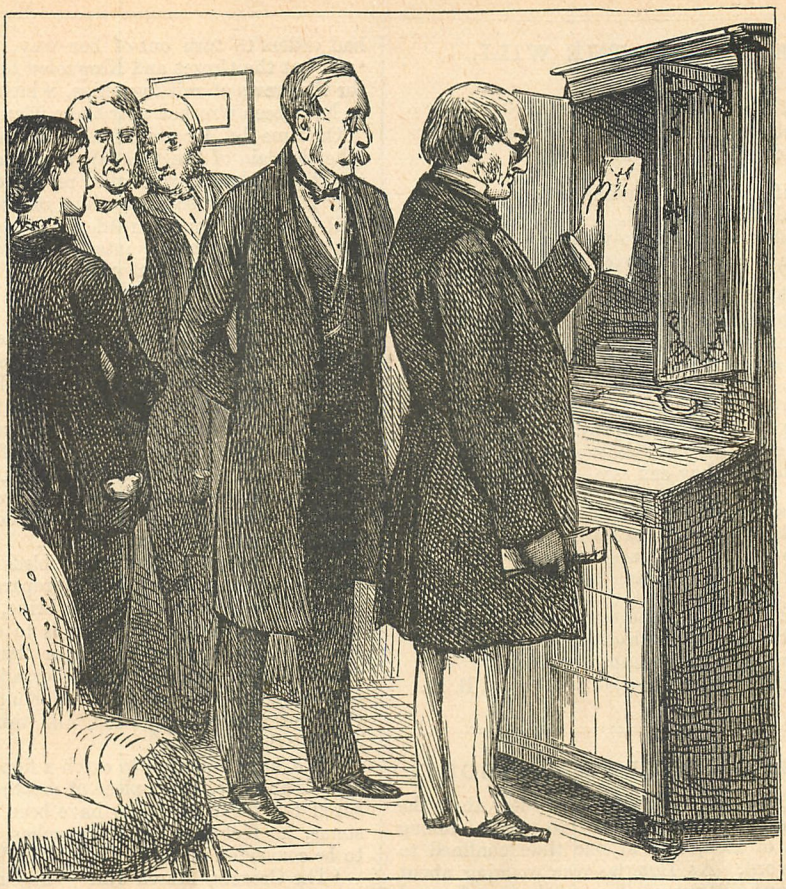
'Do you see any one you know?' asked Davis, as we stood for a moment at the entrance.

I looked in the direction he pointed.

'Why,' I exclaimed, hastily, 'it is Dawson!'

The detective looked at me with a kind of contemptuous amusement.

'To be sure it is! You wouldn't make much of a hand in our line, sir! Who on earth did you think we were after? I brought you here to identify him. Let us go on now.'



Looking for the Will.

Dawson was standing near the side of the vessel, scrutinising every one who came on board, and knowing me so well, it was probable he would have recognised me had not his attention been diverted at that moment by an observation addressed to him by Johnson, who was standing by his side.

Davis took no notice of either, but I saw Johnson lay his hand for a moment on the breast pocket of his coat, and a gleam of intelligence shot into my companion's eyes. Desiring me to remain where I was, the officer went forward and spoke to the captain, after which he walked across to Dawson and laid his hand on his shoulder.

'I must ask you to accompany me, Mr. Dawson. I am a detective officer, and I have to take you into custody on the charge of stealing a case of diamonds and other jewels from the person of Mr. Francis Arnold, in whose charge they were.'

Dawson staggered and turned deathly pale, then he exclaimed, 'What do you mean? My name is Vincent, and I am going to New York on business.'

'Quite so!' returned the detective, 'but I'm afraid you must come back with me first. None of that, sir!' for Dawson struggled to get away. 'Johnson!'

In an instant Johnson seized his arms, and tripping him up, laid him flat on the deck. Dawson continued to struggle for a few minutes, but perceiving the uselessness of it, subsided into quiescence. Just at that moment he caught sight of me, and such a look of intense hatred came over his face that it flashed across my mind that he was up to some mischief.

'All right!' he said, quietly, speaking in a half-choked voice, 'I'll give in. Let me get up; you are choking me.'

Johnson pulled him up, whereupon Dawson began to shiver so violently that he could not stand without support. So well did he act that even Davis was deceived, and, assisting him to a seat in the middle of the deck, allowed him to lean back to recover himself. Of course, by this time the people on deck knew something was up, and a good many eyes were turned upon us.

'Arnold,' said Dawson, presently, looking at me, 'I suppose this is your doing. No doubt you will enjoy my ruin, and to add to your delight you shall have the glory of taking your precious case back if—' a fierce look of malice and spite came over his face—'if you can get it.'

He put his hand into his coat as he spoke, started up suddenly, and before either of the police could interfere, with all the strength he possessed he hurled the packet over my head. The bystanders gasped, every one thinking the parcel, whatever it contained, was lost for ever in the waves beneath.

(*Continued at page* 350.)

LOOKING FOR THE WILL.

THE funeral is over now,
The dead man laid away,
The noble mansion where he reigned
Is masterless to-day.

Nor wife, nor child, had he to weep
Beside his dying bed,
An orphan niece the only one
Who loved the unloving dead.

For cold and stern of heart was he,
He hated one and all,
The cottagers outside his gate,
The servants in his hall.

But now, far-off relations come
Like vultures to the prey.
'How goes the will? how goes the will?'
Is all that they can say.

How sad is an unloving heart
In this poor earth of ours,
Where many are the cruel thorns,
And few the pleasant flowers!

Oh, better far to spend our wealth
In cheering up the sad,
In changing tears to happy smiles,
And bidding all be glad! B. M.

MIND WHOM YOU TALK ABOUT.

IT seems, from the following anecdote, that the vice of profane swearing, now too general among all conditions of men, was at one time confined to men of the sword. As Douglas was roaming about the mountainous district of Tweeddale, he chanced to hear some persons in a farmhouse say, 'the devil.' Concluding, from this expression, that the house contained warlike guests, he at once assailed it, and made a valuable capture. Among those in the house were Thomas Randolph, afterwards the famous Earl of Murray, and Alexander Stuart. Both these lords were favourers of the English king, and had gone into Scotland for the purpose of driving out Douglas. Afterwards, however, they ranked themselves among Bruce's most devoted friends. O.

MY LETTER FROM SEA.

IN December, 1879, when good folk at home were spending a happy Christmas together, Her Majesty's Ship *Comus* started from England for China, bearing away many dear ones from their families—causing many a vacant chair at the Christmas dinner-table, and bringing tears of sorrow to many eyes as the 'Christmas toast' was given, in faltering tones, 'Our dear ones at sea—God bless and keep them!'

After leaving the Cape of Good Hope the *Comus* had orders to turn out of her way, as it were, and 'call' at the Crozet and Kerguelen Islands, to search for the crews of missing ships, which were supposed to have been wrecked near these islands.

On June 1st I received a letter from my brother (the chaplain of the *Comus*), it contains an account of these islands, and the result of the search; and I will copy some portions of the letter, which will interest young readers. 'My letter from sea' was written at intervals after the manner of a diary. The first part I will copy is dated March 1st.

'March 1st, 1880.—We have now been nine days from the Cape, and hope to get to the Crozet Islands in about forty-eight hours. The latitudes we are now in (40°) are subject to the dreadful westerly gales known as the "Roaring Forties;" in fact, these gales *usually* blow in these parts, causing a mountainous sea. I am thankful to say we are most fortunate in our weather at present; I quite dreaded this trip, and we are by no means "out of the wood" yet; but we trust that the same good Providence will continue to carry us on without harm and danger. I fear we are too late in the season to find either birds eggs or seals at the Crozet Islands, but great preparations are being made to preserve their skins in brine, &c. The most effectual way of seal catching is to enter the large caves, where sometimes four or five hundred seals may be found congregated together, and the "murder" begins by knocking the poor unfortunate creatures on the head with a heavy stick, and this cruel sport is called "Seal *Fishing*."

'We have managed to catch a fine albatross with a hook and line, and a piece of meat; his wings measured ten feet; his bones have been made into pipe-stems, his feet into tobacco-pouches, and his skull is to be converted into an "ink-bottle.'

'The Crozets, March 4th.—The Crozet group consists of five islands, known by the names of Hog, Penguin, Possession, East, and the Twelve Apostles. Of the latter I give a rough sketch, showing the "warm reception" a ship may expect if she runs into them in a fog.' (This rough pen and ink sketch I have copied and enlarged, also another sketch of rocks in Kenguelen's Land.) 'The largest of the Apostles is covered with a kind of swampy grass and peat, and the penguins and albatrosses lay their eggs everywhere about. We are now anchored under Hog Island, waiting for a gale to blow itself out. We have landed stores and provisions ashore for shipwrecked persons, should any be so unlucky as to be cast away here. There are no signs of inhabitants to be found; we have fired guns and taken every means of attracting attention. It is a strange sensation to set foot where the fear of man is not felt or known by birds; the albatrosses do not move off their nests, they only look at us with their beautiful eyes, and make a guttural noise with their throats, which sounds like "wow, wow." The penguins stalk about in troops, looking something like a girls' school; and they peck at our legs as we walk along. Our large black dog was much perplexed by them, and fought shy of them. Rabbits sit quietly on their hind legs outside their burrows, evidently wondering who we are and what we want, and they only disappear into their holes if we actually try to touch

them. Sea elephants and seals lie on the beach and in the caves, and only move when pushed with a stick. Last, but not least, we are surrounded by huge whales which come to the surface to spout and roll about with their backs out of the water. It is too rough to land this morning, but we are firing off our big guns for practice, and trying to hit a great sea elephant about 25 feet long, lying in a cave half a mile off. If the *Strathmores* had been wrecked on Hog Island instead of the Apostles, they would have had food in plenty.' (Also, *I* should say, very unpleasant companions.) 'It is very cold here, although it is summer time, the temperature is 40° to 45°. What must their winter time be like? We have only to thank the Gulf Stream that our English climate is not as cold as these latitudes.'

'March 8th.—Still at the Crozets, having been obliged to wait through gales and fogs. To-day we are anchored at Possession Island, the largest of the group. It is much like Hog Island, except that rabbits and birds are not so plentiful. I have been for a walk ashore, in bog and swamp up to my knees; I found some albatrosses' eggs, but they were addled, and I was obliged to throw them away.

'Sea elephants are most extraordinary creatures, like large seals; they can neither run nor walk, and they snarl and roar at us when we go near and rouse them up with a stick. A large one yields 200 gallons of oil (used for lighthouses), and a large whale yields 2000 gallons. The whalers put about four sea elephants all at once into a big boiler, and boil them down into oil.

'We have built two houses, and landed provisions, cooking utensils, fish-hooks, &c., enough for 50 men for 100 days,—a notice states "For shipwrecked persons only." The cold here in winter is so intense that when our guide was last at East Island two of his shipmates had their feet frost-bitten, and he had to cut them off as they became rotten! Both these men are alive,—one of them is in Germany, and has cork feet.'

'March 9th.—We are now on our way to Kerguelen's Land, not having found any human beings at the Crozets. A gentleman was so sanguine we *should* find the crew of the *Knowsley Hall* shipwrecked there, that he sent a suit of clothes for his brother, who was one of those on board. I fear he and many others will be greatly disappointed.'

'March 11th.—You will never guess what I have had for dinner to-day! Roast snowdrops and boiled sea elephant's tongue! The latter is quite a delicacy —much better than bullock's tongue (also much *larger*, being as much as a man can carry!) "Snowdrops" are pretty little white pigeons which abound here. To-morrow we are going to have another "dainty dish" (I cannot say dainty *morsel*), viz. elephant's trunk! The blue jackets are eating his nostrils, but we do not fancy these in the ward room.'

'March 15th.—We are now anchored in Christmas Harbour, Kerguelen's Land—so called because the *Challenger* spent Christmas Day here in 1874. I send you a sketch of a rock here, which I think ought to be called Marble Arch Rock. The voyage from the Crozets was without adventure, or *mis*adventure, though we had rather a narrow escape, for which we ought to be very thankful. In the middle of a dark night the officer of the watch heard a great *crunching* sound, and felt a shock; he ran to the side, and saw large pieces of ice floating by. We had struck a small iceberg, or fragment of one. Thank God it was rotten, and our steel ram broke it at once. We also passed ice the next night.

'I must tell you that the Kerguelen cabbage is very celebrated; it is antiscorbutic; when raw it tastes like mustard-and-cress, and the root is an excellent substitute for horse-radish. It is rather bitter when cooked. I inclose some seeds, which you can try to grow; they require plenty of water, as their "native soil" is a *swamp*.'

'March 20th.—Still at Kerguelen's Land. No human beings anywhere. Captain Cook called this place "Desolation Island," and he was about right; it is "desolate" indeed. A stillness pervades the scene which may almost be *felt*. The shores are strewn with immense jaw-bones and rib-bones of whales, but the whale fishery seems now to be abandoned.

'We have visited all the sites of the Observatories built by the "Transit of Venus" party in 1874. They turned off a few couples of rabbits at one place, and the result is that the place now swarms with them; a "digging and shooting" party of ours have had fine sport to-day.

'We found several graves of sailors who were drowned whaling; neat inscriptions are on the gravestones; Captain East is having some of them restored and repainted.

'Our greatest surprise and cause of thankfulness at Kerguelen's Land is the weather, which has agreeably disappointed us; all previous accounts agree in representing it as most severe and dangerous. Captain Fairfax, in command of the Venus Expedition, says that "it blows a terrific gale for a fortnight, and then there is a lull, during which it blows a double-reefed topsail breeze for a week, then the gale begins again." And Sir James Ross, in 1850, says "that the ships at anchor were blown over on their beam-ends, and that he often was obliged to lie down flat on his face ashore to prevent being blown into the sea."'

'March 30th.—St. Paul's Island to Batavia. We found a French fishing barque from Bourbon at St. Paul's with forty men on board. St. Paul's is a noted place for fishing. We exploded a torpedo, and thus killed about 100 large fish, and innumerable small ones. One of our officers shot four wild goats, which will give us a change of diet for a few days; we were getting tired of rabbits. A few days ago we caught a large black albatross, rather a rare bird.'

'April 18th.—Arrived at Batavia, the capital of Java; hope to reach Singapore in a week or ten days, and will post this letter there.'

'Posted at Singapore, April 28th. Just off to Hong Kong; will write on arrival.'

Thus ends 'My letter from sea,'—truly a lengthy dispatch, and, I hope my young readers will say, an interesting one also, and that if hitherto they have not known the names or situations of the 'Crozets' or Kerguelen's Land, they will now feel anxious to find out on their maps or globes the whereabouts of those lonely and desolate islands so lately visited by H.M.S. *Comus*.

A. C. WHEELEY.



My Letter from Sea.



A Narrow Escape.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

—o—

THE following story was told to me a few years ago in Canada by an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose friend, I believe, personally witnessed the incident.

Some Indian hunters were paddling in their little bark canoes across one of the large Canadian lakes. As they were threading their way between the islands, with which the lake was studded, they noticed some animal swimming in the water some distance ahead. Paddling with all speed, they soon came near enough to the object to perceive that it was a stag, crossing, as they are wont to do, from one island to another. The animal, as soon as he noticed that he was being pursued, made frantic efforts to increase his speed. The Indians, however, found little difficulty in keeping pace with him, but refrained from killing him till he was near the shore lest he should sink and be lost. As they followed him towards the shore, which was still some distance off, it suddenly occurred to a young Indian in the foremost canoe that he might enjoy a little amusement at the stag's expense; so, quick as thought, he caught up a cord that lay beside him, formed it into a noose, threw it over the stag's horns, and attached the other end to his canoe, thus compelling the creature to draw his canoe and himself through the water. His intention was to dispatch the animal with his gun or his axe as soon as he got sufficiently near the shore. Great was the merriment excited in the party as the stag laboured on with the canoe and its occupant in tow. But a sudden surprise was in store for them. The water became shallow, and the stag gained a footing sooner than the Indian had calculated. No sooner did the animal feel firm ground beneath his feet, than, with two or three frantic bounds, he sprang forward, taking the canoe and the Indian with him, and before the rest could realise the situation, he reached the shore. Here, in an instant, the man was precipitated on the stones, and the canoe dashed into a thousand pieces, and the stag made his way off triumphantly into the depths of the forest. The young hunter was not killed, but he was so bruised and battered that it was some months before he was able to resume his usual occupations.

J. H. K.

THE DANGER OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

ON one occasion, very many years ago, a gentleman in a good position of life, and residing near London, died, leaving all his property to his only child, a young lady of eighteen, at the same time appointing his brother her guardian. The will also directed that should the young heiress die unmarried, all the property was to go to the uncle. Several of the relatives (probably disappointed themselves with the disposition of the property) threw out hints that the two should not live in the same house, their several interests being incompatible; but, however that might be, the uncle removed his young niece to his own residence near Epping Forest. Shortly after this a young gentleman paid his addresses to the young lady; she was disposed to accept of them, but her guardian offered a very stern opposition to the contemplated marriage, and it soon became known that some unfriendliness between uncle and niece had been the result of his interference. One day they were seen walking together in the forest; but only the uncle returned home, declaring with some agitation that his niece had strolled away from him, and he did not know in the least what had become of her.

The young lady, not returning, suspicions were aroused, and the uncle was taken into custody on the charge of having made away with her. Then a woman came forward, and swore that, on the day when the young lady was lost, she had been passing through the forest, and had heard a girlish voice earnestly expostulating with a man, and, upon drawing nearer to the spot, she had distinctly heard these words, 'Don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me!' Being greatly terrified, she hurried away from the scene, and immediately afterwards she had heard the report of firearms. On this evidence the uncle was tried, convicted of murder, and, in accordance with the cruel fashion of the times, was immediately afterwards executed.

About a fortnight after the execution the young lady reappeared, and, strange to say, all the evidence given on the trial proved to have been strictly true. It seems that she had resolved to elope with her lover, and on the day when she had walked in the forest with her uncle, the young man was actually waiting for her, with horses ready saddled for them both. While walking with her uncle he had reproached her for wishing to marry a man of whom he disapproved, when she passionately exclaimed, 'It would kill me to part with him. Do not kill me, uncle!' Just as she had pronounced these words she heard a gun fired, and saw a man among the trees pick up a wood-pigeon which he had shot. Despairing of being able to influence her uncle, she had contrived to slip away from him, reached the place where she and her lover had agreed to meet, and they mounted and rode away. They were married the same day, and then went on a tour through France. In those days newspapers were scarce, postal communication was often irregular, and they never heard of the uncle's sad fate until their return to England.

Cases of this description led to a determination, on the part of the authorities, not to permit of the extreme penalty of the law to be carried out in any case in which the body was not forthcoming, and we must all admit that the determination was a wise and necessary one.

B. M. K.

A VOYAGE THROUGH VOLCANIC SEAS.

NO doubt you have seen pictures of volcanoes, and as I once came upon a number of *Chatterbox* in an hotel in Batavia, round about which city these

burning mountains abound, some of my readers may perhaps turn over these pages when in sight of an active volcano.

Notwithstanding a feeling of danger when looking at an irruption from some distance, you feel comparatively safe when you recollect that the flames and lava have been rising, and falling back again into the crater, for years. It is the sudden outbursts from new openings or from mountains that have remained quiet for perhaps a hundred years which are so alarming; but the most startling irruptions are those which burst suddenly from the bottom of the ocean, and are called submarine explosions. To be in the neighbourhood where these take place is trying to a person of the strongest nerves and stoutest courage.

I had once to make a voyage from Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra, to San Francisco, on the west coast of America. You can easily find these places on the map, and will see that we had to pass through a part of the world studded with burning mountains, one of which, called Krakatoa, 2700 feet high, was blown to pieces some three years since. We had passed this island, called in at Batavia, and spread our sails before a gentle breeze which wafted us slowly past the numerous islands and coral reefs that form Oceana.

Two days had gone and everything seemed to promise a successful voyage. Both day and night every one kept his arms about him, as the natives of these islands were, at that time, not to be trusted, being, as many of them still remain, cannibals. Frequently as we sailed past some beautiful island, looking fit for a paradise, we could notice the savages running along the beach towards their war-canoes, in which they remained in hopes that our ship would strike on one or other of the reefs or rocks that lie just beneath the water in these narrow seas. Had such a mishap occurred, they could then have attacked us with advantage, and would most certainly have killed and eaten us; but the sight of our brass cannon made them keep their distance, so they watched us until we lost sight of each other. Once, and only once, did two canoes venture out, each with at least two hundred men in them, all armed with spears and clubs; they came after us with loud yells and such determination that, though averse to shedding blood, our captain was obliged to show them what they might expect unless they turned back. First we fired over them, the ball striking water between their canoes and the land, throwing up a column of water that glistened for a minute or two in the sunlight like a pillar of crystal; but thinking, I presume, that we could not aim straight, they yelled more loudly and plied their paddles with increased energy. It was therefore necessary to undeceive them, so bringing the ship broadside towards them, we fired one gun at the nearest canoe, tearing out her bottom, wounding many and killing others outright. This at once stopped them, as the canoe rapidly sank, and the other canoe had enough to do to save the struggling savages from the sharks. With a terrible yell of defiance and rage, they gave up the chase, turning towards the shore, while we resumed our journey, thankful that we had beaten off our assailants, but at the same time regretting the sacrifice of human life. Fortunately we were clear of that island before sunset, as we had now reached a part of the sea which had not been surveyed, and we could not cross in the dark with safety. We had to anchor for the night near a small island which was simply a mass of active volcanic craters.

We had to go close to the land, as a mile away the water would have been too deep for our anchor to reach the bottom, and as the flames illuminated the sea for many miles round, there was no fear of the savages surprising us should they think of following the vessel, which they were not likely to do after the severe punishment they had received.

The ship being anchored and sails furled, a boat was lowered and we pulled on shore, knowing the island to be uninhabited. We soon reached the beach, which, though formed of coral, was thickly strewn with sulphur, across which we wended our way to the nearest crater. It was an interesting though exciting walk, for the ground shook and trembled beneath us the whole distance, and on reaching the foot of the hill forming the crater it took us some time ere we could find a firm means of ascent, and we had to be cautious of our footsteps, as, every now and again, crevices filled with hot sand had to be jumped; but on getting to the top of the edge we were well rewarded for our risk and trouble by the splendid sight.

We had, of course, taken a stand with our back to the wind; otherwise, the sulphurous smoke which was constantly thrown up from the crater would not only have prevented us seeing anything of the bottom, but might have choked us. On our right we could count seven other craters all in full operation, the largest being dome-shaped, down the sides of which streams of molten lava ran into a valley leading to the sea. As the boiling mass of stone entered the water a huge column of steam rose up, the reflection of the flames on which brought out colours like a rainbow. The burning pit, upon the edge of which we stood, had at the bottom a bubbling mass of white-hot stone, which surged and rose, sometimes so high that we had to step back to escape the heat, which was tremendous. Every now and again a shower of rocks and stones would shoot up into the air, falling back again with a clattering noise which I cannot describe; then a thick cloud of sulphur would be blown up like the short puffs of smoke from the funnel of a steam-engine, to fall far out to sea in a shower of dust. To our left the ship at anchor was brilliantly illuminated, every rope and spar being distinctly visible, while, far out to sea beyond, the water gave back the reflection of the constant succession of flashes from the island's natural chimneys. We remained till nearly midnight visiting other craters, then we returned on board, but few slept, as the sight was not only so novel, but the incessant and loud reports made sleep almost impossible, while, now and again, at a more vigorous outburst of fire, the anchor chain would vibrate and send a thrill throughout the vessel, making everything shake as if in an earthquake.

(*Concluded at page* 354.)



ON THE ROAD TO ABYSSINIA.

ABYSSINIA is a large tract of highlands in the east of Africa lying south of Egypt. The country consists of high table lands intersected by deep ravines formed by the rivers, and steep sandstone terraces. The inhabitants belong mostly to the Shemitic race, resembling the Arabs both in physical characteristics and in the structure of their language. They are a fine-looking people, their colour being brown of various shades. The only negroes in Abyssinia are slaves who have been brought into the country.

The Abyssinians are Coptic Christians, their visible head, or 'Abuna,' being ordained by the Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria; their religion, however, is of a corrupt form. Many of the inhabitants are Mohammedans, and there are also many Jews. The Abyssinians export ivory, gold, cattle, musk, coffee, and honey. As they have neither good roads nor navigable rivers their produce is carried on the backs of mules and asses.

In 1868 England sent troops against Abyssinia under command of Sir Robert Napier, in order to compel King Theodore to release certain English missionaries whom he had imprisoned and treated with the utmost severity. After many sharp engagements Theodore's troops were completely routed and Magdala was taken, when King Theodore, finding his position hopeless, and having resolved never to be taken captive, put an end to his own existence. His young son, a mere boy at the time, was brought to England to be civilised and educated, but the cold and fogs of England proved too severe for him, and his life was but a short one. M. K.

THE ESCAPE FROM PLATÆA.

DURING the long war between the Athenians and the Peloponnesians, the little town of Platæa was closely besieged by the forces of the latter. Finding that sooner or later they would be obliged to surrender, and having but little hope of mercy from the enemy, a plan of escape was formed. The historian Thucydides has left us very full details of this, one of the most daring exploits recorded in ancient history.

The plan proposed was at first accepted by all the soldiers; but afterwards one half drew back. What the plan was, and how it succeeded, will now be seen.

Their town had been encircled by the Peloponnesians with a double line of walls—one to resist an attack from the town, another to keep off any help from Athens. Within these walls the besiegers had their quarters, which were roofed over, so that it had the appearance of one broad wall. On this wall there were placed, at short distances, towers, within which the guard sheltered themselves on stormy nights.

To scale these walls the Platæans made ladders, the proper length of which they found by counting the number of bricks in the wall.

They chose for the enterprise a very stormy night, and crossed their own ditch unseen by the enemy. All were lightly armed, and had one foot bare as a security against slipping. They came up to the wall just between two of the towers, and a number of them mounted unobserved. Then one of their men dislodged a tile, and immediately the alarm was raised.

At this moment the Platæans who had remained in the city made a sortie in the opposite



direction, and so drew off a part of the enemy. In the meantime the escaping party had occupied two of the towers, putting the sentinels to the sword. From these points they kept the Peloponnesians at bay, whilst their friends went on mounting the wall between. As each man crossed, he took his stand at the edge of the ditch, and plied with darts the enemy on the wall. When all had crossed, the men from the towers descended also. There was then the ditch to cross, the water in which was frozen, but not strong enough to bear. The rain had swollen the water, so that it reached to their necks; but it was chiefly owing to this storm that their plan succeeded.

Starting from the ditch, they went off in the direction, at first, of the enemy's country. This plan put the pursuers off their track, so that the party presently turned aside to the hills, and thence escaped to Athens.

About two hundred and twenty men joined in this enterprise, and of these all but eight came safely to Athens. Of these some turned back on the discovery, and one bowman was captured at the ditch.

When, after a tedious blockade, the city at last surrendered, the brave defenders were slain, the women sold as slaves, and the city razed to the ground.

A. R. B.

A REPENTANT SON.

TELL me, oh, tell me, just at once,
Does she yet live, my mother dear?
Your telegram alarmed my heart,
Oh, had she died, and I not here!

Alas! 'tis many a year ago
Since I in anger turned away,
And left my home. I yet can see
The sadness of her face that day!

I was a rude, rebellious boy,
Her gentle guidance could not bear,
Mocked at her mild and loving words,
And wandered from her tender care.

But ah, when in a foreign land
Where every face seemed strange and cold,
How often did I weep, and long
For her, my tenderest friend of old!

But God is good; you say she lives,
That she'll receive her wandering boy!
Oh, surely in the years to come
'Twill be my earnest wish and joy

To give to that beloved one
Heartfelt respect and filial care!
And that Our Father up in Heaven
May bless her always is my prayer.

B. M.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

38.—Nursury Rhyme.

Slumber, sweet infant, in thy airy nest,
While gentle breezes rock thee to thy rest;
Let not thy weeping shake thy frail abode,
Lest to the earth be hurled thy light couch and its load.

[*Answer at page* 410.]

Answers to Puzzlers for Wise Heads.

34.—Sylla.

1. Socrates. 2. York. 3. Louis. 4. Latimer. 5. Arthur.

35.—Piano-Forte.

1. P e l F.
2. I a g O.
3. A rche R.
4. N i g h T.
5. O rang E.

36.—In disconnected words.

RACER. FLY. IN
GLE. TO. TAR. YO
U. BOX. PLANE. D
RUG. TO. JOY. ME
N. PURSE. EVER.
YOU. BONE. ASH
ES. KIN. NOT. QU
ITS. OWN. EZRA.
COFFEE. INK. L
AW. OVER. SLUT.

37.—Jack and Jill went up the hill, &c.

Answer to Scene from History.

VIII.—Joan of Arc before Charles VI. of France and his Court.

AN AMUSING ANSWER.

THE poet Whittier was once present at a school examination, and tried to help one of the children in answering a question in geography. He was dressed in a warm, comfortable-looking ulster, and the dear old man smiled encouragingly at the children. At last it came to the turn of a bright-looking girl.

'What are the provinces of Ireland?' asked the teacher.

'Oh,' said the child, 'Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and—and—'

Here she stuck, put her chubby fingers into her mouth, and sought for the fourth name in her toes, the corner of her apron, the ceiling, and the poet's face. The old Quaker poet smiled. The child's face brightened. He patted his coat significantly; she looked at him inquiringly. He nodded, and she burst out with—

'Oh, Miss Simmons, I know now! They are Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and Overcoat' (Ulster)!

WELL CAUGHT.

(*Continued from page* 341.)

BUT not for nothing had I trained eye and hand in the cricket-field. More than once in my school days I had been hoisted on the shoulders of my companions and carried round the ground in triumph after a catch that had saved the honour of our school. Only a few weeks back, the crowd of spectators at one of the crack matches of the season, had shouted 'Well caught, Arnold! well caught!' And never had so much been at stake as now.

The instant Dawson put his hand into his pocket some instinct told me what he meant to do, and before the packet left his hand I ran back. Fortunately for me, as the men were standing on either side of him, he was compelled to throw it forward, and this gave me a longer space for the chance. As I reached the edge of the vessel I gave a desperate spring and caught the packet as it whizzed through the air.

A tremendous shout of 'Well caught, sir!' rang in my ears, mingled the next instant with a sharp cry of 'Man overboard!' for, unable to stop myself or to recover my balance after making a frantic clutch at a rope, I went headlong into the water. When, gasping and choking, I rose to the surface, a young sailor was close to me.

'All right, sir!' he said, cheerily, 'here you are!' and seizing me by the arm he dragged me to the side of the boat, where half-a-dozen brawny arms were extended to help me.

'Well caught, sir!' said Davis, as I handed him the packet; 'what a mean thing to do, to be sure! The next thing to be done is to get to an hotel at once, that you may get dry.'

Dawson, handcuffed and carefully guarded by the sharp young man, accompanied us in surly silence. Not one word did he speak till Davis stopped at an hotel to leave me before depositing his prisoner in a place of safety for the night.

Then he turned to me, and, as if he could not, even now, resist a feeling of triumph at the cunning that had so nearly been successful, said, 'Arnold, my dear fellow, *have a cigar?*'

I saw Davis laugh at my face of amazement, and he laughed still more when he joined me an hour later.

'I really don't believe that you know how the trick was done now,' he said. 'I shall have to explain matters. Every step was clear enough to me. To begin with, Dawson is in difficulties, and it was only a question of a few days more or less with him; so he seized this opportunity of venturing all on one throw. The telegram was merely a *ruse*, sent by some acquaintance of your friend Austen, which is where *he* put his foot into it. He must be a good deal involved with Dawson, or he wouldn't have agreed to such a piece of rascality, but I was afraid it was worse when I found they were both absent yesterday. I expect Dawson simply intended to follow you, and take his chance of robbing you, but Mr. Henry Beauchamp's delay, which he saw would oblige you to keep the packet during the night, suggested to him the possibility of getting the case

out of the packet, and throwing the suspicion upon you. When he had cleverly contrived to get the seal the rest was easy.'

'But surely he wasn't the man with the black beard?'

'He was. Have you the slightest idea what did for you that night?'

'Not in the least now,' I said.

Davis laughed. 'To think how stupid people are out of their own line! Didn't it strike you as being peculiar that you should sleep so heavily after that cigar your friend so kindly gave you?'

'You don't mean——' I exclaimed, starting to my feet.

'I do,' returned Davis. 'The cigar was "arranged" for the purpose. It was very fortunate you did not finish it, or you would probably have slept a great deal longer, perhaps for ever, though even Dawson could hardly have intended that. Then he bamboozled the maid-servant by changing his disguise and personating you; but for the lucky accident of his cutting his hand in opening the seals, that might have been a bother. As it was, I soon had the matter clear in my mind.'

'Did you suspect me at all?' I inquired.

'To tell the truth, I am always doubtful of every one, to begin with, but I made up my mind pretty well as soon as I heard your account. If you had told me about Dawson borrowing the seal I should have known all about it. You thought I suspected you when I made such a fuss about your manner, but in reality I knew you had had something to make you sleep like that, and I could not be quite certain what you might have done without knowing it. We can't help being disagreeable sometimes, but you must forgive me now it is over.'

'On the contrary, you were very kind,' I said, warmly, 'though I certainly thought at first you were going to ruin me.'

'What you said about the seals made me sure you were all right. The slightest shuffle about those impressions would have turned my suspicions on you, and wasted ever so much important time.'

'Well,' I said, after meditating over his words, 'two things I am sure of. I will never speak to a stranger again when I have valuables in my charge, and never, never smoke any one else's cigars.'

'A very wise resolve, Mr. Arnold,' said Davis, laughing, as he wished me good-night.

At one o'clock next day I entered the bank after my hurried journeys, feeling rather as if the whole thing was a dream, till I caught sight of poor Austen's face. The other men were just returning from lunch, and the passage was full, and before I had time to speak to Austen they crowded round me, giving me a perfect ovation—the loss of poor Dawson, who was very unpopular, not weighing much on their minds. I tried to speak, but was unheard in the cry of 'Well caught, Arnold, well caught!' and even Mr. Hanley smiled benignly and forbore to grumble at the hubbub.

'I think I deserve a little praise, too,' said a voice behind me, and I perceived Davis looking on.

'Well caught, sir! well caught!' laughed the men, and then there was a sudden lull of voices as Mr. Beauchamp came in.

'You are congratulating Mr. Arnold?' he said, 'then I hope he will allow me to congratulate him also. *Not* on his wonderful quickness, though to that I am greatly indebted, but on the upright, consistent conduct of his previous life, which raised him, in the eyes of all who knew him, far above all reach of suspicion.'

So saying, Mr. Beauchamp shook hands with me, and, not waiting to hear my thanks, nodded to the rest and went upstairs.

'Well done, Arnold,' murmured the others as they dispersed; and, deeply gratified, I went to my desk.

Later in the day I was summoned to Mr. Beauchamp's room, when he expressed his regrets that his brother's carelessness should have led to such very disagreeable results, and after saying how grieved he was that any of his men should have turned out so badly, went on to ask me if I would like to be promoted to Dawson's vacant post. Like it!—not much fear on that score, though I was far from seeing that I deserved it.

'Then that is settled,' said Mr. Beauchamp, smiling at my delight; 'and I hope, Mr. Arnold, that you will go many more and much pleasanter expeditions for us in the future.'

Then I thought of poor Austen, and ventured to tell Mr. Beauchamp what distress he was in.

'Ah! Davis told me something about him,' was the reply. 'Shall I have him up and put him out of his misery? I hope it is not a bad business with him, poor fellow; I should not like him to get into trouble.'

He sent a summons for Austen, but some time passed, and I was beginning to think he was afraid to come, when he appeared looking the picture of misery, and evidently expecting to be dismissed.

'Come in, Austen,' said Mr. Beauchamp, kindly. 'Arnold tells me you are in trouble about this business, and have something you ought to say to me. Will you let me hear what it is, and perhaps I may be able to help you?'

Quite upset by so very different a reception to what he anticipated, Austen stammered a few inaudible words.

'Then, Arnold, you had better go down and leave Austen to have a talk with me. Mr. Hanley will be glad to get you back; he was quite in despair yesterday, with so many away.'

I wished him good afternoon and left the room, hearing him say, as I closed the door, 'Now, Austen, come and tell me all about it.'

What Mr. Beauchamp said in that interview Austen never told any one, only for the future he and I vied with each other in our affection for the head of our house. For many years worthy Mrs. Jones used to repeat the tale of Mr. Davis's wonderful skill in discovering a mystery, and now and then, as I pass along, she points me out as the manager of the Arlingham bank and as 'the gentleman who caught something wonderful.' Certainly no applause was ever more grateful to my ears than the shout which on that memorable occasion rang from the deck of the *Sultan*—

'Well caught, sir! Well caught!'

E. A. Bennett.



"Well caught, Sir!"



A good-natured Bear.

A GOOD-NATURED BEAR.

LEOPOLD, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear called Marco, which was kept in a hut or barn. A Savoyard boy perishing with cold one day entered the hut. The bear, instead of injuring him, took him in his paws and warmed him by pressing him to his breast. This friendship increased, and the boy went in and out and was always received by Marco with affection, reserving for him a portion of his food. One night the servant brought Marco's supper rather later than usual, and was astonished to see him roll his eyes furiously lest the boy should be disturbed, being asleep in his arms. For one or two nights this was watched and the same thing continued. The boy awaking and finding himself watched, was afraid of being punished for his temerity and supplicated pardon. Having listened to the history of this singular alliance, Leopold ordered that care should be taken of the little Savoyard, and the fame of his friend the bear was reported far and wide.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

IVAN the Terrible, dreadful and horrible!
Oh, what a terrible fellow was he!
Blood at his mandate flowed;
Dead bodies lined the road;
Useless to struggle and hopeless to flee.

Ivan the Terrible, dreadful and horrible!
Fast fled the Tartar by land and by sea—
Three hundred thousand men
Fought for the Russians then—
Selim the Second defeated was he.

Ivan the Terrible, dreadful and horrible!
Dogs' heads and brooms fitting emblems of thee!
Bears at thy bidding fly,
Caldrons deep, gibbets high,
Torture and bloodshed of every degree.

Ivan the Terrible, Czar the most horrible!
Ever detested thy memory shall be:
Peace to thee all unknown;
Terror surround thy throne!
Death and Destruction meet handmaids for thee.

Ivan, fair prince! good son!
Slain by this cruel one,
Happier thou in thy sad death must be.
'True subject, loving child,
So I die;' thus so mild,
In death's last agony fainting spake he.

Ivan the Terrible, dreadful and horrible!
God keep us all from such rulers as thee!
Grant us in England here,
Evermore one as dear,
Loving and loved one, Victoria, as thee!

M. H. F. DONNE.

A VOYAGE THROUGH VOLCANIC SEAS.

(*Concluded from page* 347.)

NEXT morning we were off by daylight, but with little sail on the vessel, as we had to be very careful of coral reefs; in fact, one or other of the ship's officers remained aloft to look out for these dangers, and several times we had to alter our course to avoid them; but by noon we had run quite clear, and no longer being in the dangerous parts more sail was made and we were rapidly passing the few remaining islands, hoping by nightfall to have left them behind us and gained the open Pacific Ocean.

But 'there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.' While most of us were at dinner, the ship running along about ten miles an hour, a terrible shock made her tremble all over. We all rushed on deck, and what a change had taken place! A few minutes before we had gone below everything looking most beautiful, scarcely a cloud in the sky, or crest on the wave, while the last island with its beautiful scenery seemed bidding us adieu.

Now, all was horror. We thought at first that the vessel had struck upon some unknown reef, but such was not the case; she had been just over a submarine volcano at the time it exploded. Fortunately the phenomena had taken place in very deep water or we should have been blown to atoms, but large masses of pumice-stone had been hurled up from below with such force as to threaten to burst in her stout timbers. All around us huge lumps of this light rock, almost still red hot, were sputtering in the sea, which itself appeared to be boiling. Bubbles as large as houses rose to the surface, then bursting, spread into clouds of dust, so dense that the darkness of night was upon us, while showers of still warm ashes came falling on the ship, covering everything, and rendering it impossible for us to see what we were about. The wind was entirely beaten down by the force of the explosion, and, though unable to distinguish the direction, loud reports all around us told that the irruption still continued. The ship drifted in a helpless manner, crunching against the hummocks of pumice, which hissed and threw off steam as it cooled in the water.

We drifted about in the intense darkness, not knowing at any moment but that we might be hurled into the air, ship and all; few spoke or moved about; we could only wait the course of events. If we had lowered the boats we should have been as badly off in them, and most likely death would have come quicker, for they would have certainly been crushed by the rolling masses of pumice that we could hear but not see, grating around us. At length a loud rumbling was heard which grew louder and louder until, with a report more deafening than the heaviest peal of thunder, an awful flash of what seemed like lightning pierced, for an instant, the intense gloom. We had just time to gaze at each other's terror-stricken faces, when the vessel began rolling so violently that every one had to cling to the nearest support to keep on his legs. A huge wave seemed to rise and lift the vessel higher than any wave of a hurricane. She then whirled round among the

broken stone and slowly regained her steadiness. All this time there was not a breath of wind, and we became aware that the ash shower was falling thicker than ever. The roaring explosions ceased, and, though the darkness was still as appalling as ever, we began to regain our composure. I crept to the cabin staircase, and, groping about, I found matches, lit the lamp, and looked at the clock. At first I imagined it had stopped, but no, and though the thing seemed impossible, all this dreadful commotion had taken only twenty minutes! It seemed an age. Finding and lighting a lantern I returned on deck, but the light merely showed that we were enveloped in a cloud of white dust, which fell like fine snow, but was still warm. I looked at the compass; the helmsman had left his post, but what happened to him we know not, for we never saw him again.

I heard the captain's voice calling for the light, so I made my way to him, and the crew groped their way towards us. All but the helmsman answered to their names and were uninjured. Our first duty was to return thanks for our comparative safety, and then the captain explained the cause of our position, pointing out the possible dangers that might surround us, such as the upheaval of volcanic reefs and islands; then, as we recovered ourselves, he said the only thing to be done until the thick canopy of smoke and dust cleared off, which, as he told us, might not be for twenty-four hours, was to get the boats cleared and ready in case the vessel struck, to shovel the ashes overboard as well as we could, and to see all ready for anchoring, should we drift towards the island we had last seen.

Occupation put new life into us, and took off our attention from thinking of further danger; so we set to work with energy, keeping hard at it throughout the night, anxiously glancing at the clock to see how long it was to daylight, and wondering whether we should ever see the sun again.

About midnight the wind sprang up, but we hove the ship to, not knowing where we were. At length daylight appeared, but not until the sun was well up could we make out objects more than half a mile round about us. The rising wind blew the dust shower away, and by ten o'clock the sky was comparatively clear. The sight that met our eyes was extraordinary. In whichever direction we gazed, the sea was covered with floating pumice and tangled heaps of seaweed which had been torn up from the rocky bottom, while multitudes of dead fish and birds floated past. That the terrible convulsion had reached some of the islands the presence of cocoanut-trees here and there showed, while rolling over and over in the waves just astern were the dead bodies of a couple of sperm whales. We appeared to be the only beings alive, for not even a flying fish or sea-gull was to be seen. Cautiously, and under easy sail we made our way through the floating reefs of rubbish. Many a hole appeared in our sails where the hot ashes had for a time lodged. Frequently the vessel's course had to be altered as we approached a heap of stone that might be the summit of a newly thrown up mountain, but in two days time we were in clear water, and reached our destination without further mishap.

Several other vessels, as was afterwards found out, had been near the same latitude when the catastrophe occurred. Some were never again heard of, and certainly our own escape was as marvellous as that of the German ship *Gertrude*, which happened to be near Krakatoa when that island burst asunder in August, 1884.

MY FIRST GOOSE.

MY story has no connexion with the farmyard, neither shall I have occasion to mention a poulterer's shop, though both those places may be suggested by the mention of a goose. The goose of my story was a wild goose, and what I have to tell is how I shot it.

I was living at the time on the banks of a large river in Canada which pours its waters into Hudson's Bay. I had just been ordained, and had gone out from England to work under good Bishop Horden. Before I had been long in my new home, the Bishop said, gravely, 'There is one thing you will have to learn if you are to succeed as a clergyman in this country.'

I waited anxiously for the next sentence. I expected to hear about learning the native language, or about the knack of winning the regard of my people. Imagine my surprise when the Bishop said, 'You must learn to handle a gun!'

What! a clergyman in a black coat and white tie to exchange his unbrella for a gun. I had been accustomed from childhood to regard hunting and sporting parsons as unsatisfactory representatives of their profession. The Bishop saw my surprise, and added,

'Whatever may be the custom in England, out here a clergyman has often to choose between shooting his dinner or going without it. You will have to begin sooner or later; so as my servant is going out to-morrow to try to kill some geese, you can, if you like, go with him.'

Accordingly I went.

It was in the month of April. The river was still securely frozen over, and on the ice lay two or three feet of snow. The migration of the wild geese northwards had already begun, so it was proposed that we should take up our position in the middle of the river, and there await the flocks as they passed overhead. Besides guns, rugs, and the day's provisions, we took with us on a sledge about a score of decoy-geese. These were blocks of wood, roughly shaped and painted to represent geese—a purpose which they answered extremely well when seen from a distance.

The river at this point was rather more than a mile wide. Looking out over the snow, we could see that it appeared to be thrown up into two or three little mounds, some distance apart, but all near the middle of the river. To these mounds we made our way, for these were the 'stands,' or shelters, that had been erected for us. On reaching them we found that each one was shaped like a bird's nest, warmly lined with straw, and just affording sufficient room for one person. The sides were high enough to conceal the occupant in a sitting position till the geese were nearly overhead, when, of course, it was time to shoot.

After arranging our decoys on the snow around us in as natural a position as possible, we withdrew to our 'stands,' and awaited the passing of the first flock of geese.

The servant who accompanied me was an experienced hunter, and could imitate accurately the peculiar call-note which the geese utter on the wing, and could thus attract the passing flocks within gunshot. Consequently two or three geese had fallen to his gun before I had discharged a single barrel. But my turn came before long. A flock of eight or ten appeared above the woods in the distance, coming directly towards me, and flying low enough to be within the range of my gun. On they came, flying in that peculiar V-shaped order which they always adopt, the leading goose uttering a familiar grunt, to which those behind at intervals responded. Their long necks were stretched forward—I suppose to balance their legs, which stuck out behind—and their broad wings flapped slowly and heavily against the sky.

I sat quietly behind my wall of snow, with my gun at my shoulder, waiting till they came well overhead. The moment for action soon arrived. Aiming at a goose in the middle of the line nearest to me, I drew the trigger. The shot took effect in the wing, and the huge bird, whirling round and round as it fell, soon came heavily to the ground.

My first goose had been killed. J. H. K.

JAMES GOLDING'S BOY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was Saturday night, a clear, fine evening in July, and the Hilton people were beginning to draw breath after a hot, busy day. For Saturday is market day at Hilton, and about twice as much business is done on that day as during the rest of the week, when Hilton is as sleepy and lazy as most other small country towns.

James Golding has not time yet to get breath, hardly time to wipe his hot forehead between handing the square packet of tea and little cone of sugar to one customer, and dropping the money into the till, and turning to the next with a 'Well, ma'am, and what's for you?'

James Golding's was only a small shop, and stood quite in the outskirts of Hilton, looking across the cricket-field, and away to the river; there was only himself and a boy to attend to his customers, and there was not much to be seen through the small panes of his little shop window; and yet many a farmer's gig or spring-cart stops at Golding's, as it is driven out from market, rather than at Parker's, the grand grocer's in the market-place, with the large plate-glass windows, and the china man with a nodding head, and the heaps of coffee, and the pyramids of sugar in the window, and the row of smart, obliging young men in white aprons. For Golding's was an old-established business, his father had kept the shop before him, and the fathers and mothers of the present race of farmers and farmers' wives had dealt there, and found the things good, before Parker or plate-glass had been thought of in Hilton.

A small, sharp-faced man was James Golding, older looking than his years, which were about forty-five; his hair was growing thin on his temples, and there were lines on his forehead and round his mouth that told of trouble in his life. Few people, indeed, see forty years of this troublesome life without a dark cloud or two, and James Golding has not been free, as we shall hear if we listen to those two women, who, having stowed away the various packets in their baskets, are turning home together in the fast growing dusk.

'He must be making a smart bit of money, Master Golding must,' said one.

'Ay, ay,' was the answer; 'he sticks to his business, he does, and sees to things himself, and that's the way to make money.'

'I don't see, neither, why he need be working so hard, when he's only his own mouth to fill, and not a chick nor child to think for. It was a sad thing his losing his wife and child so sudden.'

'Yes, so I've heard tell. He felt it terrible bad, they say.'

'Ay, that he did; I mind it well. He weren't over young when he married, and folk did say as how he might have chosen better, for she was one of them smart ones, dressy and fond of company and that; and she made the money fly faster than Golding liked altogether. But he was terrible foolish over her, and she had her way in most things. They made no end of fuss over the baby, and it was dressed up to the skies, pretty near; my lady's at the Hall was nothing to it in its ribbons and laces. And then she went off to see her people; they wasn't of these parts, lived t'other side of London, or somewheres, and there she and her baby died. I never heard tell much about it, but it must have been quite sudden, and James Golding felt it terrible, and couldn't abear to hear a word of it; but it made an old man of him.'

'A bad job for him,' replied the other; 'but it's always the way, them as has plenty has nobody to to give it to, and poor folk like us, as find it hard to make two ends meet, have half-a-dozen children, and next to nothing to put in their mouths.'

And then their talk turned from Golding's trouble to bad times and babies, where we will not follow it.

The little oil lamp was lighted in the shop window before the customers ceased coming. No early closing on Saturdays for the Hilton shopkeepers. What would the labourers' wives have done, who only got their wages when their husbands came home from work, and then had to go to shop with them? So the shops were open later on Saturdays, and Golding's was often one of the latest. Nine was striking from St. Peter's-on-the-Hill, when Golding at last bid the boy put up the shutters; but even then some one pushed open the door, with its little jingling bell, and came up to the counter. All the afternoon and evening a woman had been loitering about near the shop, a dirty, poor-looking woman, a regular tramp, with broken, dusty boots, and ragged bonnet pulled down low over her face. A child was with her, a little boy about three, a bright and merry little fellow, who seemed quite contented, playing about in the dust, and rolling on the grass. Through the hot afternoon this woman and child had stayed



"Don't let me ever see your face again."

on the dusty bit of turf opposite the shop, between the road and the hedge of the cricket-field, the woman dozing, and the child playing, but Golding had been too busy to notice them. He was making up his books as the woman entered, and at the same time keeping an eye on the shop-boy, who was as much given to mischief as most boys.

'Gently, Tom, gently, them shutters are not made of iron—6 and 4 is 10 and 9 is 19, 1*s.* 7*d.*—mind that glass there — carried forward, 2*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.* No, my good woman, I haven't anything for you. Come, be off, we're just closing.'

The woman made no answer, but laid one thin, worn hand, with a wedding ring on the third finger, near James Golding's on the counter, while with the other she pushed back her ragged bonnet, and

cleared the rough hair from her forehead and eyes, and stood looking at him. For a minute he did not notice her, for he was still busy reckoning, but when he had reached the bottom of the column, he turned to her again, angrily: 'Come, did you hear what I said?' and then the words died away on his lips as his eyes met hers. There was something more than the entreaty of an ordinary beggar in those eager eyes, and the misery of that haggard, worn face.

'James,' said a weak, hoarse voice, and the sound seemed to break the spell that kept James Golding staring at the woman's face. 'I've nothing for you,' he said, coldly, and turned to his books again. 'I don't want any beggars here.'

'Have you forgotten ——' the woman began, but he interrupted almost fiercely, though his voice was low, lest the strange meeting should be noticed by the boy outside the window. 'No,' he said, 'I have not forgotten that I had a wife once, but I lost her two years ago—do you hear? She died, as far as I am concerned, and there's an end of it.'

'I don't ask anything for myself,' the woman's weary, hopeless voice went on, 'God knows I've no right to ask anything of you, but it's the child—poor little boy—your boy, James Golding, your boy! have pity on him!'

Golding's face was white and set, and his voice came hoarsely from his shut teeth. 'If you don't go off this minute with that brat of yours, I'll have the constable to turn you out. And don't let me ever see your face again.'

'It isn't likely,' the woman said, as she took the child's hand, 'as you'll ever be troubled with me again; but the child, oh! James Golding, the child! God have mercy on it, if you won't!'

'4 and 5 is 9 and 6 is 15.'

James Golding was back at his books again, and, as the boy came in from putting up the shutters, he met the ragged woman and child going out into the dark street. The woman's shawl caught on the sugar-cask at the door, and tore, but she did not seem to notice it, passing on into the night without a look back, and his master was busy still with his books and took no heed. But the figures were dancing and swimming before Golding's eyes, and he shut the book with a bang, saying to himself that he was tired and must do it another time.

The shop boy bid him good-night, and ran off whistling down the street, and James Golding locked the door after him and turned into the little back parlour where his solitary supper was set ready for him. It was all very nice and comfortable, but the room seemed hot and stifling to him, and he opened the little casement and looked out into his garden behind. There were heavy clouds coming up, and he said to himself that a storm was coming, and even as he thought it, a low rumbling sound of thunder in the distance, and the first heavy drops of rain showed that he had said true. It came on quickly, heavy peals of thunder, bright, dazzling flashes of lightning, and pouring rain, a storm that made one glad to be under a good shelter, as Golding was. His supper was waiting for him, and his pipe lay ready filled on the shelf, and upstairs his bed was inviting him to rest after his hard working day, but he did not seem inclined for either, but sat watching the storm, and, forgetting the comforts and shelter he enjoyed, his mind followed two homeless, shelterless wanderers, going on with weary feet and drenched clothes, and in spite of himself he heard the voice of a tired little child crying in the storm, and he heard again the woman's despairing voice—'It's the child! God have mercy on it, if you won't!'

The storm was passing, and James Golding got up and shook himself, as if to shake off his oppressive fancies, and spoke aloud, 'I swore I'd done with them, and I'd well-nigh forgotten them, and I won't be worried with them now;' and he turned to his supper and went up to bed, and soon fell asleep and dreamt of old days when he was the happiest and proudest man in Hilton, with his little boy in his arms, and his pretty wife, and his happy home, and he woke with a start, fancying he heard a child crying, and turned over saying, 'I've done with them for ever,' and went to sleep again.

A hard man was James Golding, but he had borne a great deal, and the cold touch of trouble had frozen, not broken, his heart. He had idolised his wife and baby with all the love of a narrow nature; they had been his one thought and hope in this world and the next. His very love and faith in God seemed only part of his love and faith in them, and his kindness to his fellow-men was only the overflowing of his exceeding kindness to his wife and baby.

When then one day, as he was thinking of the delight of his wife's return from a visit to her parents to the home that was so lonely without her, he received a letter from her father, full of shame and anger against his daughter, saying how she had been false to her husband, and sinned against God, and how she had left her father's house, taking the baby with her, Golding's faith, his love, his peace of mind, crumbled to dust, and his life was ruined; words of comfort and sympathy were added, but what good were they to his crushed heart. In the bright morning of that day the neighbours saw James Golding creep out white and dazed and blinking, like one dazzled in the sun, and with his own hands put up the shutters.

'Anything wrong?' asked one, passing by.

'Yes,' was the answer; 'my wife and child are dead.'

(*Continued at page* 365.)

THE WISE KADI OF MESHID.

ONCE upon a time there lived on the edge of the desert a sheik named Ben Achma. His renown for wisdom was so great, that even old men from the neighbouring tribes came to submit their quarrels to him and abide by his judgment. One day a caravan from Meshid encamped near his dwelling. Two Arabs, watering their camels at the well, discoursed about the wisdom of the Kadi of Meshid.

'He can repeat the Koran,' said one, 'from the Fattha to the end, without dropping a point.'

'He cuts through deceit as with a knife,' said the other.

Ben Achma, on hearing this, arose. 'Tell me, O brother,' said he, 'who is this wise man thou art so eager to praise?'

'What!' replied the camel-driver, 'hast thou not heard of Haleel, kadi of Meshid? Wallah! Even the Father of the faithful himself is as a green tree before him.'

Next morning Ben Achma saddled his horse and, disguised as a simple merchant, started for Meshid himself, to see and listen to the sage. As he journeyed an old man met him in the way, who said, 'My lord, I, like thyself, am travelling to the next town; but I am weary; I pray thee permit me to ride.' Ben Achma made a sign of assent, and the pilgrim jumped up behind. When they had come to the gates of Meshid the sheik desired his companion to get down.

'Nay,' said he; 'it is for thee to alight.'

'And wherefore?'

'To leave the horse with me.'

'But,' cried the sheik, 'thou knowest, rogue, that he is mine!'

'I know,' said the old vagabond, 'that we are now in the city of the just Kadi, and that when he shall have set eyes on us two—thou with thy stout limbs, me with my feeble frame—he will decide that the horse belongs to him who has most need of him.'

'If he decide contrary to that which is true and right,' returned the sheik, 'he is not the just Kadi thou sayest. Nevertheless, I will profit by thy evil doing to judge of his equity.' They started for the court, but had to wait while two other cases took precedence.

The first of these bore upon a quarrel between a butcher and an oil-merchant. Both men were in court standing before the Kadi, the one all grimy with oil, the other bespattered with blood.

The butcher said, 'I went to buy oil at this knave's shop, and in order to pay him I pulled out a handful of money wherefrom to take a coin. The sight of the gold moved his lust, and he seized my hand, pretending I had robbed him. I kept it closed, however, and here it is now.'

The oil-merchant deposed, 'This rascal came to buy oil, and when I had filled his bottle, "Gaffer," said he to me, "can you change me a gold piece?" I, not suspecting him, drew open my drawer, from which he clutched out a handful, and would have fled, but I detained him. The money is mine. I ask justice.'

'Leave the money here,' said the Kadi, 'and come back to-morrow.'

The second case was a disagreement between a labourer and a schoolmaster touching a woman. The schoolmaster affirmed that the rustic had run away with his wife. To meet this the labourer declared that the lady was his own especial property, married to him, in fact, for many a year. As to the woman, the subject of the dispute, she was mute—would answer not a word. The Kadi was in a difficult position between the two affirmatives. However, he commanded, 'Leave the woman here, and come back to-morrow.'

And now it came to the turn of Ben Achma and the cunning old pilgrim. 'My lord Kadi,' said the sheik, 'I was on my way to your city to buy merchandise, when this miscreant came up and made an appeal to my charity. He craved permission to sit behind me on my horse, being weary with travel. In a moment of weakness I assented, and now he wants to keep the horse—on the ground that your lordship will assign the beast to that man whose weakness stands most in need.'

The Kadi ran his fingers through his beard and scratched his head—tokens of great perplexity of mind. Nevertheless he ordered, 'Leave the horse, and come back to-morrow.'

Early on the morrow these several litigants came up to know the magistrate's decision. First the oil-merchant and the butcher made their obeisance.

'You affirm,' said the Kadi to the former, 'that this butcher stole from your till the handful of money left in charge of the court. And yet when I placed those coins—which, as you say you have fingered and handled—in a cup of water, I found no spot of oil arising therefrom to the surface, although your hands are saturated with grease. I therefore adjudge the money to the butcher, and thirty stripes to the oil-merchant.

The disputed wife now came forward, and both schoolmaster and labourer made their obeisance to the court.

'Seeing,' said the Kadi, 'that these two men lay claim to one woman, and that neither of them can justify their claims, while the woman herself is mute on the matter, I this morning directed her to clean out and arrange my inkhorn. She did so—adjusting the sponge, filling it with ink, and sorting the pens with an aptitude and dexterity of which, I am persuaded, no wife of a mere rustic would be capable. I adjudge her, therefore, to the schoolmaster. The labourer to receive thirty stripes.'

Now came the turn of Ben Achma and the old pilgrim.

'Make these men follow me to the stables,' said the Kadi: 'I wish them to see my horses.'

They were taken in separately, Ben Achma first.

'Pick out the horse you claim,' said his worship.

'I have him here,' said the sheik, walking up to a stall.

'Good; now return and bid the other man enter.'

'Do you recognise your property, my friend?' said the Kadi.

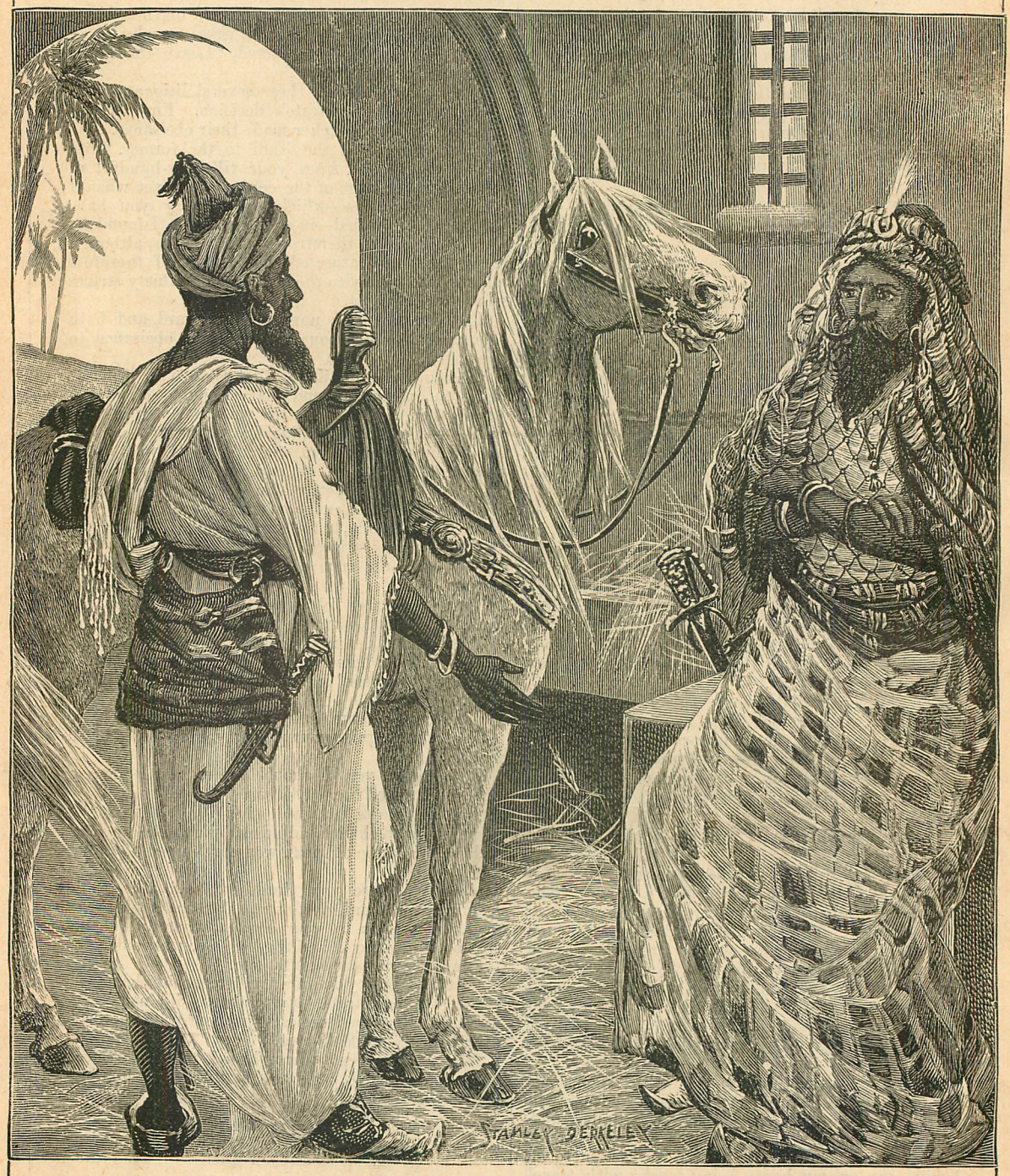
'My horse! yes, I should know him among a hundred,' replied the old villain. 'There he is.'

The magistrate returned, took his place on the divan, and forthwith adjudged the horse to Ben Achma, while the old man was condemned to suffer thirty lashes.

'May it please your lordship,' said the sheik, making a profound obeisance, after the session was over, 'to explain to your servant wherefore, seeing that both of us recognised the beast, you have decided the case in your servant's favour?'

'Your adversary did of a truth recognise the horse,' replied the magistrate, 'but the horse did not recognise him; whereas I noticed that on your approach even your walk was known.'

Ben Achma bent down, kissed the just Kadi's robe, and started back to his village a humbler and a wiser man.



Ben Achma claiming his horse.



On Guard.

ON GUARD.

DURING the French and Indian wars, now many years ago, the American army had encamped on a wide plain, bordered by a dense forest; a situation demanding the utmost vigilance, as it was well known that many Indians lurked under cover of the trees. One point which had to be carefully watched was a lonely outpost near the forest. Here a sentinel was regularly placed, but for five successive nights the man on duty had been shot. These disasters so daunted the remaining soldiers that no one would volunteer to take the post, which was allowed to stand for a few nights unoccupied.

At length a rifleman volunteered for the dangerous duty. On reaching the place which had been so fatal to his comrades, he bade his fellow-soldiers good night and assumed the duties of his post. The night was dark, thick clouds overspread the sky, and hardly a star could be seen by the sentinel as he paced his lonely walk. All was silent around him. Presently a low rustling among the bushes attracted his attention, he gazed intently towards the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, but he could not see anything. Soon he heard the rustling sound once more, and a well-known grunt informed him of the approach of a bear.

Now the American bear is not a very dangerous animal; it feeds on vegetable matter, and does not molest man unless interfered with by him; therefore the young soldier, with a sigh of relief, lowered his rifle, and quietly watched the bear as it shuffled along on the edge of the forest. At this moment the moon shone brightly out, and the soldier, who was still watching, saw the ornamented moccassin of a savage on what, an instant before, he had believed to be a bear; he could have shot him in a moment, but he knew not how many other such animals might be at hand. He therefore refrained, and hastily taking off his hat and coat, he hung them on a stump of a tree, so as to represent himself still standing, then he crept into the thicket. He had scarcely reached it when a bullet, whizzing past his head, told him of the danger he had so narrowly escaped. But this was now the moment of extremest danger. What if the Indian, having fired his shot, should walk back to where the supposed dead body lay? he would at once discover the trick which had been played upon him, and he would instantly seek out his enemy and destroy him forthwith. But nothing of the kind occurred. The Red man, apparently quite certain that his bullet had found its mark, without delay had joined his friends, some twelve in number, who were lying full length on the thickly strewn leaves of the forest. Believing that they had already shot the sentinel, and little thinking that there was any one within hearing, they were quite off their guard, and conversed aloud about their plans for the morrow. After much talk, it was decided that the next evening forty of their warriors should be in readiness at the hour when the sentinel should be left by his comrades, and that when they had retired a few paces, they would shoot the man as usual, then rush on and massacre the guard. Their arrangements being concluded, the Indians retired into the depths of the forest, while the sentinel, cautiously rising from his hiding place, returned to camp as quickly as possible, and made known to the commander what he had seen and heard.

The following evening, a detachment of forty riflemen marched from the camp towards the appointed spot, and having once more arranged the hat and coat so as to have the appearance of a soldier standing on guard, they stole silently away and hid themselves among the bushes. Here they lay for nearly an hour before any signs of the enemy were heard. The night was cold and still, and the men growing weary began to whisper among themselves.

'Silence,' whispered their leader, 'I hear the rustling of the leaves!'

Presently a bear of the same description as had been seen before, passed near the ambush, retired towards the forest a few paces, then suddenly rising let fly a bullet which brought the sham sentinel to the ground. Then the Americans rose in a body, and before the Indians could recover from their surprise, more than half their number lay dead upon the plain. The rest fled to the forest, while the riflemen returned in triumph to the camp.

D. B. M.

THE CONGER.

SOME years ago, while residing on the shores of the beautiful Firth of Clyde, Scotland, we went one lovely evening to a small natural harbour or creek, where our boat lay securely in all weathers, intending to row about for half an hour on the calm and golden sea. On our way we observed Peter, a stalwart fisherman, and great friend of ours, with something on his back which from a distance presented a most extraordinary appearance. On approaching nearer we saw that he had a stout stick leaning over his shoulder, and from the end of the stick there hung an immense creature not unlike a serpent; it was so large that its tail dragged on the ground as Peter walked along. In answer to our eager inquiries he told us that the creature was a conger, and a very large one indeed. It was not the first that he had caught; but the manner in which he had caught this one was peculiar. He had observed it in the clear water of the creek; the tide was ebbing, and the creature was embarrassed by the shallowness of the water. He struck at it with a stick, when it turned round, and in a vicious manner seized the stick in its teeth and held it firmly. In this manner it actually allowed itself to be dragged out of the water (my own impression was that its teeth were so fixed in the stick that it could not free itself). As Peter left us he promised to send the head and shoulders to our house, which he did; but though it was properly cooked next day, we, one and all, refused to partake of the dainty.

The conger is a marine fish of the eel family; the species are not numerous, and only one is a native of

the British seas. In its form and general appearance it closely resembles the fresh-water eel, although its eyes are larger and brighter, and we may also add fiercer. The conger attains to a large size, often six feet long; it is possessed of great strength, and is a formidable antagonist when hauled into a boat by the fisherman's line, or found among the rocks where it is sometimes left by the receding tide. It is used as food, but is not highly esteemed; the flavor is peculiar, and the flesh oily. On the coast of Cornwall these fish abound. They are caught at night, and it is no uncommon thing for a boat to secure nearly a ton weight of congers as the result of one expedition. They are exported to various parts of the Continent where they are much relished. M. K.

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. XII.—THE METALS OF THE WORLD.

IF the world were to be deprived of its metals it would lose nearly all the comforts and conveniences of life. In fact we can hardly see how men could be anything much better than savages, if they had no implements but flint knives and thorn or bone needles. The world we occupy is abundantly supplied with metals, and the very clay into which we stamp the leaf, dull and miry as it looks, is the metal aluminium, combined with the oxygen of the air. Metals have many different properties. One common to all is the power they possess of combining with each other and with the oxygen of the atmosphere. Rust is an easy illustration of this. Every one has seen a piece of rusty iron. What is that rust? It is oxide of iron, or iron, wrought upon by the oxygen that pervades the air. Many metals are capable, with more or less willingness, of being drawn out into wires or beaten into thin plates. Gold has a remarkable pre-eminence in this. We have all seen gold leaf, as it is called. This is so wonderfully thin that five grains of the precious metal can be beaten out so as to cover about 272 square inches. The metals, when drawn out into wires, have also different degrees of tenacity, that is, one metal, as a wire, can hold without snapping a greater weight than another can. In this tenacity iron stands a long way ahead of all the other metals, and lead is at the bottom of the list. Take an iron wire and a leaden wire of the same thickness, and the former will support a burden twenty times as great as the latter. In fact, who ever hears of lead wire for any purpose requiring strength? or of tin wire? Copper wire is next to iron in tenacity, but it will give way under nearly half the weight that the iron wire will carry.

Another curious thing is that a pinch of one metal added to another will increase its hardness, and on this account it is that in the mint a little copper is added to the gold when sovereigns are being made. A small addition of gold to iron increases its hardness also in a remarkable degree. Another fact worth knowing is, that if three metals, lead, tin, and bismuth are combined, and a teaspoon made of them, it will melt in boiling water.

We will next notice a few particulars of the more important metals, beginning with gold. When melted, gold looks a bright green. Water and air do not affect it, nor does fire when the gold is pure. But jewels of gold, which contain nearly one third of copper, do tarnish, because the copper becomes oxidised. It may, however, be burnt by a stream of inflamed oxygen and hydrogen gases. As gold is not tarnished by being exposed to the air, other metals which do tarnish are often gilt. Gold, when chlorine or nitro-muriatic acid is applied to it, will be dissolved, and may then be used as a sort of wash, which is applied to porcelain, ivory, or marble. The old chemists supposed that all metals were gold, blended with divers impurities. It was their cherished object to remove those impurities and enrich themselves with the gold. And they thought the 'philosopher's stone,' as it was called, was to be the means whereby those drosses should be purged out.

Silver is found in veins, gold in nuggets and lumps. Silver, as well as gold, is hardened by the admixture of some copper, and having a half-crown in our pockets we cannot truly say we are without copper. About one pound of copper goes to twelve of silver. In sixteen years' circulation, it was calculated that 100*l.* worth of silver half-crowns had lost 2*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.*, while the same number of shillings had lost more than twice as much. Many things are made of this beautiful metal, but it has a fair sister who rivals it, in aluminium, which has some valuable properties denied to silver. Silver, like gold, is very ductile, that is, a grain may be drawn out into a very fine wire, 400 feet long, and it is stronger than gold wire of equal thickness. It easily tarnishes, from its combining so readily with the sulphur in the air.

Iron is found everywhere, in all soils, plants, waters, and animals. It is also found in vast masses ready for use. But, generally, iron is found in iron ore, as it is called. The ore is broken up and mixed with lime, and cast into a furnace with charcoal and set on fire. Then the bellows blow, and the iron ore is melted, and it trickles down to the bottom of the pit. It is then called cast-iron. Iron is attracted by a magnet, and a bar of iron will become magnetic by being hung in an upright position and galvanised. To this valuable property we owe the sailor's faithful friend, the mariner's compass. Iron, when wrought by continued heat and repeated hammering, and when it has undergone other processes, becomes steel. Steel is, in fact, harder iron. Bar iron is cut into lengths and put in closed vessels with charcoal strewn between each layer, and then exposed to a great heat until the iron has become carbonised, as it is called. It is very important that the pots or troughs in which the bar iron is placed should be completely air-tight.

England has been always famous for her mines of tin, called 'anna' formerly. Some think the name Britannia is derived from it, meaning Tin Island. Forty years B.C., Diodorus writes about the way in which the Cornish mines were worked. Tin is easily melted and is very soft. It has great affinity for mercury, and is used, when so combined, for the back of mirrors. Tin and lead make the plumber's solder; tin enters largely into bell metal and pewter, and it



is used by dyers for giving a permanence and brightness to their red colours. Zinc has not been long known. So little, indeed, was it valued, that the Welsh people long used its ore for mending their roads. It is used now in making brass, pinchbeck, and bronze. Brass is made of three parts copper, and one of carbonate of zinc or calamine. And though zinc readily rusts, yet it keeps the copper in the brass from being tarnished. Copper itself has not been long in use here. Our copper coinage is of a much later date than our gold or silver ones. We had silver pennies a thousand years before we had coins of copper. The Cornish miners used copper ore as the Welshmen treated their zinc. It was considered useless until the chemist showed them how to extract the metal. It is red in colour and disagreeable to the smell. It is good for sound, and is therefore employed in musical instruments. It gives out no sparks, and so is valuable in powder mills. Cannon and guns are made of copper, tin, and zinc.

The last metal we can notice is lead. It has been long and widely known. It paints the beauty's face, it fills the reporter's note-book, it gives the printer his type, and the sportsman his bullets; it covers church and mansion; it glazes pottery; and when used by experienced hands it cures many disorders, both inside us and on our skins. G. S. O.

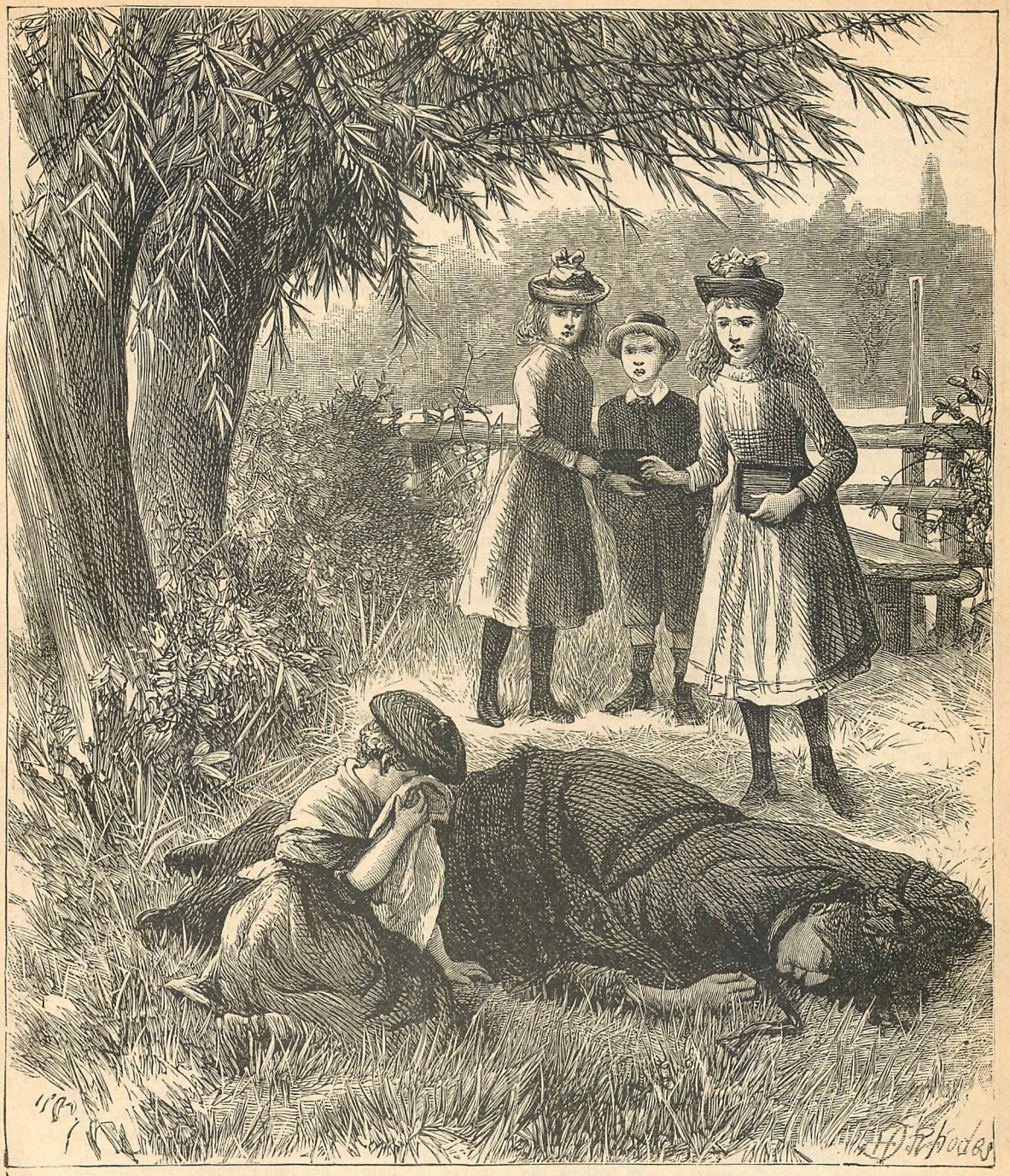
FEELING FOR OTHERS' WOES.

YOU wish to be a nurse, my child?
You tell me once again
That while the sick and suffering poor
Lie on their beds of pain,
With neither friends nor comforts near,
You cannot idly linger here.

You cannot bear to think that babes
And little children lie
Untended by a mother's hand,
Though for her hand they cry,
That mother (that they may be fed)
Toiling the while to earn their bread.

Ah, well, my child, 'tis very true
Sad scenes are all around,
Hunger, and cold, and grief, and pain
In this poor world are found;
And you may do your little part
In cheering up some lonely heart!

Yes, love, I will not say you Nay,
It pleases me that you
Should wish, for our dear Saviour's sake,
Some humble work to do.
Go then, and may your heart be glad
In comforting the sick and sad! B. M.



The children finding the woman lying on her face in the Low Meadows.

JAMES GOLDING'S BOY.

(*Continued from page* 358.)

CHAPTER II.

ST. PETER'S-ON-THE-HILL was a small, plain church at the unfashionable end of Hilton. It had been built when St. Margaret's could no longer pretend to hold all the town, and had been divided into a separate parish, and was now independent of St. Margaret's altogether, and had schools and clergymen of its own. Mr. Percy was the name of the incumbent, and he was very much liked. A plain, kind-hearted man, with free sympathy for all troubles, great or small, from the man who had lost his fortune to the

child who had broken its doll. He had not many rich people in his parish, for at St. Margaret's were to be found the fashionables of Hilton, and little St. Peter's had a poorer class of worshippers, who, I am sure, praised God no less heartily that they worked hard all the week. It was to St. Peter's that James Golding went every Sunday. He had been one of the first to go there when it was consecrated three years before, and his wife was at his side then. His baby was baptized there, and Golding still went on attending regularly at the morning and evening service after his trouble fell on him.

Mr. Percy had noticed the change in Golding, caused, as he supposed, by his intense sorrow at his wife's death, and he tried to lead the man to speak of his grief, and so lighten the load that lay on his heart. He spoke to him of not sorrowing as one without hope, of the pleasant memory of his peaceful married life, of the troubles and sorrows his wife had escaped, of the safe haven she and her baby had found free from the trials of this transitory life, and of the hope of meeting them both again in Heaven; and he never guessed how his kindly meant words only sent a new sting into the man's sick heart. But when he found that all his attempts at comfort were met by respectful silence, and only added to Golding's gloom, he gave them up, commending him to a better Comforter. He would not quite let him go, however, but tried to win his friendship, though he could not gain his confidence. He tried to interest him in parochial matters, invited him to join the choir, where his bass voice was very useful, and often consulted him and talked over matters with him, till Golding was called Mr. Percy's right-hand man.

At first Golding would rather have been left alone; but as the pain deadened in his heart, as the sharpest pain will, he began to take a pleasure in his position at St. Peter's, and to be pleased at being treated as a man in authority and a friend of Mr. Percy's. Sunday was his happiest day, only it was happy with the praise of man, not of God.

The day following that evening described in the last chapter was one of those bright, fresh days that so often follow a thunderstorm, when the summer seems to have taken a new lease of beauty. The bells of St. Peter's were ringing as Golding locked his door behind him and turned up the hill. Groups of people in their Sunday clothes were going in the same direction, and all round nature, too, seemed to be more than usually adorned to do honour to God's day, even the piece of turf, where the beggar woman had sat the day before, was washed free from dust, and looked green and fresh. But James Golding felt out of tune with all around him, he avoided the groups of people he knew, shut his eyes to the beauty of the morning, and grumbled to himself that the way was steep and the road muddy. In church, too, nothing pleased him; the prayers were tedious, the sermon long and dull, the singing flat, the church hot and close. It was generally the custom at St. Peter's for the choir men to stop at the gate till Mr. Percy came out of the vestry, as he often had some remarks to make on the morning service, or instruction to give for the evening, and Golding was always one of those who stayed, but this morning he kept his seat till the church was quite empty, hoping that the talk would be over and Mr. Percy and the others gone before he got out; but he was disappointed, for when at last he ventured out, he found that Mr. Percy had been detained and the men were still there, and all clustered round Smith, the stationer, who was giving some description which seemed to interest all his hearers. As Golding approached, the circle opened to admit him, and Smith turned to the newcomer, 'I was just telling them, Master Golding, of the woman who was found dead in the Low meadows.'

'Who?'

'A poor tramp woman with a little child.'

It was well for James Golding that just at this moment Mr. Percy came out and joined the group, and the greetings to him drew away attention from the ashy paleness of Golding's face, which otherwise might have betrayed him. The story was now told to Mr. Percy, and Golding was able to listen unnoticed with strained hearing and beating heart while Smith told the few details he knew.

Some children coming to school had heard a child crying in the Low meadows, and had found a woman lying on her face, as they thought, asleep. But when they found they could not rouse her, they got frightened and ran for help. But help was too late; she had been dead, the doctor said, for hours, and they carried the body and the little child to the workhouse. 'I saw her,' said the man, 'as they carried her by; she was quite a young woman, but worn, poor soul, almost to a skeleton.'

'Were there any signs of violence?' asked one.

'Oh, no; she was evidently quite hopelessly ill, and fell from exhaustion, and died where she fell, that was what the doctor said, but they'll hold the inquest to-morrow.'

'Do they know where she came from?'

'No, they can't even tell her name, but they'll try and find out.'

'Poor creature,' said Mr. Percy; 'it's sad to think of the want and poverty in this rich Christian land of ours. But where's Golding? I wanted a word with him.'

'He was here a minute ago, sir, but he stepped away just now.'

'Well, good day.'

'Good day, sir.'

That was a splendid Sunday afternoon, a cloudless, blue sky and golden sunshine pouring down on everything like God's great justice, yet with a soft west wind blowing gently, like God's mercy tempering His justice. Justice and mercy, sunshine and wind, both entered the great bare workhouse room where a rosy, little boy had cried himself to sleep on the floor, and sobbed even now in his sleep for 'Mother.' The sweet, soft wind alone stole in to that quiet room, detached from the other Union buildings where lay the body of the woman who had been a sinner. It moved the hair on her pale forehead as gently as if no brand of shame was there, and stirred the rags on her still breast as tenderly as if the heart that once beat there had been pure—gentle and tender as God's great loving kindness, for His mercy endureth for ever.

The sun beat fiercely into Golding's little parlour till he rose and shut it out impatiently, for his head ached, and the brightness and beauty of the day were hate-

ful to him. It would be impossible to describe all the thoughts that passed through his brain, those hours that he sat with his head leaning on his hands and his elbows on the table. Sometimes those bitter two years faded away, and there was nothing left but sorrow for his pretty wife; but these softer feelings were soon driven from him by anger and shame. Had she not wronged him enough that she should come back to shame him before every one? She had ruined his happiness and spoiled his life, and now she was come back to hurt him more by her death than she had in her life. He had sworn to have done with her, and now the world would know, the little world of Hilton—that was the whole world to him—that he had been disgraced, that his wife had died a miserable outcast almost at his door, and his child had been taken in rags to the Workhouse. How could he look any one in the face? When would Mr. Percy and all hear of it? Perhaps even now they did know, and were wondering and talking of him. She had robbed him of the last thing he had left, the respect and good opinion of his neighbours.

With these thoughts the afternoon passed, and, before he thought the time had nearly come, the old woman, who came from a neighbouring cottage to attend to his house, came in to get his tea, and roused him by her chatter about the weather and the storm. She, at any rate, had not yet heard who the woman was, and he felt a moment's relief. As he finished his tea, the church bells began for evening service, and he hesitated whether he should go or not. Well, if they all knew it, his going would do no harm, and if they did not know, they would wonder at his not being there. He reached church just in time, and, as he looked round, his heart stood still, and he told himself that the worst had come, for his eyes met those of the master of the Hilton Union fixed upon him. All through the service he was in a dream. What should he do? He would go away, sell the business, and go with the little boy; a feeling of pleasure even came across him at the thought of himself and his boy going away together, and beginning life again somewhere else. But the sermon was over, the blessing was given, the organ sounding, and he must go out with the rest of the congregation. The hot church is left behind, and he is out in the open air under the beautiful evening sky. He was almost clear of the congregation, when he heard a step coming hastily behind him, and felt a hand on his arm, and heard the master's voice say, 'Golding, I want a word with you.'

It was just as he expected and had pictured to himself, but now—he had not a word to say, and stood waiting for the next.

'Why, man alive!' went on Mr. Giles, 'are you ill? or have I startled you out of your senses? You're walking home, I'll come with you, and we'll have a pipe together, if you're at leisure. It was about that tea and sugar I wanted to speak, as I had the chance.'

What came next Golding did not hear or care to hear, he could only say to himself again and again that he was still safe and his secret was not yet known. And then Mr. Giles spoke of the dead woman, and said that they could not even find out her name, and that there seemed no way of finding out anything about her, and the child was too young to help them.

After Mr. Giles was gone, James thought calmly over it all. He was safe, no one need ever know the wretched story, unless indeed he proclaimed it himself and took the child, and that was out of the question now. He had sworn to have done with his wife, and he had; she had made her bed, and must lie in it, even though that bed were her deathbed in the long, damp grass of the Low meadows or a nameless pauper's grave, and the child must take its chance. He would forget all about it, and be happy in his shop and business, in his respectability, and in being looked up to by other people.

(*Continued at page* 372.)

WONDERS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels said, 'See what a flock of ships!' He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language that 'a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.'

EARLY AFFECTION.

MY little darling! how I love
When mother sends me here to you:
If sister had no baby boy
At home, what could she do?

How dull would seem the house without
Our baby Edward's pretty smile,
And how we'd long each day to hear
His pattering step the while!

Come, now, hold out your little hand,
And grasp this rosy apple tight;
Ah! don't I know what baby likes,
What fills him with delight?

My darling, when you grow quite tall,
I wonder if you'll care for me
As you do now? 'Twould break my heart
Were you unkind to be!



Early Affection.

But I know well what I must do
To keep my hold on baby's heart,—
I must be always good, and act
A loving sister's part.

For mother says a sister ought
To try to make the home seem bright,
For grown-up brothers, when they come
All weary back at night.

Baby, it seems so strange to think
That tiny toddles, such as you,
Will grow like father, tall and strong,
And full of wisdom, too!

Sweet little pet! I mean to try
With cords of love to hold your heart,
And when we're grown up, you and I,
We'll never, never part!

D. B.



A Wicked Monkey.

A WICKED MONKEY.

ALL monkeys are more or less michievous, but their mischief is often the result of curiosity, and they destroy things to see what is inside of them, just as children do. They are also very imitative, and will do what they see done by people about them. A monkey that was kept in a family with whom I was acquainted, having seen the maid ironing out some white frilled things on the kitchen table, seized the hot iron during her temporary absence, and tried his hand at the work, with the result that the articles were torn and scorched. But some of these animals are positively malicious and spiteful, and may be called 'wicked monkeys.'

The wickedest monkey I ever heard of was one whose name was Ned. He was of the common Indian kind, only remarkable for his vicious tricks. He lived in a house where several birds and two kittens were kept. He had the run of the garden and the kitchen, and in a corner of the latter place he had a little bed that he regularly made up and arranged himself. One of the kittens was a lively little white creature that he romped and played with; but the other was a demure, little puss, that only wanted to be left to doze away her time in peace, and she resented the liberties Master Ned took with her in pulling her fur and whiskers, and she often scratched him with her sharp claws.

One day Ned found this sober little pussy coiled up asleep in his bed. The cook was going to boil some beans, and had just placed a saucepan full of cold water at the side of the fire, and left the kitchen for a few minutes. The lid was off the saucepan, and lying on the hob, and Ned saw a chance for a fearful revenge on the intruder on his couch. Seizing the kitten by the back of the neck, he leapt on to the hob, and dropping her into the saucepan, he clapped on the lid. He then ran and covered himself up in his bed, and looked like an innocent monkey enjoying a nap.

Presently the cook returned, and going to stir the fire, she lifted the saucepan, and was astonished to hear a strange commotion within it. Snatching off the lid she beheld poor little pussy struggling for her life in the water, and pulled her out in a half-drowned condition.

Suspicion fell on Master Ned, in spite of his innocent looks. He had previously murdered a favourite cockatoo by drowning her in her bath. This attempt to boil the kitten decided his fate, and he was given away to a menagerie. A. R.

A SCULPTOR'S ANSWER.

A TYRO asked an artist, 'Is sculpture difficult?' The artist answered, 'Why, bless you, no! You have only to take a block of marble and a chisel, and knock off all the marble you don't want.'

THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

No. XIII.—ELECTRICITY.

IT is perhaps rash to try and teach the readers of *Chatterbox* anything about so strange and difficult a subject as electricity; for if there be a wonder of the world more wonderful than all others, it has a good right to be considered that wonder. Certainly, it has hidden its secrets longer than any other science, and we seem yet to be, as it were, still in its 'first reading book.' It is true that men have seen, ever since there were men to see, the splendid fire-flashes which electricity shows when there is a thunderstorm; but for many ages it was not known what caused the lightning, or what it was. But men have patiently watched and waited, and one has made a discovery here, and another there, until at length this secret power has been turned by man's genius into a most useful servant.

Every object we see is supposed to contain a certain portion of two sorts of electricity, which are combined no one knows how. One sort has been called *positive*, the other *negative*. And these have a powerful attraction, the first for the second. When we disturb the object by rubbing it, or by other means, the two electric fluids which had been united begin to move and separate; and when we have separated them, we can collect a great quantity of either sort, and stow it away for use in a receiver. The receiver must be isolated; that is, separated from the earth by means of a glass support. You may ask, why glass? Because glass prevents the electricity in the receiver from escaping, as it wishes to do. Glass is found to be a bad conductor. There is something in glass which prevents the fluid from passing along. Had the receiver stood on a metal foot instead of a glass one, we should not have been able to charge it with electricity at all, for as soon as we threw in the fluid, it would run out through the metal support into the ground.

Now, suppose we set about charging a receiver with positive electricity; how are we to do it? We take a large round piece of glass, and pierce a hole in the middle, and put through the hole an axle, and provide a handle and frame, so that we can turn the piece of glass briskly round and round. Next, we must contrive to press a leather cushion stuffed with horse-hair tightly against the glass, and we must smear the cushion with a sort of ointment made of zinc, tin, and quicksilver. The cushion must have a chain or rod connecting it with a table or the floor. Now, when we turn the glass quickly round, it will rub against the cushion, and the two electric fluids will be disunited. The glass will become charged with positive electricity, and the cushion with negative. As the cushion receives more negative fluid than it is meant by nature to hold, the overplus will pass down the chain or rod (which being of metal is a good conductor), and so reach the earth.

We are now concerned with the collection of positive electricity into a receiver. We want to charge the receiver with as much positive electricity as we are able. To do this we must exhaust its negative electricity. We must separate the two kinds, draw off the negative, and supply its place with positive. The receiver is made of metal, hollow,

and of any length. At one end it should be provided with a sort of instrument like a short toasting fork, made to project from one of its ends, and the receiver should stand (as has been said already) on a glass support, for the reasons mentioned above.

Now, when we have quickly turned our glass circle round and round for many times, we shall have separated its combined electricities; we shall have driven its negative fluid into the cushion and down the chain, and we shall have made the glass highly electric with positive fluid, and that positive fluid, being much condensed, will seek to escape, that it may reunite itself with negative electricity wherever that is nearest. It cannot go into the air, for the air, especially if dry, is a bad conductor.

Be it ever borne in mind, as a first truth in electric knowledge, that positive electricity repels positive, as if it disliked it, and negative electricity repels negative, but positive electricity acts as a magnet to negative; and negative acts as a magnet to positive; each seems to long to rush into the other's arms. Each attracts the other, and when our glass circle becomes highly charged with positive electricity, it will affect the conductor even at some distance, by repelling the positive electricity which is in the conductor to the far end, and attracting the negative to the end nearest the glass. This fact is a sort of foundation stone of electric science, and should never be forgotten.

Now, when we have worked some time at the handle of our machine, and have thereby charged our glass with a large quantity of positive electricity, let us bring the conductor nearer. Let us advance the 'toasting fork' towards the glass, and if possible, let us do it in a dark room; we shall then see a bluish light playing about the points, and we shall hear a crackling sound. What is the cause of the light and the noise? It seems to be this. The positive electricity with which the glass is over-charged, and the negative electricity in the receiver's points, are mutually attracting each other, and at length their mutual attraction overcomes the resistance of the air between them, and they meet and combine in the space between the electrified glass, and the prongs which project from the receiver. The combination of the mutual attracting fluids appears to take place in that space, which we suppose to be not great, and it is heard in the crackling noise, and seen in the bluish flame. By degrees, the positive electricity exhausts most or all the negative electricity in the receiver, and it is then said to be charged with positive electricity; and if you hold your knuckle near the receiver, its positive electricity will attract the negative electricity in your knuckle, and you will appear to receive a spark, and you will feel a prick of pain at the same time. That is an electric shock, and it might be made strong enough to sign your death warrant.

In this way we see how electricity may be aroused and put in motion. And its feet are nimble, and its power great. By disturbing the union of the two combined electric fluids, the positive and the negative, you set them each on their travels, for each, when separated from the other, knows no rest until they are reunited.

There are other ways of decomposing or separating the electric fluids beside that of the glass and cushion. It has been found that certain metals, say copper and zinc, when placed side by side, will cause electric separation. Zinc seems to be a positive, copper a negative metal, and so if a piece of zinc is placed on a piece of copper, an electric disturbance will take place; and a current or stream of electric fluid may be formed by means of those metals placed together in a pile, with the help of some cloth dipped in an acid and inserted between the zinc and copper. The acid acts as a sort of fire, and increases the irritation which is caused by the copper and zinc coming together. Such a current travels, it is said, more rapidly than light, and by means of it we are now able to move a needle a thousand miles away. To do this, which is, in other words, to send a telegram, we require mainly three things. At our end, we need a 'battery,' as it is called, that is a contrivance by means of which we can produce electricity of one sort, and keep up a current of it. These batteries are of various kinds. We have Daniell's battery, and Grove's battery, and others.

We then need a wire, properly isolated on which the current may travel. The telegraph wire is supported by posts at intervals, but if the wire were to run through the posts without any protection (so that it touched the wood), the current would escape down the post (which is a conductor) into the earth. We must therefore take care that the wire does not touch the post. It must rest on glass, or india-rubber, or some non-conductor. All metals are conductors, so is water, so is moist air, so are you, my readers; while on the other hand, glass, and wax, and resin, and amber, and dry air, and silk, and indiarubber, are non-conductors. The telegraph wire, which goes under the sea, has to be protected by a non-conducting sheath, or the current would escape into the water, which is a conductor.

At the other end of the wire, we require an instrument, which we cannot now describe. It is enough to say, that it is provided with magnetic needles which can be made to take various positions, and so to form the letters of the alphabet.

As long ago as 1819 (the birth year of the Queen), a Swedish professor, named Oersted, found out that there was a connexion between an electric current and a magnetic needle. He hung such a needle in the air, and he stretched a copper wire above it, and in the same direction. As long as there was no electric current passing on the wire, the needle remained still; but he observed when a current was made to go along the wire, the magnetic needle moved nearly at right angles to the line in which the current was going. Oersted found that when the current was *above* the needle, and going from North to South, then the needle pointed to the East, and when it went from South to North, the needle turned to the West. But when a current was made to go *below* the needle, the case was different; for when it went from North to South, the needle turned Westward, and when the current flowed from South to North, the needle pointed to the East.

All this is very curious and wonderful; and this happy discovery of Oersted, by connecting the electric current with the magnetic needle, has led by degrees to the most splendid triumph of our time, the electric telegraph.

G. S. O.

JAMES GOLDING'S BOY.

(*Continued from p.* 367.)

CHAPTER III.

IT is not generally difficult to forget. It is, I think, one of the saddest things in this sad world of ours how soon we forget our joys, our sorrows, our blessings, our sins. It seemed at first as if it would be so with James Golding. After the inquest was past and the nine days' wonder was over, after Smith had told the story till he was tired and had some fresh marvel to relate, everything seemed to settle down as if that wretched Sunday was merely a dream. He threw himself with fresh vigour into his business, and his hands were full of work, but he found that to forget was not so easy. Every day something seemed to recall to his mind what he would so willingly have forgotten. One day it was a ragged morsel of a shawl still clinging to the sugar-cask that brought a flood of memories. Another day, as Smith left the shop after making a purchase, he stopped, and looking across the cricket-field and meadows beyond, said, 'How they have been cutting the trees here; I declare you can see right across to the Union.'

And it was true; a corner of the ugly red brick building was visible, and every time he left his shop, Golding's eyes looked across to the place where his child was being brought up as a pauper. Hitherto he had scarcely heard of the Union, but now it seemed constantly in people's mouths. Sometimes it was in jest, as when a neighbour would jingle the money in his pockets, and say, 'Ay, Golding, you and I may have to thank the parish for board and lodging yet;' or, in earnest, as when another would say, 'I hope neither me nor mine may ever come to the Workhouse.' Then, too, if Golding went out, his business seemed constantly to take him by the Low meadows or the Workhouse; or if he went in another direction he met the Workhouse school, and could not help glancing at the faces as they passed and wondering if his boy was one. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and no one guessed how much bitterness lay hid in Golding's heart who outwardly seemed so prosperous, and who was so highly respected. Money seemed to grow under his touch, and his business had never been so thriving. Thus time passed, leaving Golding much as it found him, only turning his hair more grey, and his face more thin and sharp, and making him more keen in his business, and more fond of money for its own sake.

Two years had slipped away, and it was again July, and still Golding was busy. There was something doing in the cricket-field opposite, but Golding was too busy to notice it. He did not know that there was anybody in the shop, when a tapping on the counter startled him, and coming from behind his desk and looking over, he saw two round grey caps with a button in the middle of each, and underneath these, two pairs of bright eyes looking up at him, and a hand grasping a penny.

'We wants a ha'porth of lollies,' a voice said.

'Which'll you have, my man?'

'Them pink uns.'

Golding shook out a liberal paperful, and the children turned to go. As they came to the door he could see them better, and at once recognised the Union dress. Two little boys, about five or six, much of a height, only one was stronger and rounder looking than the other. Both had brown eyes, and one had curly hair and a merry, laughing face, and the other had straight hair and a more thoughtful, serious look. It was only the latter that Golding's eyes fixed on with a sudden pain at his heart. But the door shut with a jingle of the little bell, and the children were out of sight.

A few minutes later Smith came in. 'Just come across the road, Golding; there's a sight there worth seeing, if your not too busy.' So they went across to the style opposite. The field was full of children playing, boys hard at work at cricket, very serious in their play, after the manner of English boys; and girls hot and happy over drop-the-handkerchief and oranges-and-lemons, while under the old elms, a table stood, heaped with mugs and baskets of cake, and forms were being set ready and cans of hot tea were being brought from a neighbouring house.

'It's a school-treat to all the children in the place,' Smith said, 'and they've not left out one, I should think, not even the Union, poor little souls! Look there now;' and he pointed to two boys who were standing near the gate, the very two that had just been in Golding's shop. 'There's two fine little fellows. Come here, my men, and tell us your names.'

The curly-haired boy was evidently the leading spirit, and he spoke for both. 'He be Johnnie and I be Jack.'

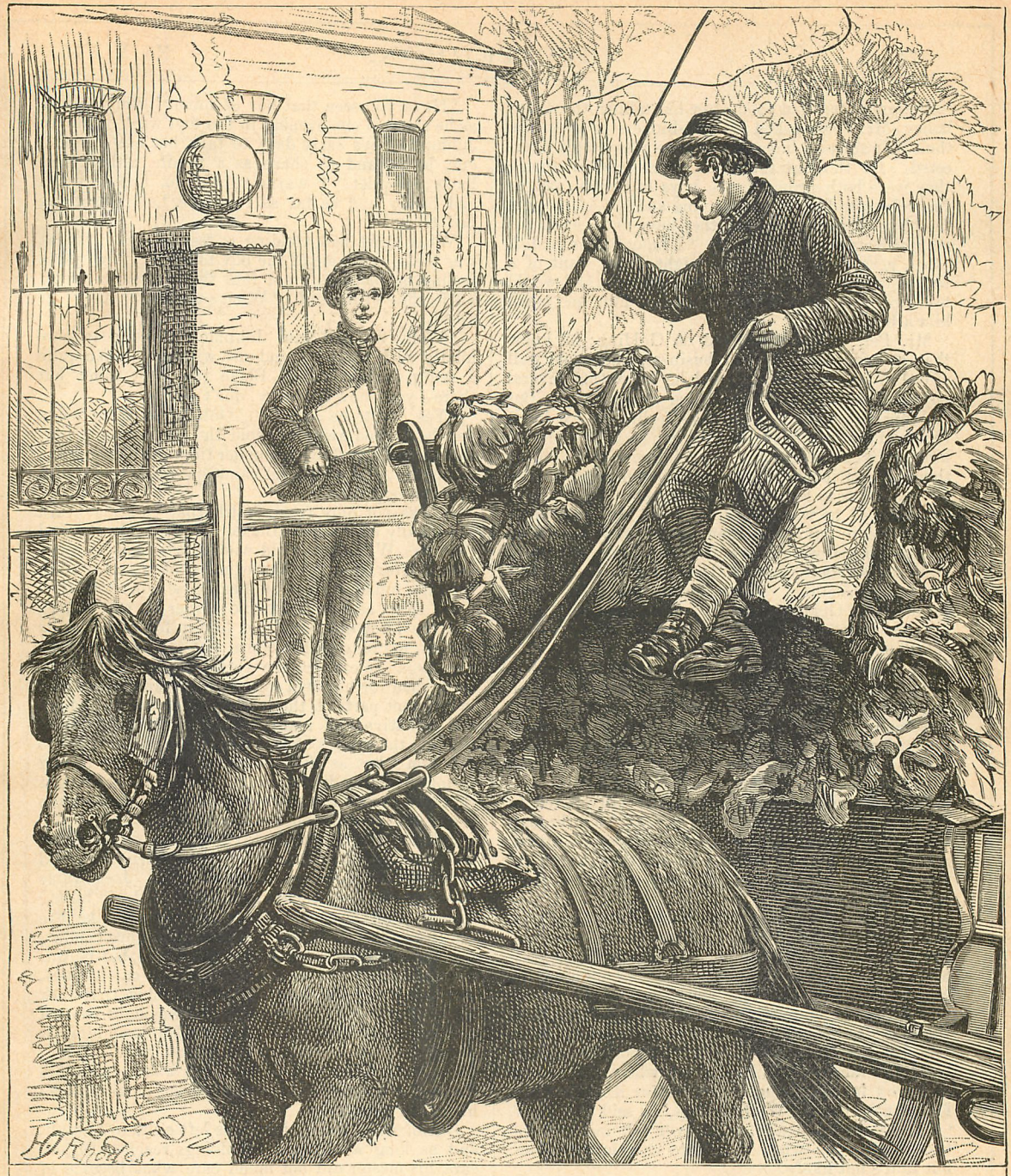
'Jack and Johnnie! Well, be good lads, there's a halfpenny a-piece for you and be off; tea's ready, and you don't often get plum-cake, I reckon.'

The Union schoolmaster came up just then to fetch the boys, who did not want much calling, to run off to the attractive place where there was as much as they could eat, and more.

'Who are they, Mr. Field?' Smith asked.

'Well, one of them is the child of that woman who was found down yonder dead, and the other was born in the house. Good little chaps, but there's not much chance for them; they're pretty sure to turn out bad.' And then he went away; and Golding, with a wretched feeling weighing on his heart, hurried back to his shop.

But I must not linger over this time. It is enough to see that Golding was constantly reminded of his boy's existence, and that, do what he would, he could not quite forget, nor go on comfortably, as if nothing was wrong; but people noticed that he grew colder and more reserved, and seemed to care for nothing but his business and money-getting. He was 'ageing fast,' people said, and indeed he looked much older than many a neighbour who seemed to have twice his cares. There was Smith, for instance, with eight little ones and a poor sickly wife, and a hard struggle to keep them decently, but those baby fingers can smooth out the furrows they cause, and as he held his wife's aching head upon his breast, it drove away the selfishness and coldness of time and age from his heart. But Golding grew furrowed, and cold, and selfish, for his wife was dead and his child in the Workhouse.



Miles's cart on market-day heaped with cabbages.

And so time passed; nine years rolled away since his wife died, when the chaplaincy of the Union became vacant, and Mr. Percy took it. He especially devoted himself to trying to help and improve the children who were growing up among such bad influences, and who seemed to have such small chance of becoming good, and useful, and happy men and women. The girls were the special object of his pity, and many of the Workhouse girls had to thank Mr. Percy for placing them in situations where kindness and forbearance and great patience gradually weeded out the bad and nourished the good, and made the right path smooth and pleasant, and not hopelessly difficult and wearisome, so that at last they became steady, respectable servants, thanking God that they were not like so many who, alas! from gaols and reformatories, point to their workhouse home as the beginning of their downfall. The boys were not

forgotten either, and soon after his taking the chaplaincy, Mr. Percy asked his parishioners to give him their help for two boys in whom he was deeply interested. He thought there was much good in them; they were both strong, active boys of twelve, and, as far as he could tell, well-meaning and honest, though, God knows, poor little lads, they have not been in the way of learning much good. 'I thought,' he added, 'that perhaps some of you might be in want of a boy to help in your shop or run errands, and would take one of them, and keep an eye on him, and teach him a bit.'

Mr. Percy's eye was fixed on Golding; he knew that he was doing a good business, and could well afford to keep another lad, and he knew that several boys had made a good beginning at his shop. But Golding was silent. A strange feeling at his heart told him that it was his own boy who was now offered him, and a curious conflict was going on within him; he thought that it might perhaps quiet that restless conscience of his to have him, and do something for him; but then if he was constantly with him the secret might creep out; and then again, why should he burden himself with a boy who might turn out badly and be a constant worry and vexation to him? But while he hesitated others spoke, and Mr. Percy turned from Golding with a look of disappointment to the warmer-hearted people who were not so cautious. One of them was Smith.

'You see, sir,' he said, 'I always have kept a boy to take the papers round, but I thought as my own boy was ten I might do without and save a bit; but I've managed so far, and if the boy doesn't want much, I can manage to give him his food and a trifle a-week, and I'll teach him a bit of an evening, and I'll do my best to make a man of him, if I can.'

Miles, the market gardener on the hill, offered to take the second with his other boy, anyhow through the summer, and maybe longer; so it was all settled, and Mr. Percy was much pleased, though he still felt a lingering regret that Golding should not have offered to take one.

Smith's shop was only a few houses from Golding's, and it was not long before Golding saw the new boy going in and out with the papers, and soon recognised him as one of the two whom he had seen in the cricket-field, and sometimes since; he was the quieter one of the two, Johnnie, whom Golding had felt from the first was his boy. A tall, strong boy he was now, but still with the serious, thoughtful look that pleased Golding's fancy, as the look of one who would be sure to get on in life, though what matter it was to him he did not know. 'Well, perhaps,' he said to himself, 'if he grows up steady, and I ever felt inclined, the time might come when I could do something for him, but that's not likely.'

When Miles's cart came rattling down on market day heaped up with cabbages, he also recognised Jack mounted on the top and urging on the shaggy pony at a great rate—still curly-haired and rosy and merry-eyed, and as proud as a king to pass by his friend Johnnie at that wonderful pace.

'He's a pickle, and no mistake,' Golding said to himself, 'and he'll get into no end of scrapes. I hope he mayn't lead Johnnie into any, but there—what does it matter to me?'

'Have you seen that boy of mine?' Smith asked, as he came in one evening in the first week of having Johnnie. 'It's early days to talk, but he's a capital one, he is, and as sharp as a needle, although he looks so quiet. I warrant he'll do, he's so quick and handy, and as far as I can see, he's not got any bad tricks.'

What right had Golding to feel pleased? What was praise or blame of the boy to him? And yet a feeling of pleasure crept into that frosty nature of his in spite of himself. 'What's the lad's name?' he asked.

'Well, we call him Johnnie; it sounds more kindly with my boys, and my wife she's taken quite a fancy to him. John Blake they call him; but there—you know his story, don't you?'

'Yes, yes, to be sure I do,' Golding said, hurriedly, and he turned away to avoid the too familiar story that he had hoped to bury under time and business and prosperity, and which yet came springing up to meet him at every turn.

It was not only from Smith that Golding heard continually of Johnnie Blake. It strangely chanced that Mrs. Wilmot, the old woman who had for years looked after Golding's house, and cooked and washed for him, found a room in her house where Johnnie could sleep, as Smith had no corner to put him in, and the kind old body took him in for a mere trifle a-week, not only to her house, but to her heart, and soon began to care for the workhouse boy as tenderly as she had for her own sons, now working their way in different parts of the world. She was getting old and talkative, and many a time would pour out to Golding the praises of 'her boy,' as she soon grew to call him; but as she did not allude to his former history, Golding did not mind. Mrs. Wilmot thought that the sooner his starting point was forgotten the better, and so she would not talk about it.

Johnnie Blake and Jack Stone (for so the other boy was called) still kept up their friendship, and were together as much as they could. Jack Stone had not been so fortunate as Johnnie Blake in falling among kind-hearted, easy-going people, like the Smiths and Mrs. Wilmot. Miles, the nursery-man, was kind and well-meaning on the whole, but he was stern and strict, and would not stand any carelessness, and many was the rough word and blow that Jack bore. But it did him no harm; he was light-hearted and merry, and needed a tight hand to keep him out of mischief, and in spite of their constant falling out, Jack liked Miles and Miles liked Jack, and often laughed in his sleeve at the mischievous monkey tricks he had to punish.

Out of work hours, Jack was left quite to himself, and as long as none of his doings reached Miles's ears, his master did not much care what became of him.

The other boy there was a good deal older than Jack, and was an idle, good-for-nothing lad. At first, he and Jack were great friends, and spent their Sundays together in all sorts of amusements, but, happily for Jack, this did not last long. One Sunday they met Johnnie, who was going to church with Mrs. Wilmot. Johnnie had been taken into St. Peter's choir, and as he had a good voice and was fond of using it, it was a great pleasure to him. Johnnie

called out to Jack to come too, but Jack did not think himself smart enough, but said that perhaps he would come next Sunday. As soon as they had parted, Hallet, the other boy, began chaffing and calling Johnnie a saint and a humbug, and asked Jack if he meant to be the same. But Jack was no coward, and would not be laughed out of his intentions, or hear a friend of his abused, and he gave Hallet back his words with interest, and the next day, when the subject was revived, the words came to blows, and Jack, being the smallest, got the worst of it, and also got a flogging from Miles for having a black eye, and breaking a fuchsia in the scuffle. However, next Sunday Jack was ready with a shining, well-washed face and crisp curly hair to go to church with Johnnie, and when he had once begun, it soon grew into a regular habit, and though it was begun to show Hallet that he was not to be bullied, it was continued from a better motive.

After a time, Johnnie did not appear such perfection as he had at first. He was inclined to be sulky, and sometimes would be silent and sullen for days together, but Smith hoped that he would grow out of it. He was a great favourite with Mr. Percy, who lent him books, and helped him with his learning; and as he was quick and intelligent, he quite repaid the trouble. 'He takes after his mother,' Golding used to say to himself, 'she was terrible fond of a book, but he has his father's care of his money, not like that Stone, whose money burns holes in his pockets.'

(*Continued at page* 378.)

THE RASPBERRY.

THE raspberry, the blackberry, the dewberry, and the cloudberry, all belong to the bramble tribe, and may be found growing wild in different parts of Great Britain. The raspberry has long had a place in our gardens, and the blackberry has during the past few years been very successfully cultivated by English and American fruit-growers, but the dewberry and cloudberry must still be sought for in the hedgerow, and upon the hillsides.

The cloudberry is sometimes called the mountain bramble, and grows upon the high moorlands in Scotland, Wales, and the north of England. The plant is small, with broad leaves, and the large white flowers appear in June. The fruit is crimson at first, but turns yellow as it ripens. It has an agreeable acid taste, which is very refreshing. In Lapland and Sweden the cloudberry is a very common plant, and its fruit is most valuable to the peasant folk in both countries.

The dewberry is very like the blackberry, but its fruit may be distinguished by the pale blue bloom with which it is covered. It is smaller than the blackberry, but more juicy.

The blackberry grows in almost every hedgerow, and as its fruit may be had for the picking, it has not, until lately, been much valued. Gardeners are now beginning to appreciate its good qualities, and before long it will no doubt be cultivated as carefully as the raspberry. The fruit is very wholesome, and in old times it was valued for its healing powers in diseases of the mouth and throat. Silkworms are said to thrive as well upon blackberry leaves as they do upon those of the mulberry, and the long, tough shoots are used for binding thatch.

The fruit of the wild raspberry is small, but its flavour is very agreeable. Some people prefer it to that of the cultivated fruit. In Sweden, where apples, pears, and plums will not grow, these berry-bearing plants are highly prized, and fortunately the raspberry is as common there as the blackberry is in England. It also grows abundantly in the Canadian woods, and large picnic parties are formed in the autumn for the purpose of gathering the ripe berries, with which the thrifty housekeepers are glad to swell their stock of winter preserves.

In the English woods the raspberry is not common, but it is grown in almost every garden, and affords a plentiful supply of wholesome and delicious fruit. The roots throw up fresh canes every year, which bear fruit in the following year, and are then cut down to make room for the new canes which are springing round them. H. L. T.

A FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.

THERE are several kinds of eagles found in America, but that which is peculiar to the country, and has been chosen as the emblem of the United Sates, is the great white-headed eagle, a bird fully as large and powerful as the golden eagle of Europe, and even more rapacious.

The white-headed eagle is between three and four feet in length from the tip of its beak to the end of its tail. For the first three years of its life it is of a uniform brown colour; but in the fourth year its head, neck, and tail become snow white, the rest of it remaining of a light-brown hue. Its legs are only feathered to a little below the knee, and not down to the toes, like those of the golden eagle. Its beak is very large and much hooked; it has immense curved talons, and some stiff bristly feathers depending from its lower mandible give it a bearded appearance. Both land and sea provide it with food; but as it prefers fish it usually takes up its abode on the sea-coast, or near some large river or lake.

A few years ago a desperate fight took place between an eagle and a boy in one of the pasture fields of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home in Green County, Ohio.

A boy, whose name was Wallace Mead, and who was only fifteen years of age, went out to look for some cattle, when he saw a large eagle perched on the bough of a tree. He immediately turned and began to run towards the Home; but the bird, giving chase, overtook him and buried its talons in his leg. He managed to shake it off, but, jumping on him, it bit him severely on the arm. The boy then faced the fierce creature, and boldly fought it with his fists. After a struggle, he managed to grasp it by the neck, and choked it to death.

The brave boy received many scratches and bites during his battle with the eagle, and was so exhausted after his victory that he had to be taken to the hospital. A. R.



A fight with an Eagle



England's Defenders.—The Army and Navy.

ENGLAND'S DEFENDERS—THE ARMY AND NAVY.

DEAR England! island of the sea,
So dim, so misty, and so small!
How many crowding folk there be
Who never leave her shores at all,
But live and love, and toil and die
Beneath her grey and cloudy sky!

When war afflicts the nations round
With all its penalties and pains,
She seldom hears the trumpet sound,
But girdled by the sea remains
Secure, without a foe to fear,
For never foe dare venture near!

For why? her navy sweeps the sea,
Admired and feared by one and all
(Though envious nations hope to see
Her glory end in sad downfall);
And England's soldiers, who so bold?
Could all their glorious deeds be told,

The bare recital well might move
To kindred deeds the coldest heart;
Might cause the meanest soul to love,
And choose to play a noble part,
Might teach all men, and women too,
When duty calls 'The task to do.'

The laughing lads, who in their play
Delight to act a warrior's part,
Who knows but in some future day
They too, with brave and manly heart,
Will take their stand when foes are nigh,
To do their duty, or to die!

Brought up in happy English homes,
Young subjects of our Gracious Queen,
May never coward deed be theirs,
Nor blush of guilt and shame be seen
On those young faces now so fair,
So innocent, so free from care! B. M.

SALOMON DE CAUS.

FROM a letter written more than two hundred years ago by one Marion de Lorme to the Marquis de Cinq-Mars, it appears that a man named Salomon de Caus, a native of Normandy, published a book on the subject of steam, in which he showed that with steam it would be possible to navigate ships and move carriages. Salomon went to Paris, and desired to see the King on the subject of his discovery, but Cardinal Richelieu thought the man was mad, and sent him away without paying much attention to him. The discoverer of steam wonders, however, followed the Cardinal about, and so pestered him that he gave orders for Salomon's imprisonment in the Bicêtre.

When the unfortunate man had been in captivity for three years and a half, he was visited one day by the Marquis of Worcester in company with Marion de Lorme. Among other sights of Paris he wished to see the Bicêtre, where the madmen were kept, and Marion took him there. As they were crossing the court a face appeared behind some bars, and a voice screamed out, 'I am not mad! I have made a discovery which will enrich the country that adopts it!'

The Marquis of Worcester was interested, and found out on inquiry the facts of the case. Having asked to see the madman's book, he said, 'This man is not mad; and if he were in England we should not have shut him up in a mad-house; we should have rewarded him. Pray let me ask him a few questions.'

Leave to do so was granted; but after a time the English nobleman came back looking very sorrowful. 'He is indeed mad, now,' he said; 'for misery has deprived him of reason; but you have to answer for it: when you shut him up in this place, you confined the greatest genius of the age.' The book which so excited the admiration of the Marquis was published in the year 1615, and while we glorify our Watts and Stevensons, let us give honour to the prophetic Salomon de Caus, who was truly a martyr to science.

G. S. O.

JAMES GOLDING'S BOY.

(*Continued from page 375.*)

CHAPTER IV.

SMITH'S business very much improved during the next few years; he never regretted taking Johnnie, and when Johnnie was fifteen, and worthy of a better place, he was able to increase his wages and keep him on, with a smaller boy to take round the papers. Jack, too, was kept on. They had both grown tall, strong lads, but Jack was the strongest and hardiest of the two, from his constant out-of-door work. All seemed going well with the boys, when suddenly a cloud came up which threatened a storm.

One day Smith came into Golding's shop looking troubled and anxious. 'I don't know what to do,' he said, 'and I want you to advise me, Golding. It's very vexing. I had rather that anything had happened than this.'

'Well! what's up?'

'Why, I've missed some money from the till, and that's the fact.'

'Are you sure?'

'As sure as I stand here, and it's not once, but two or three times now. Only a little, a few shillings, but still it's thieving all the same.'

Golding felt a strange coldness at his heart. 'Who is it?' he said.

'Ay, ay! I know what you'll say, that it's Johnnie, but I don't believe it. I would trust him with anything. I would sooner think it was myself. No! I'll tell you who I've my eye on—Jack Stone; he's so often about the place on one excuse or another, and he's not a steady chap like Johnnie.'

Golding gave an involuntary sigh of relief. 'The young rascal,' he said, 'I would give him a good lesson if I was you. Speak to Miles, he'll teach him to keep his fingers to himself, I warrant.'

'Well, I was thinking as I would speak to Miles, but still it may not be the lad, and it's no use getting him into trouble for nothing. I can't think who else it can be, though. I would like to prove it before I said anything.'

'Well, mark some money. Set a trap for the young rogue.'

'I would a deal rather prevent him from taking it than find him out,' kind-hearted Smith said.

'Ay, but it's not fair; he'll go on if he's not found out, and there's no knowing where it may stop.'

'Very well,' Smith said, 'I'll mark some money—like this, do you see?'

A few days after this Jack came into Golding's shop, whistling like a bird and as happy and gay as one, and bought some tea. He was tossing a shilling up in his hand. When Golding held out his hand for the money, he laughed, and gave it a spin in the air: 'We'll toss for the money, Master Golding—heads I win, tails you lose—here you are,' and he tossed the money on the counter. It was a marked shilling.

'Come here,' Golding said, and Jack followed him much surprised into the parlour. 'Now, my young man, you're caught; that shilling you stole so cleverly was marked, and you're found out, sharp as you think yourself.'

Jack got very red. 'What do you mean?' he stammered; 'if you weren't an old man, I would knock you down.'

'Mean? You young thief, you'll see soon enough,' and Golding shut the door on him, and locked it, and was in Smith's shop in a minute. Johnnie was standing folding the papers that had just come in, but Golding did not care for his presence, and in a few words told Smith what had happened. Smith was dreadfully grieved. In his heart, I think, he would rather have been robbed of half his income than have found it out. Even now he was all for hushing it up, and letting off Jack with a good talking to. But Golding was not inclined for such mild measures, and spoke of its being Smith's duty to make an example of the boy. As they turned their steps back to Golding's shop, they did not notice that Johnnie followed them with a pale face and anxious eyes. Smith was quite ready to be gentle and forgiving to the penitent, conscience-stricken culprit whom he expected to find, but he was quite unprepared for the burst of anger that met him when the door was unlocked. Jack stormed till Smith was quite silenced, and Golding spoke of sending for the police. Smith stood wiping his hot forehead, and looking helplessly at Golding, while Johnnie stood in the shop outside, listening to his friend's loud, angry voice. Where did the shilling come from, if he had not stolen it? That was the question, and it was just this that Jack did not seem willing to say. If he would only have confessed his theft, and asked pardon, Smith's kind heart was ready to grant it; but in spite of the accusing shilling, Jack stuck to it that he was innocent—'brazened it out, the scamp!' as Golding said.

'Will you go and tell Miles of it?' Smith said, nervously, to Golding. 'I don't want to put you in jail for it, Jack; but it's not fair to your master not to let him know, for he may trust you.'

Jack's face was red, and his eyes bright and angry, and he turned to Golding, with a laugh—'Come along,' he said, 'who's afraid? Hit him hard, he's got no friends. There's plenty of room for me in the house yonder, if old Miles gives me the sack.'

Then he was silent, and passed through the shop and up the road by Golding's side, without another word. It was hot and dusty, and Golding was not so strong as he had been, and he could hardly keep pace with Jack, as he marched doggedly along with hands in his pockets, whistling 'Home, sweet Home!' As they came up to the garden they saw Miles coming out of one of the hothouses, and Golding called to him. Jack stood at the gate, chewing a bit of grass, and saying not a word, while Golding told the story. Then Miles turned to Jack; he was not a bad sort of man, and there was a warm corner in his heart for Jack. 'Well, lad,' he said, 'and what have you got to say?' Then Jack tossed the grass away, and took off his cap, and stood facing his master in the broad sunshine, 'I didn't take the money,' he said, 'and that's the truth.'

'Then I believe you, Jack,' Miles said.

'You believe him?' Golding exclaimed, 'a boy that steals can tell lies easy enough.'

'He has never either stolen or told lies with me,' Miles said, shortly, 'and he's not the sort to do it.'

'He might have learnt either where he came from ——'

'Hold hard!' Miles called out, 'I won't have that brought up against him. He's been three years and more here, and though we've had many rows together, still he's been a good lad.'

'Ah, well,' Golding said, with a shrug of his shoulders, 'it's your own look out, and if you like to trust his word, it's no business of mine.'

'If you see Mr. Smith,' Miles said, 'you can tell him as I think he's made some mistake, and that I'll wait a bit afore I'll put Jack into jail. You be off, you idle young monkey, and see to them flower-pots.'

At this very moment Smith himself made his appearance, hot, panting, and excited. He was so out of breath that he could not speak a word, but he caught hold of Jack's hand and shook it, with tears standing in his eyes.

'Well!' said Miles, dryly, looking at the two, 'that's a new way of punishing a thief.'

And then Smith found words,—

'Thief! not he, it was all a mistake. I'm terribly sorry, Jack.'

'Don't speak of it, sir,' Jack stammered, more ashamed and awkward now than when he was accused.

'He's as troublesome a young varmint as ever was,' Miles said, with a slap on Jack's shoulder that contradicted his words, 'but I knew he wasn't a thief. But how came the mistake?'

Smith's face fell. 'I can't bear to think of it,' he said; 'I'd have trusted Johnnie Blake like my own son; but he has told me all about it, and I've promised to look over it this time, and he's in a great way about it, and I hope you won't speak about it to any one.'

Miles and Jack both at once declared that no one should know of it. Golding alone remained silent. He felt as if he owed Jack a grudge for being innocent and leaving the guilt for Johnnie; and when Smith turned to go home, and called him to come too, he went without a word to Jack, whose eyes followed him till he was out of sight. 'He might have said a kind word to a chap,' he thought, 'but I do think he would rather I had stole it. He's a queer sort.'



"Now, my young man, you're caught."

Golding that night, as he settled up his accounts right to a halfpenny, thought to himself that he had done the wisest thing he could, after all, in keeping his secret, and that as Johnnie was turning out badly, it was well that he was only Johnnie Blake, the workhouse boy, taken by Smith out of charity, and not well-to-do James Golding's son.

But though Smith spoke no more of the excellence of his lad, though Johnnie was no more seen in the choir at church, and no longer held up his head as a model boy, and a favourite of Mr. Percy's, he did not turn out badly. Indeed, it was the very best thing for him when he was found out, for Smith's kindness was the means, in God's mercy, of making him truly sorry for his dishonesty, and he resolved to show his gratitude and win back his master's confidence. He



did not know what his dishonesty had cost him; for Golding no longer thought, as he had lately often done, of the future day when he might, perhaps, tell Johnnie the story, or part of the story, and enjoy the boy's wonder and delight at the good luck in store for him. He would not claim a son who had been found out in thieving, and so, as time passed, he left off noticing or thinking of the lad, or young man as he was now, and indeed he was so wrapped up in his business that he had small time or thought for anything else.

One day, when he went into Smith's shop for a paper, he was surprised to find another young man, who came forward to serve him. 'Where is Blake?' he asked.

'Blake? he's been ill this fortnight. Mr. Smith said this morning that there was little hope of his living out the day.'

'What is it?'

'Some kind of fever; I don't rightly know what.'

(*Continued at page* 390.)

THE GHETTO, OR JEWS' QUARTER IN ROME.

THE history of the Jews, after their dispersion over the whole world, has been a very strange and melancholy one. Terrible have been their sufferings at the hands of both Christians and Mohammedans. One of the worst blots upon the history of the last 2000 years is the constant but vain endeavours which have been made to sweep the chosen race from off the face of the earth. In every country they have been persecuted, in our own as well as in others, though for years in our land they have been practically in the same position as their Christian neighbours. It is not so, however, in other parts of Europe and in Asiatic countries, although even there they have generally been better treated of late years. Jews are to be found in every part of the known world, though they are more numerous in Poland than in any other country. One very common form of persecution towards the Jews is to refuse them permission to engage

in trade or agriculture, or indeed in any honourable employment, thus compelling them to adopt the degrading occupation of usury, and also to insist upon their living only in one specified part of the town where they may wish to take up their abode. Our picture gives a representation of 'The Ghetto,' or Jews' quarter in the city of Rome. M. K.

AN ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

NOW, father, said a hopeful son,
'Suppose I prove to you
That you've three horses ploughing there
Instead of only two?'

'Well, I'd be pleased,' his father said,
'Because if I had three,
My work would be the faster done,
That's very plain to see.

'So prove it now, my son, and I
One horse will give to you!'
'Well, sir, the grey horse counts for one,
The brown horse counts for two,

'And as I'm sure you must admit
That one and two make three,
'Tis plain that three are standing there;
So which horse is for me?'

'I'll keep the grey,' his father said,
'My old friend Brownie too;
So, if you don't object, my son,
The third will be for you!' B. M.

STORY OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

AN early morning in Paris—the roar of cannon announcing some glad tidings, general rejoicing, not only in the gay city, but throughout the length and breadth of France.

A January day in England, a group of silent, weeping mourners standing round the dying bed of one who was an exile from the land of his birth, the land which he had so long governed.

Such was the opening and such the closing scene of the life of Louis Napoleon, son of the much-beloved Hortense and Louis Bonaparte, who was born at the Palace of Fontainebleau on the 20th April, 1808.

From his earliest childhood the boy was remarkably attached to his uncle, the Emperor, who delighted in the young Prince's intelligence.

Not long after the birth of Louis Napoleon his father resigned the throne of Holland, which had been his for some years, living first in Styria, and afterwards in Italy, as a private gentleman.

Hortense resided chiefly in Paris, where she was known by the title of the Duchesse de St. Leu. When the Emperor escaped from Elba, to reappear for the 'Hundred Days,' his Empress had fled from France to the protection of her father, and it was Hortense and her children who were with Napoleon then, participating in the gay scene of his departure for Waterloo.

When the unfortunate Emperor said farewell before starting on the journey which ended in his captivity at St. Helena, the little Louis Napoleon climbed on his knees and implored him to stay at home. 'Your enemies will take you, and we shall see you no more,' he cried. The Emperor embraced him, and then put him in his mother's arms. 'Look well to your son, Hortense,' replied he. 'Perhaps after all he is the hope of my race.'

But the Bonapartes had to retire from Paris, and the ex-King of Holland took his wife and children to Bavaria, where Louis studied at the Gymnasium of Augsburg; but they were soon forced to seek another shelter, and after a short stay in Switzerland they went to Rome.

At length Hortense found it possible to establish herself at the Castle of Arenenberg, looking down upon the Lake of Constance, and here she devoted herself to the superintendence of her children's education.

Louis Napoleon early became remarkably proficient in mathematics and fortification; he loved the study of both ancient and modern history, and if he read much he thought more.

It was in the military camp at Thun that the son of Hortense learned the duties of a private soldier, carrying his knapsack on his back, using the pickaxe and the barrow, scaling the mountain heights, eating soldiers' fare, and sleeping in a soldier's tent. It was by his mother's wish that Louis accustomed himself thus to toil and hardship, so that if Providence should call him to a high position he might be fitted to command all the better because he had first learned to obey.

When in 1830 the news of the Revolution reached the Castle of Arenenberg, it seemed as if the quiet life he had been leading would no longer satisfy Louis Napoleon; he burned with desire to return to his native land, and both he and his mother thought that the necessity for their exile would be at an end.

For a time they were to be disappointed; by an order from the Tuileries the Prince was conducted by a military escort beyond the Papal territory; but when in Italy also a revolution broke out, both he and his brother took part with the people, although they were subsequently deprived of their command and banished. It was after this that the elder son of Hortense died, and Louis was left her only surviving child.

His was a dangerous position, for he was surrounded by enemies; the Austrian soldiers were seeking to capture him, but his mother helped him to escape in the disguise of a servant, and together they landed at Cannes and made their way to Paris.

Outcast and proscribed as the Bonapartists were, the Prince resolved to implore the generosity of Louis Philippe, to permit his mother to live on French soil and himself to serve as a private soldier; but the only answer to the appeal was an order to leave the territory immediately.

There was no choice, therefore, but for Louis to retire to Switzerland, and about this time he became

known as an author, and put forth a work in which he declared his firm belief that the regeneration of France would be found in combining the causes of the Empire and the Republic.

In 1836 the Prince arranged measures with a few of his friends, and upon the 30th October he presented himself with a small party of officers at Strasburg, and displaying the Imperial Eagle, called upon the soldiers to follow his standard. They obeyed, and in all probability Louis would have been successful in his plan if a report had not spread that he was not the great Napoleon's nephew, and not even a Bonaparte—the result was that he was made a prisoner, and conveyed to Paris under the charge of treason.

Not permitted to have a trial, he was found guilty; but though his life was spared he was ordered to America, for Louis Philippe deemed his residence in Europe to be a source of constant danger.

In vain he protested against this sentence—he was seized and 'deported' to America, where for a few months he remained, carefully noting the practical working of the Republican system. Returning to Europe the following year, Louis Napoleon was just in time to take leave of his mother before she died, and he then remained in Switzerland until the publication of some statement by one of his friends as to the affair of Strasburg brought him once more under the suspicion of the King. It was then that the princely exile resolved to exchange his retreat at Arenenberg for England, where he lived for more than a year in a house on the north side of King Street, St. James's Square.

Though Louis Napoleon did not appear at Court, he mixed a good deal in society during his residence in London, and found many friends who admired his energetic and dauntless character.

It was in August, 1840, that the Prince crossed to Boulogne and landed in France, resolved on hospitality. His little company of adherents cried 'Vive l'Empereur!' and the soldiers were called on to follow his standard, but they refused.

Louis then planted his Imperial flag by the Column of Napoleon, for it was yet early morning, and there were but few people moving in the streets; however, he was quickly surrounded by the soldiers and gens-d'armes, who made him and his two companions prisoners.

When the Prince was tried for this offence he was, of course, found guilty and sentenced to life-long imprisonment in a French fortress; Count Montholon was doomed to twenty years' imprisonment, and the other offender to transportation.

However bitter might be his disappointment, however hard his sentence, Louis Napoleon kept all such feelings hidden. When he was taken to two dreary rooms in the fortress of Ham, in Picardy, he declared that the knowledge that he was breathing French air was a sufficient consolation, and he employed his solitude in writing and other amusements.

In some way he found means to communicate with his friends, but four years passed without any change in his condition.

In 1845 he begged leave to go to the bedside of his father in Florence, promising on his word of honour to return to his prison; but he was refused, and then his desire to pay this visit caused him to plan an escape. His valet obtained a pair of sabots and a smockfrock, and the Prince assumed the dress of a workman, as some repairs were then going on which would thus facilitate his disguise, and he safely gained the Belgian frontier and took ship for England.

Having lost their prisoner, the French Government retaliated upon him by using their influence to prevent him obtaining the necessary passports for a journey to his dying father, so the much-desired visit was never paid.

The Prince remained in our country for nearly two years, staying sometimes in London and sometimes at a place near Sevenoaks, which he had taken while he waited to see how things went on in France.

Then came the overthrow of Louis Philippe in February, 1848; and the story of the outbreak, the barricaded streets of Paris, and the flight of the King to England, is so well known that we need not tell it here.

When Louis Napoleon was elected President of the new Republic he had immense difficulties to contend with, but with great prudence and tact he showed his desire to promote the glory and prosperity of France, and won favour among the people.

At length, being convinced of the impossibility of ruling his country as a Republic, he called upon the nation to restore the Empire, and this measure was approved by a large majority of votes. As soon as the Imperial system was established, Louis Napoleon lost no opportunity of encouraging and promoting public works, and commerce gradually revived.

On the 22nd January, 1853, the Emperor announced to the Senate his proposed marriage with the Countess Eugénie de Theba, a Spanish lady of noble birth, and on the 29th of the same month the ceremony took place at Notre Dame, amidst general rejoicing.

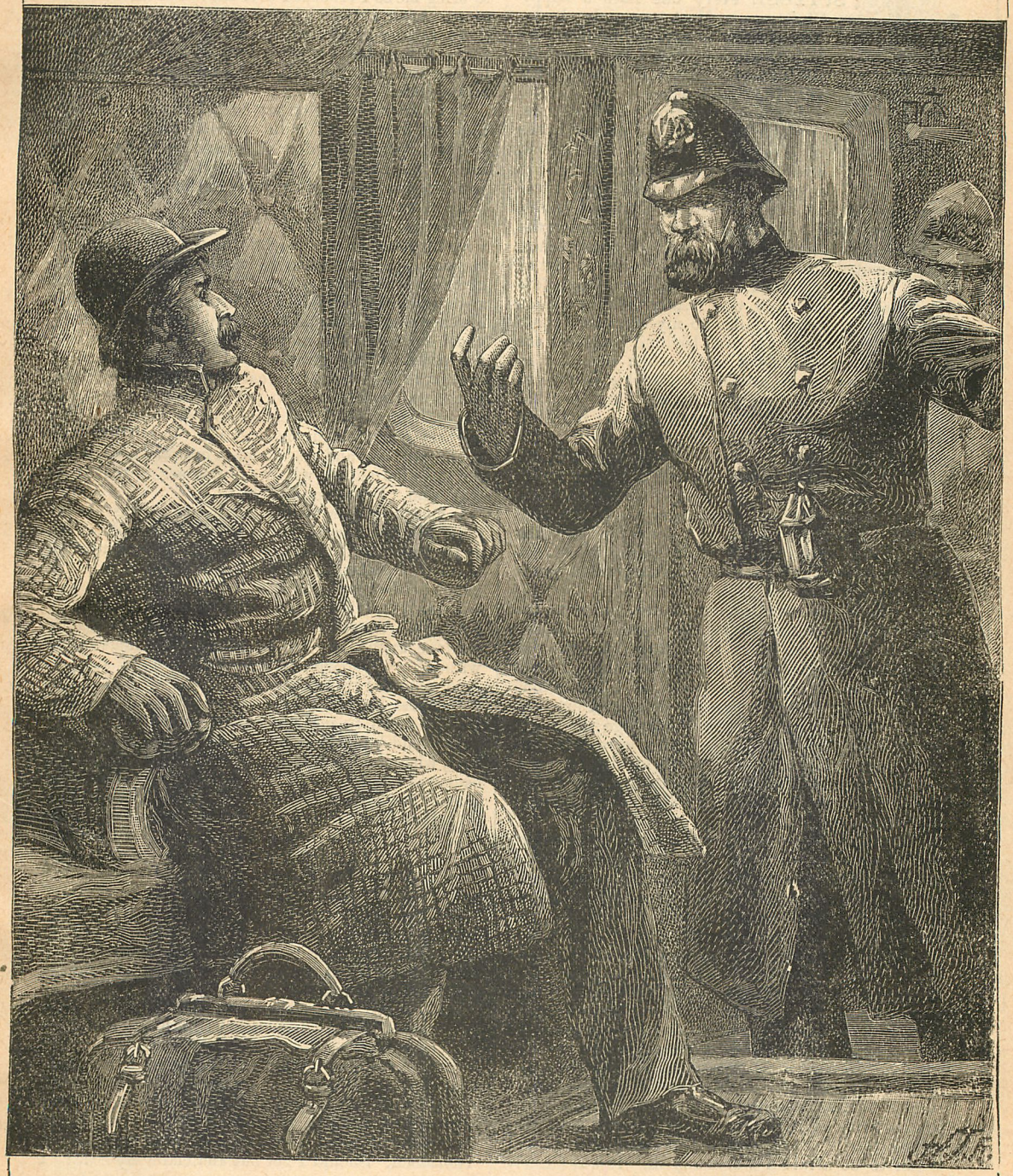
For upwards of eighteen years Louis Napoleon ruled as Emperor, during which time he raised France to a high position, and made of Paris the most attractive city in the world.

But in the height of his prosperity came the hostile feeling between the French and German nations, which resulted in a declaration of war. It is said that by this act Louis Napoleon wrecked his own fortune, and that patience and tact would have arranged difficulties; others maintain that the Emperor was forced to yield to the warlike impulse of his people. However this may be, he departed for the seat of war at the head of his army, taking with him his young son the Prince Imperial. We all know the unfortunate result, and the sad ending to his remarkable career. We all know how the French army was outnumbered, how Louis Napoleon yielded himself a prisoner to the King of Prussia, and the Empress and Prince Imperial took refuge in England, when a Republic was once more declared in Paris.

In 1871 a treaty of peace was concluded, and the Emperor being released came once more to the land where in earlier years he had been an exile, and upon the 9th January, 1873, he died in his retired home at Chislehurst, still faithful in his love to France.



Louis Napoleon escaping from prison.



"I'll trouble you to get out of this and come along with me."

A FORTUNATE MISADVENTURE.

I SUPPOSE every one likes a happy Christmas. Most certainly I do. Yet, strange to say, the most miserable Christmas Eve I ever spent is the one to which I look back with very thankful feelings.

I was a young man at the time, working hard in the banking house of Messrs. Reid & Co., of Lufton, and I may say, without giving myself credit for more than I deserve, that I was one of their most trusted clerks. I had been able, by good fortune, to render the bank a signal service, and had, in consequence, been promoted to a position of great trust, a fact of which I was very proud. For some months before Christmas we had been very much pressed, a large share of work having fallen to my lot, and though generally very strong, I was beginning to feel the strain, and was highly pleased when one day in December the 'head' called me into his room, and told me that as the pressure of work was over, he thought I should be glad of a rest, and that if I liked to take a week from Christmas Eve they would manage to spare me. Of course, I was delighted, and I had no hesitation in deciding where to go; for, to let out a secret, I had been engaged for some time to the dearest girl—but, of course, every one understands all that. I had intended to run down for Christmas Day, now I wrote that I could stay a week, and began counting the days till Christmas, which surely passed slower than usual.

Christmas Eve came in due course, and none too soon, for I felt I needed a little rest. As ill-luck would have it, some extra work turned up the day before, and though I worked nearly all night, I could not get away till past three, which, as I had a long journey before me and a tiresome delay at a junction, would not enable me to get to Weybridge till nearly ten o'clock. Of course, the trains were late, and mine did not start till nearly four—luckily for me—as I had to tear from the office to the station, and was only just in time to bolt into the nearest carriage as the train started.

There was only one other occupant, who was so muffled up in a rough rug as to be nearly invisible, and who did not appear to be of a sociable disposition, for we never exchanged a word the whole way; in fact, he only moved once or twice to stand up and stamp his feet or shake himself, on which occasions I noticed that he was about my own size and age, and wore a suit of grey clothes much resembling mine. As we did not stop till we reached Winchley, where I should have the pleasure of waiting an hour and a half, I made myself comfortable, and prepared to take a nap. With the best intentions, however, I could not succeed in getting to sleep; what with the hard work and the excitement of getting off, I seemed to have been doing too much, and now I had time to think of it, I discovered that my head was aching terribly, and before I reached Winchley I began to be afraid I was really ill. It was bitterly cold, too, and snowing fast, and in my hurry I had stupidly left my rug behind, and when I got out at the junction, I was shivering to such an extent that I could hardly hold the cup of coffee I got a porter to bring me as I crouched over the fire in the waiting-room. After a while I began to feel burning hot, and threw off my great coat, intending to put it on before starting; but I suppose I dozed, for I was roused by the bell and the call of 'Thornham and Weybridge train.'

Not waiting to put on my coat, I snatched up my bag and hurried out with my coat on my arm. I was just opening the door of a carriage when a voice behind me observed, 'Beg pardon, sir, but haven't you left your purse on the table in the waiting-room? I saw one there just now.'

I turned to behold my fellow-traveller standing with his hand on the door of the next compartment. He was apparently suffering much from the cold, for he had a woollen scarf nearly covering his face, and a rug round his shoulders. Putting my hand hastily into my pocket, I found that my purse was not there, and I did not at the moment recollect that it was in the pocket of my greatcoat. I threw my bag and coat on to the seat of the carriage and dashed back to the waiting-room. No purse was to be seen, and after a hasty search I decided to lose it rather than miss the train, which was just off. I hurried back to the carriage, and was going to open the door, when the same individual, who was lying across the doorway, said, 'Next carriage, sir.'

I looked in, saw a bag on the seat—was almost pushed in by an indignant guard; the door slammed, and we were off. The first thing I did was to take up the coat, when to my disgust I found it was not mine, neither was the bag, which resembled mine, but was certainly not my old companion in so many journeys. What had I done? Got into the wrong carriage evidently: but of all idiotic things to be without a greatcoat or rug such a night as this! And what did that fellow mean? It was too absurd to suppose he could have made the same mistake. Did he mean to make off with my belongings?

It would be an hour before we stopped at Thornham, where the train branched off to Weybridge; and as it was a fast train and did not stop anywhere else, I could not reclaim my coat till then. Nine o'clock on a December evening was not the time for travelling without any wraps, so I determined to make use of the coat till I could get back my own, and being as cold now as I had been hot before, I proceeded to put it on. It was rather a conspicuous garment of black and white check, and was too thin to afford much protection against the cold; but I turned up the collar and settled myself in the corner, feeling rather disgusted at the very much better bargain the other fellow had made.

Ah, could I have looked into the future for only three short hours, what should I have said about his better bargain?

But knowing nothing, I only felt that I was very cold and far from well, and was exceedingly cross at the blunder; but I beguiled the time by pleasant anticipations of a warm welcome at Weybridge, till the slackening of speed warned me we were approaching Thornham. Should I get out and claim my coat? I

was feeling very giddy, and decided not to move. The occupant of the next compartment could not get out without my seeing him, and as he must have discovered the mistake too, he would probably take the first opportunity of making the exchange. At Weybridge I should be met, and my troubles would be over.

Unlucky night! my troubles were only just beginning, and it was some days before I reached Weybridge. *Unlucky* did I say? No, no!

I was leaning back in the corner as we drew up at Thornham, when I became aware of an unusual stir on the platform, and saw two policemen looking into each carriage as it came up. Nothing seemed to come of it, and one of them stopped just opposite my carriage, while the other went slowly down the train. Out of curiosity I leant forward, and at that moment the policeman turned round. Without changing his position, he gave a low whistle, and his comrade hurried up; the door was thrown open and number two entered.

'Now then,' he exclaimed roughly, 'I'll trouble you to get out of this and come along with me.'

I stared at him in mute amazement.

'It's no use making any resistance,' he continued; 'you know very well what you are wanted for, so come along and don't make a bother about it.'

'What on earth do you mean?' I exclaimed, partly indignant and partly amused; 'I suppose you are mistaking me for some other man.'

'Of course! we always are mistaken,' he returned with a laugh: 'are we not, Bill?' to his comrade who stood close to the door. 'But I think we are all right this time. It's not the first time you've been wanted, you know, though you have never put your foot into it quite so deep as you have this time at Towton.'

'Nonsense,' I exclaimed, beginning to get angry, 'I never was at Towton in my life. I am a clerk in Messrs. Reid & Co.'s bank at Lufton and am going to Weybridge. My name is Frank Ashton; here is my card.' And I put my hand into my pocket, only to withdraw it empty, for my purse was in my coat pocket in the other carriage.

'Won't do, eh?' said the man, with an aggravating laugh. 'Now, Harris, are you coming out, or must we make you?'

'I tell you my name is Ashton,' I repeated angrily. 'You will find my coat and bag in the next carriage if you don't choose to believe me.'

'Get out then, and let us look.' And feeling very giddy and quite bewildered, I allowed myself to be half helped, half dragged on to the platform.

'Look into the next carriage, Bill.'

'Not a thing there, and no one in it,' he reported.

'I tell you there is,' I exclaimed, 'there was a fellow in it at Winchley, and he cannot have got out. I threw my coat in there, and got into the other by mistake. I suppose this coat is his.'

'It fits you very well,' said the man ironically, 'and we have had a pretty clear description of you. As for the bag, we'll see what's in it; false hair, and a few odds and ends of that sort, I expect.'

He wrenched open the bag as he spoke, and to my utter astonishment his conjectures proved to be entirely correct. Had I chosen I might have adorned myself with hair of a decidedly red hue, or of raven blackness.

'Well,' remarked Wilson, as I found the other called him, 'that's curious luggage for a banker's clerk, eh, Bill?'

Bill chuckled, causing me to detest him, and mentally to decide that he was a brute. Before many hours were over I had altered my opinion, and looked upon 'Bill' as the most kind-hearted of mortals.

(*Continued at page* 398.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

39.—Squared Words.

1. Square a savage animal with rest after labour, a large continent, and twenty quires of paper.

2. Square an important city in the North of England with a place for cooking food, an old word meaning to advise, and a part of the body.

3. Square a domestic biped with an imaginary monster, a very small bird, and a word which means to grant for temporary use.

4. Square a delicious fruit with a river in Spain, another river in Italy, and the lowest part of a tree.

5. Square a young animal with a word meaning a surface within given limits, to dissolve, and a town in England famed for its mineral waters.

6. Square a good servant and bad master with an object of false worship, a town in the North of Scotland, and a word meaning otherwise.

7. Square an article of clothing with a word meaning formerly, the highest point of anything, and a river in the North of England.

8. Square a royal beast with a preposition the reverse of out, a fragrant oil, and the middle of the day.

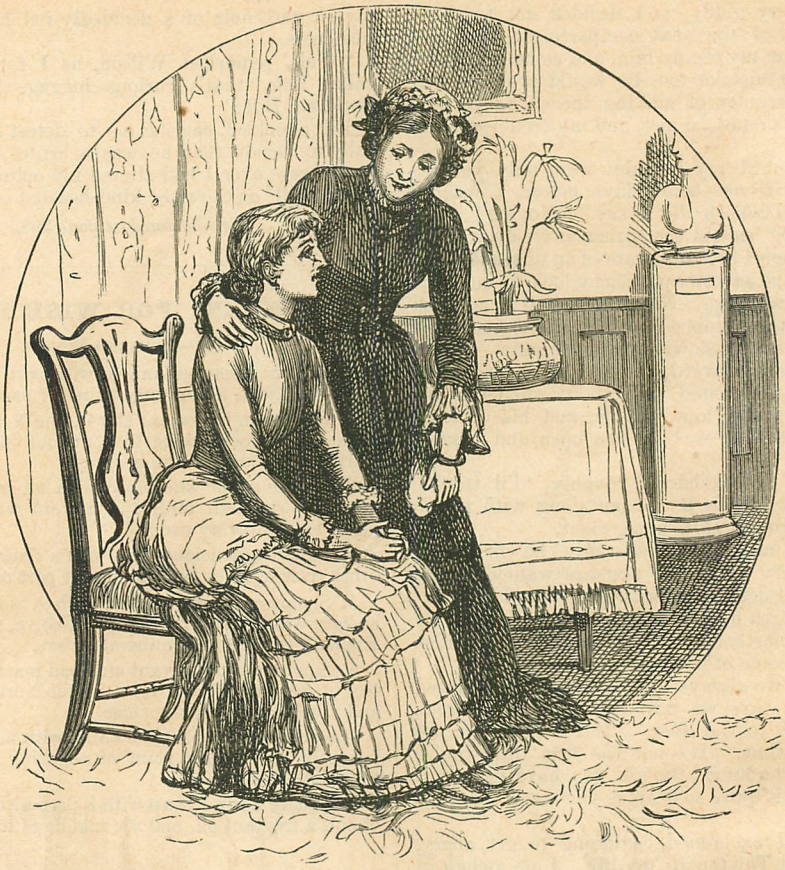
C. C.

40. In the sentences below are about a score of artists' names, which an ingenious girl or boy may with a little trouble discover:—

'Their bodies are buried in peace, but their names live for evermore.' And not only their names, but their works endure. We allude to our true friends, the painters, whose 'things of beauty are a joy for ever,' in the National Gallery, and such like places.

The night is mirk enough for our purpose. The policeman, *or village constable*, cannot see us, *or grab our donkey*. That peace officer, as they call him, *is no angel of mercy* to us poor fellows; *not given to piety at all*, as we think; but luckily he has *a dim eye, rogues may thank their stars*. This canal is *seldom or never netted*, so we shall find sport; *neither turbot, herring*, nor salmon, of course, but small fishes, as perch and roach. We may also find *pike in his teens*, and *ring their knell ere the moon gets up*. That little gudgeon you may throw in again; *for he would not cost a denarius*. When our bag is *full Ely will be our next place*. Throw in the net! And now for a fish big as *Tom Thumb or Gog! None at all*, by Jingo! I can hardly keep my tongue *from abuse*. I wish we had that learned pig *I saw once at Oswestry*. He laid out letters *on a mat systematically*, as if he were *one of us*. *Elijah was with me* at the time. He said it was *high hog art; he was indeed* a pig of quality. *His art opened our eyes* to the cleverness of dumb animals.

[*Answers at page* 410.]



A REPINING SPIRIT.

MY dear, why sit so much alone,
And so down-hearted too?
'Twould please me more than I can tell
To be of use to you.

For young folk should be cheerful, dear,
Aye, cheerful as the morn;
Why, child, you've never known a grief
Since ever you were born!

And now because your friends have gone,
And left you in my care,
You mope alone as though you saw
No gladness anywhere.

And yet you're to be sent for soon,
In three short weeks, you say;
Well, rouse yourself, my dear, and do
Some useful work to-day.

Come with me to the Cripples' home,
It is my turn to go
And sit beside the suffering ones,
It soothes and cheers them so!

And you can help me, dear, so much,
More than you could suppose;
Your lighter griefs will disappear
In bearing others' woes.'

B. M.

FAIRY.

WHEN my cousin Annie went out to India on the very day she was fourteen, she promised to write and tell me all about her occupations and pleasures in the new land—new, at least, to her, for she left it as a baby. Her description of the steed she was about to ride would, I think, amuse you, so here is a bit out of her letters.

'Did I tell you that my new horse, Exile, turned out too skittish for me to ride, so father sold it, and has since bought an elephant, which, by way of contrast, we call Fairy. It is a very docile creature, eats out of your hand, and bows and salaams with a kind of polite grunt at the same time. Before we bought the animal it had been very ill, and dosed with medicine, of which at last it got so tired that it broke away from its keepers when they were asleep, and demolished almost a whole neem-tree—a thing so bitter in flavour as to be like quinine, and no animal ever eats it. Fairy got quite well from that hour, however. Yesterday father offered him a branch of neem, but he only looked at it complacently, and then used it as a fan; just as if he would say, "No, thank you, I only take rhubarb and magnesia when I am really ill."

'Don't you think I have a very clever steed this time?'

H. A. F.



KING EDWIN'S DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

THE Venerable Bede, in recording the good results of the wise and firm rule of Edwin, king of Northumbria, and fifth Bretwalda, or 'Wielder of Britain,' tells us that he had cisterns placed at convenient intervals on the highways to collect the water from the nearest springs. These cisterns were constructed of stone, and cups of brass were attached to them by chains to enable people to drink from them.

The early English, or Anglo-Saxons, were not great engineers, like the Romans, who sunk deep wells to procure water, and King Edwin's drinking fountains were probably of very simple construction. Where a spring percolated through a bank, it would be easy to form a basin to collect the water by means of stone slabs, and where it bubbled up through the ground, a cistern may have been built over it and covered by a stone to keep it from being choked up; but with their brazen cups the drinking fountains were looked on by the people of that rude age as wonderful and beneficent works, and the king earned the gratitude and blessing of many a weary and thirsty traveller.

King Edwin reigned in the early part of the seventh century of the Christian era, and his drinking fountains were suffered to fall into decay. They

were succeeded in the town, during the middle ages, by the public conduits, and these again by the parish pump with its iron ladle. In our own time King Edwin's drinking fountains, with their cups attached, have been revived. The first public drinking fountain was opened in London in 1859, a few years after they had been established in Manchester. A. R.

SOMETHING WHICH MAY LOST.

A WEE little maid, with a bright little face,
Climbed up on the railing one day
Which guarded the pansies; a slip, and a fall,
And down 'mid the blossoms she lay.
No very bad bruises were found on her knees,
And very few tears in her eyes.
'The child lost her balance,' her granny declared;
May listened in wondering surprise.

They missed her, and down in the pansies she knelt,
Now peering first this way, then that;
'It's gone, some one stole it!' she calmly announced,
Looking up from the depths of her hat.
'And what did you drop?' asked her mother, surprised,
And kissing the cheeks all aglow;
Then laughed at her answer, and kissed her again:
'My balance; I lost it, you know.'

JAMES GOLDING'S BOY.

(*Continued from p.* 381.)

AS Golding walked down the sunny road, he felt cold and sick. To feel that what had been lying within his grasp for years, so that he had but to close his hand and it was his, was out of his reach for ever, came like a blow to him. Though from the first he had never even breathed to himself any regular plan for claiming his son, and for the last two years had scouted every thought of such a plan, and had thought himself lucky in being free from a thieving lad—yet now, when it was too late, it seemed the dearest hope of his life; and business, money, respect, were nothing in his thoughts compared to 'his boy,' as he now, for the first time, called him. Of late he had not noticed when Johnnie's tall figure passed the window; but now the day seemed darker and the street emptier without him. When Mrs. Wilmot came in to get his tea he should hear. How was it the old gossip had never told him?

But teatime seemed as if it would never come, and, unable to wait any longer, he left his errand-boy in charge of the shop, and set off for the narrow lane, not far off, where Mrs. Wilmot lived. It was a hot afternoon, and everything was very still, as Golding went on his way. As he came to the narrow entrance of the lane, he met some one coming out quickly—a tall young man, who nearly ran against him, as they met. It was Jack Stone, and he drew his sleeve quickly across his eyes, and said 'Good day,' in a choked tone, and then hurried on. 'They were friends,' Golding said to himself, with a pang at his heart. This is the cottage, the bedroom window is open, and the blind moved softly by the slight breeze; the door is partly open, and in the little tidy kitchen Golding can see the old woman sitting with her Bible open before her, but she is not reading, for her spectacles are dim and her eyes too. Golding stood looking in, taking in all the scene and listening to the clock ticking on so steadily, as if Time were not so soon over and Eternity so near. Such a hush in the house, the clock seemed saying 'Too late, too late!' to his troubled mind. But the next moment Mrs. Wilmot saw him, and got up, and put her finger to her lips, and glanced towards the stairs leading up to the bedroom. The blood rushed back to Golding's heart, and sang and throbbed in his head; the hush, as of death, was gone, and the tone of the old clock sounded differently, it was saying, 'Not yet, not yet!'

'He is asleep,' Mrs. Wilmot said, in a whisper, 'and doctor says, please God, he will wake up better. I'm sure I never thought as he would see another day, but God knows best. Would you like to see him?' she asked, doubtfully.

'No, no,' Golding said, quickly; 'I'm glad he's better, and I hope he will come round all right,' and he went off. He was afraid of betraying himself in the sudden relief, of saying something rash and imprudent that he might regret afterwards. People grow so prudent and far-seeing in old age. He would certainly claim his son, oh yes, he would, and tell him all, some day; but he would do it calmly, not in a hurry, not in excitement; not yet, not yet.

Johnnie got well, slowly; but still, Golding said to himself, 'Not yet;' he regained his strength and went back to his work, and was again constantly in Golding's sight, but still, 'Not yet,' and the old clock went steadily on, and the days, and weeks, and months passed. The old clock marked at last the dying moments of its old mistress, and old Mrs. Wilmot went to her rest, and Johnnie lost a kind friend and had to seek new lodgings; and Golding had to find some one else to do for him, and got a new woman who did not understand his ways, and put him about sadly. 'He's getting old and fidgety,' he overheard her say to a neighbour. *Was* he getting old? Sixty-two next birthday; not so old as many a one round; not what one would call an *old* man, but he was not as strong as he used to be; he got easily tired and done up. Ah, dear! an old man!

Then he got a cold in the winter and had a bad cough; it hung about him and he could not get rid of it or pick up his strength, and when he lay by for a week or two, the man in charge of the shop mismanaged everything, and it was all in such a muddle when he looked into things, that it made him ill again setting them right. 'Ah,' Smith said, 'if you had such a lad as Johnnie now, you might lie by and spare yourself a bit, like I do, for we're not so young, Golding, as we were, neither of us.'

As the spring came on and he only felt more weak and unequal to his work, his mind became gradually made up, and he let himself dwell on all the pleasure

and comforts of having a son, and such a one as Johnnie, to be his right hand. He should no longer be a lonely man with no one but himself to care for. He would make it a pleasant home for Johnnie, and he would not mind then sitting by as an old man, if his place was so well filled.

One evening he was down in the Low Meadows, and as he stood where his poor wife died, his mind was finally made up, and he resolved to seek out Johnnie and tell him the whole truth, and ask his forgiveness and pity, and with this resolution he set off homewards.

CHAPTER V.

Occupied with his thoughts, Golding turned his steps towards his own home which was so soon to be brightened by the light of affection and comfort, and which in his mind grew even brighter and pleasanter than the old home long ago. Surely the blessings to come would repay him for all the sadness of those twenty long years of loneliness and labour. So absorbed was he by these dreams of his that he did not notice the signs of excitement in the people who hurried past him, nor heed what they called out to one another, till he found himself in a crowd of people, all moving in one direction, and was being urged along in the direction of one of the narrow lanes of Hilton, from whence a thick column of smoke going up towards the peaceful evening sky, witnessed the truth of the people's cry—'Fire! fire!' which now broke upon his ears. As soon as an opportunity offered, he drew himself away from the crowd and stood in a doorway watching the scene.

Even in quiet Hilton a crowd soon gathers, and the little lane was already thronged with gazers. It was one of the older houses of the town, which might once have seen better days, built of stone, with large mullioned windows and heavy stone copings. It had taken fire in the lower story during the absence of its inmates, and till the engines arrived, it seemed hopeless saving any of the furniture and goods within, and the crowd were only trying to prevent the flames spreading by throwing water on the thatch and tiles that stood dangerously near. Foremost among the helpers Golding saw Jack Stone with a ready hand wherever it was most wanted, and a kind word to the terrified neighbours who came out of the houses carrying children and goods, for they could not tell which way the flames might spread that were gaining ground so fast in the old house. The engines were long in coming, the keys of the engine-house could not be found, the man who knew about it was away, and without any one to guide their efforts the confusion and alarm were great. Golding, as he stood watching the scene, told himself that, if he had been a younger man, he would not have stood there idle, but have been in the front of it all, where Jack Stone stood; but he could not help feeling glad that his boy Johnnie was not there to be in danger. Luckily there was no wind to spread the flames, but the smoke poured up straight to the sky, where, one by one, the stars were coming out. The flames were showing plainly in the lower rooms, and from more than one of the upper ones the smoke was bursting, and the hot glass was cracking and falling down, when suddenly a thrill seemed to run through the crowd—a thrill of horror and fear—and Golding heard a man telling of a lad coming in from work tired and worn-out, and throwing himself on his bed, and being left there asleep by the other inmates of the house, when they locked the door and went out, and this was the house, and up there was the window which the flames had not yet reached, where the lad lay, stifled already, maybe, in his sleep, or still to wake up to the horror of such a death.

The excitement of the crowd was intense. 'What would they do?' Golding wondered, as he saw a cluster of men talking eagerly, and a long ladder being brought out. One of the men was Jack Stone, and he seemed wild with eagerness and anxiety, and again Golding thanked God that Johnnie was not there; when suddenly the name that was in his thoughts and that had been dwelling in his mind so much of late was taken up and repeated from mouth in the crowd, 'Johnnie Blake! Johnnie Blake!' and then it flashed across his terror-stricken brain that it was his boy, the son he had neglected so long but had hoped so soon to claim, who lay there in the very arms of death.

How much agony can be condensed into a moment! Surely, in the moment when he stretched out his hands towards the flames with a helpless, hopeless cry and then staggered back, sick and faint with horror, against the wall behind, a lifetime of remorse and pain was endured. But it was but for a moment—the next, how he made his way through the pushing, driving crowd, he could not tell and did not notice, but he was there in the front by the side of the group of men who still stood in eager discussion, and he had got his hand on Jack Stone's arm, and was crying out above the roar of the flames and people, in a shrill voice that sounded strangely in his own ears, 'Oh, save him! save him! You won't let him die there like a rat in a hole!'

At first they hardly heeded the feeble old man's words, but he still kept his grasp on Jack's strong young arm and urged him to help, till one of the men turned to him, and, not knowing or recognising him in his excitement, said, 'What be you after, old man, urging the lad to his death, for death it would be to go in yonder now.'

'And you will let him die?' shrieked Golding, wringing his hands together; 'die in his sleep?' Oh, Jack Stone, you and he were always such friends. He wouldn't have done so by you.'

Jack's hand grasped the ladder and he made a step forward, but stopped. He was no coward, and he loved Johnnie as David loved Jonathan, but life is sweet, and fire is an awful death.

'I would go myself,' another man said, 'but there s my wife and little ones.'

'Ay! but he's got no one as cares. Cowards! I'm an old man, but I'll go myself. He made a push forward, but was roughly pulled back, and Jack Stone, shaking off the kindly hands that held him back, had already his foot on the ladder.

'Right enough,' he cried; there's none as cares for Jack Stone. Here goes!'

(*Concluded at page* 394.)



Jack Stone ascending the ladder to rescue Johnnie Blake.



"Pug."

'PUG.'

THE ladies of ancient Greece and Rome caressed beautiful birds, and in the East gazelles, a very small kind of deer, were much esteemed as pets; but when monkeys were introduced into England, their droll resemblance to human beings, their odd ways, and mischievous tricks speedily brought them into notice, and they rose in favour, till in the reign of Charles II. no fashionable drawing-room was thought complete without a monkey tied in a corner or by the window.

A nobleman of King Charles's court, in a satirical poem he wrote, tells us how an affected lady, on a visit to a friend, breaks off in her conversation with her hostess, and running up to her 'much-esteemed, dear friend, the monkey,' and bowing, smiling, and embracing it, exclaims, 'Kiss me, thou curious miniature of man!' She then makes a long speech, with various pretty compliments to the creature on its wit and cleverness, and takes leave of it with the words, 'And now, *mon cher*, dear Pug, adieu!'

The poet calls 'Pug,' a 'dirty, chattering monster,' and certainly it seems repulsive to us to think of a lady kissing a monkey, but not more so than the present practice of kissing lap-dogs would have been to an ancient Greek or Roman.

A monkey used to be called 'Pug,' a word also used for a mischievous imp. 'Jacko,' the name now applied to monkeys, was introduced by the sailors. Though the King himself set the fashion of having pet spaniels the ladies were faithful to their monkeys, and 'Pug' continued to occupy a place of honour in the drawing-room till nearly the close of the last century, when his place was taken by the gorgeous macaw, the pink-crested white cockatoo, or talkative 'pretty Polly.'

A. R.

SMUGGLING DOGS.

DID you ever hear that on the frontiers of Belgium and France there is a vast amount of smuggling that goes on? that lace, tobacco, coffee, and matches find their way from one country to the other without paying the government duty, and that the *actual* smugglers are *dogs?* This is perfectly true, and, moreover, to meet the difficulty there is a regular trained band of excise dogs.

A special breed of dogs is employed for these smuggling purposes, in which upwards of a hundred thousand are said to be employed; and so wary are they in escaping the vigilance of the custom-house officers and their dogs, that only, on an average, one per cent is ever captured. So great, too, is the value of a thoroughly good smuggling dog, that his owner would not part with him for hundreds of pounds. The smuggling owner trains his dogs one by one, and always at night. In the daytime he walks across the frontier, accompanied by one of his pupils, and goes to visit his accomplice, in whose house he leaves the dog. It is detained till after dark, when it receives a sufficiently smart beating to make it scamper back home gladly to his master, who welcomes it to an excellent supper. This is repeated several times, till the dog can find its way home on the darkest night without hesitation. It is then promoted to carrying a small light pack containing articles of trifling value, but by degrees the weight is increased till the dog is accustomed to carry many pounds.

When each dog knows its duties thoroughly it is taught to work in company with others, the most intelligent in each pack being exempt from carrier service and taught to act as scouts to ascertain the whereabouts of possible foes, and so enable the main body to avoid the danger of falling into ambush. And this is the dog's life and work till he falls into the hands of a custom-house officer, or, with his fellow-smugglers, falls in with a pack of excise dogs. *Then* truly comes the tug of war, and a sore rending of lace, and a scatter of matches and coffee, and a trampling of tobacco and other contraband treasures.

K. W.

[*See page* 161.]

JAMES GOLDING'S BOY.

(*Concluded from p.* 391.)

IT has taken long to tell this, but it was but a few minutes between the time that Golding stood watching the fire without a thought of danger to him or his, and that Jack went up the ladder into the burning house. The ladder could not be placed straight under the window, which stood dark and free from fire, the only one now in all the house from which neither flame nor smoke streamed. The flames were bursting out below it, and would have caught the ladder in a moment, if it had been put there, so it was set against a corner of the old house, where a solid buttress gave it support, and Jack had to walk a few yards along the coping at the top of the house before he reached the window in the roof, to which all eyes were turned. As he made his way along quickly and firmly, with his form showing out black and clear against the lurid smoke, a breathless silence settled down upon the crowd, and when the window was reached, and he dashed in the glass and disappeared into the room, in spite of the roaring and crackling of the flames, the silence was so intense, that Golding thought the beating of his heart must be heard by all.

There were prayers going up from many a heart in the crowd in this moment, hearts feeling their own utter helplessness, and crying to the great God Who holds the elements in His hand to save those two lives which were in such deadly jeopardy. How long was it? How the flames gained ground, leaping and stretching like living, hungry creatures greedy for the strong young prey in their clutches. Golding had sunk on his knees, and hid his face in his hands. A noise in the crowd roused him, a gasping sound, half sob, half shout. There was a movement within the dark window. He is coming back! *They* are coming!

Yes! it is true; two forms are seen coming, and none too soon, for the smoke bursts out with them through the window. That is Johnnie Blake first, he seems half stupefied, and Jack, as he comes behind, has to hold him up and guide him along the dangerous path. Jack's shirt is torn, and his arm blackened with smoke, and his hair singed, but the crowd can see the bright, bold look on his face, and can hear

him encouraging Johnnie with his cheery voice. Eager hands are ready with the ladder, eager eyes are following every step, eager voices, breaking the dreadful silence, are cheering them on, eager hearts are beating and throbbing with hope for the rescued and rescuer. The ladder is reached. The sudden and terrible awakening from his sleep, the flames and smoke, the noise and the crowd, seem quite to have stupefied Johnnie Blake, and he scarcely notices the kindly hands that help him down, or the old man who clasps his hands, and, with tears running down his cheeks, sobs out his thankfulness for his wonderful escape. For a second he stands stupefied, and then, tearing his hands from Golding's grasp, he turns round to his rescuer—turns, but where is he? The ladder still stands there, but where Jack Stone stood a minute ago, there is an awful chasm where part of the roof has fallen in, and the flames and smoke are rushing up in wild triumph over their terrible victory. One saved, one lost. Lost did I say? No, surely, Jack Stone is safe from all dangers of this troublesome world, though he reached the shelter by a fiery and terrible path.

The engines are coming at last, but for what good? there are women screaming and wringing their hands, and strong men pale and trembling. They can do nothing to save the bold-faced lad who, five minutes ago, was so full of life and strength, and now—they shudder as they think of the poor, charred thing that was once Jack Stone, with his bonny face and sturdy frame. Johnnie Blake, rushing forward, would have thrown himself into the fire after his friend, had there not been many to hold him back, and then the terror was too much, and he fell senseless and was carried out of the crowd.

'No one as cares for Jack Stone!'

There was scarcely a mother in Hilton who did not sigh for many a day for motherless Jack Stone; and many a strong man passed a rough hand across dimmed eyes, and spoke with a husky voice, as he told of the heroic death of the workhouse lad who died to save his friend.

* * * * *

An hour afterwards the flames had sunk down, leaving the walls of the house, where the fire had been, standing up black and gaunt, like mourners over the destruction, the red glow was dying out of the sky, the crowd was dispersing to their beds, and only a small group remained watching the engines, which were still at work. There was no further fear of the fire spreading, and nothing more to be done till the ruins cooled, and they could dig for all that remained on earth of poor Jack Stone. The other poor inmates of the house had found shelter with the neighbours, who were all ready and anxious to take them in, only Johnnie Blake sat watching the ruins, with Golding standing beside him. At last Golding touched his shoulder and said, 'Come, lad, it is no use staying; we'd best go home.'

'Home?' was the answer. 'What home?'

'Well, anyhow come home with me and have a bit of food and rest; I'm sure you must need it.'

'I don't know what cause you've got to be so kind,' Johnnie said, rising wearily; and, unwillingly turning from the smoking ruins, he followed Golding through the streets, where the usual midnight quiet was fast settling down. His heart was very sore, poor lad, very sore and aching. His life that had been so hardly saved seemed scarcely worth the keeping, since it had cost another life so much more worthy than his. Jack was such a good fellow, so kind-hearted and ready to help, every one liked him, he made friends everywhere. He was always jolly and merry, and yet he never talked bad like other chaps. He was a good lad too, though he didn't set up and preach and think himself a sight better than other folk. Well, maybe he were the fittest of the two to go. Such were Johnnie's thoughts, and then he resolved to try to be a better fellow himself, and then maybe, as the parson said, he would meet Jack Stone again some day, and then in his heart he thanked God for his safety, and asked for help to be a better man in his life to come. He could not put it all into fine words; but one honest feeling is worth a hundred fine words, and he really meant what he prayed.

Golding was tired and worn out; he was very much shocked and sorry for Stone's death; but, through all, there was the pleasant feeling of having his son by his side and bringing him home. When they reached home, he lighted the fire and set on the kettle, and made Johnnie sit down in his own armchair, and, getting food and hot tea, he waited on Johnnie, pressing him to eat and taking care of him, almost as a mother might have done, in spite of his own weariness. It was such a pleasure to him, sitting there with his boy, and thinking how they would never be parted again, no more lonely days and nights, a young step, a young voice in the silent house; and Johnnie should be always happy, no wish nor whim unsatisfied, his own life should be altogether devoted to making amends to him, and when death parted them, a son's love would smooth his dying pillow, and a son's hand close his eyes. Johnnie, meantime, sat wrapped in his own thoughts, not noticing the old man's kindness or thinking of anything except poor dead Jack. But at last he was roused by Golding saying, 'Come up and go to bed, Johnnie, some sleep will do you good, and I've a deal to say to-morrow.'

'Sleep?' he answered, getting up; 'not I. I don't think I shall ever sleep again after waking like that. I'll go down and see if the fire is out yet.'

'Stop a bit,' Golding said, seized with a sudden impulse to tell out his secret; 'I've something to tell you first.'

Blake sank into his chair again, wondering what the old man could have to say, and why he had chosen this time of all others, when his thoughts were fixed on one object.

'It's more than twenty years ago,' the old man began, and Johnnie wondered again what this could have to do with him; 'I had a wife then, and a baby—a boy, christened John up at St. Peter's yonder'—he spoke slowly, stopping every now and then, and looking into Johnnie's face. 'My wife was false to me—broke my heart—left me—and took the child. In two years she came back, poor and ragged and ill; but I had sworn to have done with her, and every one thought her dead—and I—well, she went away, and the next morning they found her dead in the Low Meadows.'

Johnnie's face had altered now; he got up and



Jack Stone on the coping of the burning house.

standing, leaning on the table opposite Golding, looked at him with a pale face and closely set teeth.

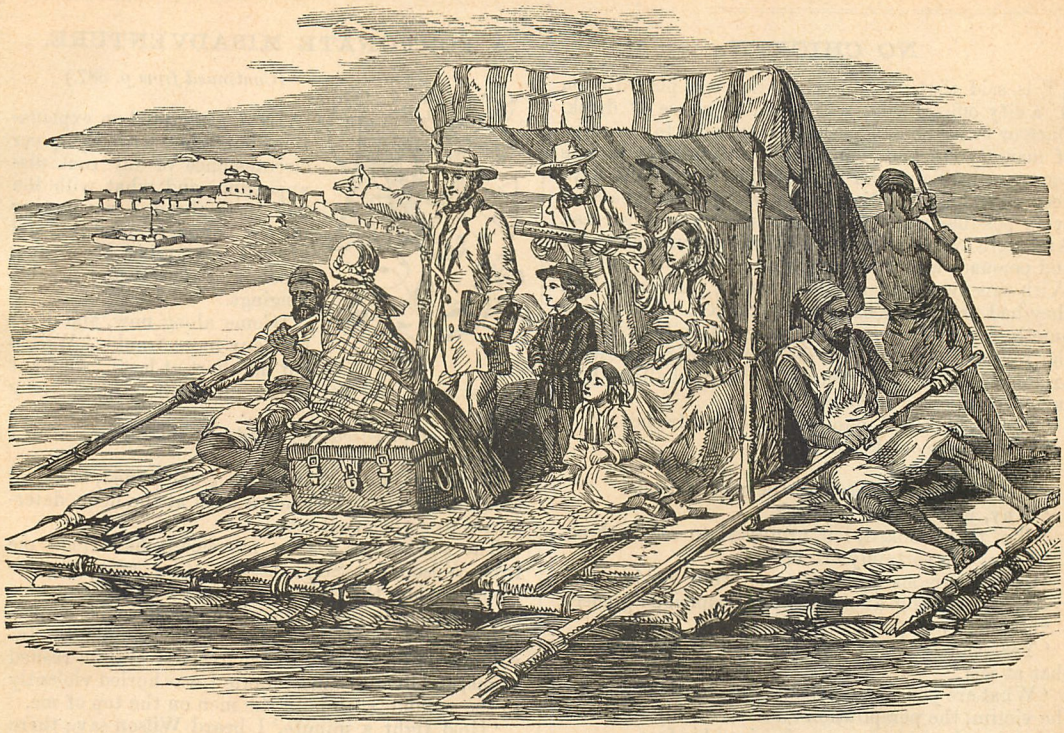
'Don't be hard on me, Johnnie—don't—I've repented bitterly since—I have suffered so; it's made an old man of me.'

'Well?' Johnnie spoke, between his clenched teeth.

'They buried my wife and took my child to the workhouse.'

'You let your wife die at your door? and let your boy grow up a pauper? Maybe you don't know what a workhouse is?'

His voice was hard and cold, and Golding stretched out his hands as if he had been struck. 'Oh, lad, don't speak so!' I'm an old man, don't be hard on me! I'll make it all up to you; don't be hard on your poor old father.'



There was a moment's pause, and then Johnnie Blake spoke, slowly and steadily, 'You've made a mistake. My mother was a Hilton girl, who died, when I was born, in the workhouse. Jack Stone, poor chap, he as died to-day, is your son, and may God forgive you;' and he turned and left him in his desolate house. Surely God's ways are not our ways, and He knows best.

In the morning Golding was found senseless, and for a long time he lay unconscious, for the hand of God was heavy upon him. In his wandering he kept repeating those most bitter words, 'Too late, too late,' till they stopped the great eight-day clock on the landing, whose ticking seemed speaking to the sick man. Little by little his faculties came back, and he was spared time to bless the Hand that had smitten him. In those days he told Mr. Percy his sad story with deep sorrow and repentance, and found much comfort.

In little St. Peter's-on-the-Hill there is a small tablet on the wall, put up by Miles and by those (and they were not few) who were proud of the brave deed of the poor workhouse boy:—

To the Memory
of
JOHN STONE,
Who lost his life in rescuing a man from
a burning house.

'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'

Too late for Golding to find his son on earth, not too late by penitence and God's grace to meet him in Heaven. He is an old man now; but the old clock still speaks to him, 'Not yet, not yet.'

TRAVELLERS ON THE TIGRIS.

THE Tigris, a large river of Asiatic Turkey, is in the upper part of its course a very swift stream, bringing down great quantities of mud. At Kurna it joins the Euphrates, and runs for many miles through desert wastes and unpeopled pastures, until it falls into the Persian Gulf.

These unpeopled wastes, though now so barren, were in ancient times the seat of mighty empires, and inhabited by industrious populations. The barbarous misgovernment and incapacity of the Turks have reduced the country to its present condition.

Bagdad is one of the principal towns on the Tigris. The city is surrounded by a brick wall five miles in circumference, and has a picturesque appearance from the outside, although it does not improve on closer inspection. Its streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty, while it is a common experience to find upon them the carcases of animals, which lie rotting in the sun till removed by dogs, the only scavengers in the East. Bagdad contains upward of one hundred mosques, and has a population of 65,000 persons, principally Turks and Arabs. In summer the heat is very oppressive. The plague frequently visits Bagdad. Its ravages in 1831 will long be remembered, for in that year 4000 persons are said to have perished daily for several days. In the same year an inundation of the Tigris destroyed one half of the town, and several thousand lives.

D. B.

KEEP STRAIGHT.

THE signet ring of the Sultan Akbur was engraved with these words, 'None ever lost himself along a straight road.'

NO CHICKEN.

IT is said that the following trick was played upon a city official who was given to abuse of drink. Once or twice he had pushed his excesses to the verge of mania. He had many excellent qualities, he was generous, brilliant, and but for this vice might have been in a high position. His friends had exhausted every possible means to redeem him without success. At length three or four of them determined to try and persuade him that he was mad from his drinking. With this view they got him into a room in which they had previously brought a chicken. Conversing quietly for a few moments, his eye finally rested on the rooster perched on a desk, evidently somewhat excited in his unusual retreat. 'Why, halloo! how came that chicken in here?'

'What chicken?' inquired one of his friends.

'Why, there on the desk.'

'I see no chicken.'

'Nor I, nor I,' repeated all the other friends.

'Why, just look on the desk.'

All of them looked, but professed to see nothing.

'Why, you certainly are blind.'

His companions by this time were looking very grave, and casting at each other suspicious glances.

'Mania!' whispered one.

'Yes, poor fellow, I was afraid it would come to that at last.'

'What are you talking about?' excitedly demanded the victim, the perspiration starting on his forehead, and a singular paleness creeping into his face.

'Poor fellow!' murmured one.

'We had better send for a physician,' said another.

This was more than the man could endure. It would never do, he thought, to have it suspected that he had been a lunatic from his drinking, so, summoning all his resolution, he burst out in a loud laugh, saying, 'Why, gentlemen, I was only joking. I don't see any chicken either. Did you think I was in earnest?' He was cured.

ANIMALS AND PICTURES.

MR. J. M. HULBERT writes from Oxford to the *Spectator*:—'Thirty years ago I was staying at Langley, near Chippenham, with a lady who was working a large screen, on which she depicted in "raised" work (as it was then called) a life-size cat on a cushion. The host, a sportsman, now dead, was much struck with the similarity to life of the cat, so he fetched his dog (alas! like too many of the species), a cat-hater. The animal made a dead set at the (wool) cat, and but for the master's vigorous clutching him by the collar the cushion would have been torn into atoms. I gave this tale lately in Oxford, and my hearer told me that a friend in the Bevington Road had just painted a bird on a fire-screen, and her cat flew at it. My own old dog "Scaramouch" disliked being washed, and when I showed him a large *Graphic* picture of a child scrubbing a fox-terrier in a tub, he turned his head away ruefully, and would not look at his brother in adversity.'

A FORTUNATE MISADVENTURE.

(*Continued from p.* 387.)

AGAIN I attempted an explanation, but what with the queer circumstance of my coat disappearing, and what with the pain in my head, I was getting into a complete muddle, and knew I was giving a confused account of myself and my belongings.

'Come along now, and don't give any more trouble,' Wilson cut me short at last; 'we want to get over and catch the up train. Come along at once.'

As he emphasised his words by seizing my arm, I roused up suddenly.

'I tell you my coat is there,' I exclaimed, and just as the train started I made a dash at the door, determined to get it at all costs.

The suddenness of the movement had freed me from Wilson, but Stephens, the other man, was between me and the train, and before I had time to see more than that the carriage appeared to be empty, Bill's heavy hand descended on my shoulder. Involuntarily I struggled to get free, but Wilson rushed at me, and in less than a minute I was hurled violently to the ground, with both the men on the top of me.

'Hold tight a minute,' I heard Wilson say; there was a sharp *click! click!* and before I realised what had happened, I found myself handcuffed!

If I had been in my usual health and spirits, the idea of the very respectable and 'highly trusted' Frank Ashton at full length on the snowy platform, in the clutches of two stalwart policemen, and ignominiously handcuffed, would have afforded me considerable amusement. But I was far from seeing anything comical in it at the time. That last scuffle had finished me up, especially as my already aching head had come with considerable violence against the ground; and when Wilson rose to his feet, and, regarding me with an air of triumph, desired me to 'get up,' with the best intentions in the world I could not have obeyed him.

Finding his repeated orders produced no effect, the two men proceeded to pull me up, and after a few seconds my senses began to return sufficiently to enable me to cross the platform with the help of Stephens' arm. When we reached the waiting-room Wilson made a speech which I suppose was a caution of some kind, though for all I understood of it, he might have been talking Persian or Arabic; but I heard him repeat twice 'so mind what you say.'

Say! I had nothing to say on a subject that was beyond my comprehension, especially as words were evidently wasted upon my companions. I was getting quite incapable of understanding anything clearly, and when, in response to the ticket collector's demand for a ticket, Wilson pulled one out of my pocket, from Towton to Fordenham, a station some miles beyond Weybridge, it caused me no surprise, though evidently that sagacious person looked upon it as an additional link in the chain of evidence. For myself,

had he produced from the other pocket a jemmy, whatever that may be, and a set of false keys, I should have looked upon it as quite a natural conclusion to the affair, and I rather wondered that nothing more compromising appeared than a red handkerchief.

By the time we had crossed the line I was beyond all feeling but that of physical misery, and sank down on a bench, dimly conscious that Stephens was looking at me with a perplexed expression and an air of—was it pity? It seemed so, for presently he addressed a muttered remonstrance to his companion, who only replied gruffly, 'Serves him right if he is a bit damaged, but I expect he's only putting it on. Ugh! what a night! I shall go and get a bit warm. You keep a sharp lookout or he'll give you the slip.'

He went off, and Stephens walked up and down in front of me, never going more than a yard or two off. I have no doubt I presented a deplorable spectacle, for the unlucky coat was torn and bespattered with mud and snow, and I shivered till my teeth chattered with the intense cold. Stephens paused in front of me at length, and regarding me intently for a minute or two, remarked interrogatively, 'Cold?'

'Very,' I replied, with an effort.

'Come and walk up and down a bit, it will be warmer than sitting still. I'll give you an arm.' He put out his hand as he spoke, but I shrank back against the wall. 'Come along, you'll be perished with cold if you sit here any longer.'

'Let me alone,' I contrived to say; 'I cannot move.'

'How horribly cold you are!' he resumed, compassionately, after another turn, and the next moment he unfastened the thick cape he wore and put it over my shoulders. I looked up to thank him, and a faint idea crossed my mind that something had caused him to change his opinion, and that he was not quite so certain of the infallibility of his superior, as he had been half an hour before.

Wilson now reappeared, and Stephens asked him something to which he replied, 'Be quick then, the train is signalled at last.' And Stephens hurried off, quickly returning with a glass of hot milk, which he held to my lips, remarking that it was the only hot thing he could find.

Never in my life had anything tasted so good as that glass of milk, and my appreciation of it evidently gave great satisfaction to my kind friend, for as such I was beginning to regard him. He cut short my thanks, as Wilson informed him that he was a 'softy,' and no mistake, to which he replied good-humouredly that he couldn't help it, it was his nature he supposed.

Now, it may be a whim of mine, but I confess I infinitely prefer a policeman who is a 'softy,' meaning, I suppose, kind-hearted, to any other, and I confidently appeal to any one who has been in a similar situation to indorse my opinion.

The train came up at this moment very much crowded, so we had to get into a first-class carriage, which happened to be empty, and I was very glad to lean my aching head against the cushions. The misery of the next hour and half I shall never forget. If my readers have never had the pleasure of travelling handcuffed on a December night, with the wind blowing a hurricane, and the thermometer no one knows how many degrees below zero, they cannot imagine what I suffered. Wilson lay down on the opposite seat and was soon fast asleep, but the good-natured Stevens from time to time rubbed my chilled hands, and tried to cheer me with the prospect of a long rest and a good fire at Winchley, where we should have to wait two hours. The pain in my head was becoming almost unbearable, and when we reached the junction, and I had to be lifted out of the carriage it must have been evident to the unsympathising Wilson that it was not a case of 'putting it on.' Between them they carried me into a small room in which was blazing a bright fire, and put me into a chair in front of it. Wilson suggested a cup of hot coffee, and went off to procure it, while Stephens, merely saying, 'You won't try to get away, will you?' unclasped the obnoxious handcuffs and put them into his pocket. The warmth and the hot coffee revived me, and I was only too glad to lean back in the chair and keep quiet.

'Have you been ill lately?' asked Stephens, after a pause.

'No, only very hard-worked. We have had a lot of work, accounts and things, and I worked very late last night—no, to-night—no, I don't know when it was! I don't know how long I've been travelling;' and I put up my hand to my head.

'What time did you start?' asked Stephens, again.

'About half-past three,' I said; 'and I ought to have been at Weybridge at half-past nine. What time is it now?'

'Somewhere about eleven.'

'Then why am I not there? I ought to be, I'm sure. And if I'm not at Weybridge, where am I?'

I noticed the two men exchange glances, Wilson looking rather perplexed.

'At Winchley,' one of them said.

'I know some one at Winchley,' I said. 'Her brother lives at Winchley, I'm sure he does.'

'What is his name?' said Stephens; 'try and remember.'

'I can't,' I said, wearily. 'He is a doctor, I know, but how can I tell what his name is? and what does it matter? Nothing matters but the cold. It's as cold as Christmas. At Christmas I shall have a rest, and spend it with——if I can finish these horrid accounts; but I can't get them done. And if I lose that train what am I to do? Do leave me alone. I wish you wouldn't—'

I was partly conscious that I was talking nonsense, but I did not seem able to control myself.

'Come and lie down a bit,' said Wilson, pulling up a sort of couch, and putting his hand on my shoulder.

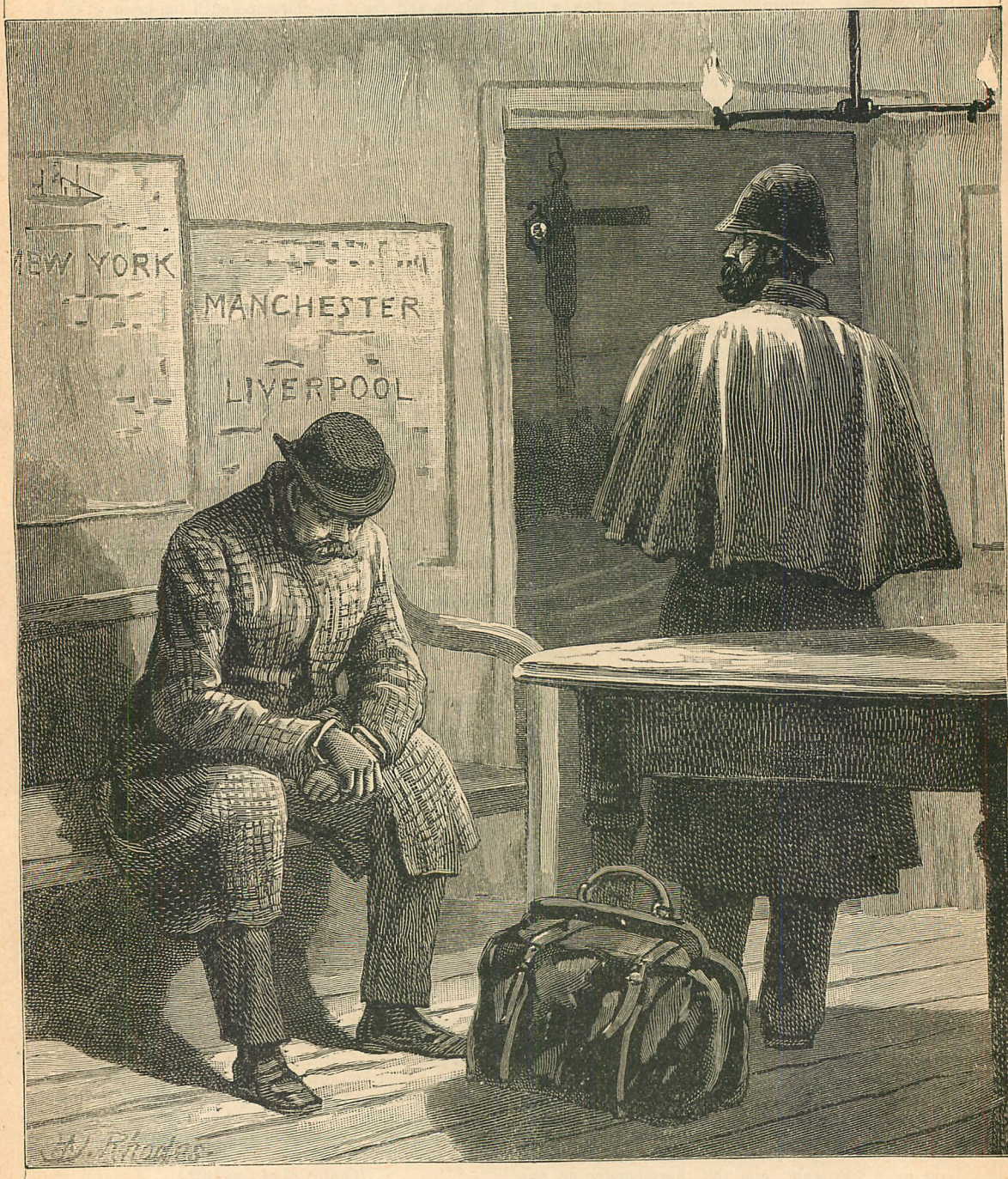
'Oh! it's you, is it?' I said, rousing myself with an effort. 'I don't see that it can matter to you what I do. You have bullied me enough, and I won't lie down if I don't choose.'

'You will do what I tell you,' said Wilson, decidedly, though not unkindly; and after a moment's hesitation I gave in.

'Why don't you tell me what you want with me?' I said, as Wilson threw a rough kind of rug over me.

'Not now,' was his reply. 'You are not to say another word till I give you leave. Keep quiet, and go to sleep if you can.'

(*Continued at page* 402.)



"I sank down on a bench."



How the Black Australians kill snakes.

HOW THE BLACK AUSTRALIANS KILL SNAKES.

POISONOUS snakes are the most dreadful of all noxious creatures, and yet in those countries where they are common, familiarity seems to render the natives singularly careless of their presence, hence the enormous number of deaths from snake bites which year by year occur in India. It is true that the snake is a very timid reptile, and usually only bites through fear, but the slightest prick from its fangs is often sufficient to cause death.

In Australia there are several kinds of poisonous snakes, and a resident in that country told me that he once saw a snake dart out from a pile of timber which was being moved. As it passed it slightly grazed the cheek of one of the men at work, who hardly knew that he had been touched, but soon afterwards he felt a sharp pain in his cheek, and in a few hours he was dead.

The black natives have a singularly bold way of killing snakes, of which an English traveller was an eye-witness on several occasions. One morning a large snake was seen gliding along near the encampment, when one of the 'black fellows' ran after it, and jumping on its head with his bare heel, he spun round like a ballet dancer until he ground the head of the creature quite flat, and it lay motionless. He then battered it to pieces with his club.

This method of killing a snake must require great boldness and address, but it is perfectly effectual; for wounding a snake in the body does not kill it immediately, and it can still spring at you, but if its head is crushed it is at once disabled. A. R.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

41.—Double Acrostic.

Though of much the same meaning these two words are reckoned,
Yet the most of my first oft gives least of my second.

1. For wondrous feats of strength renowned.
2. A royal dame by me was slain.
3. A brilliant city on me stands.
4. For mortal man I never wait.
5. Six of this name our land have ruled.

42.—Arithmetical Questions.

1. A house and its furniture are worth 6734*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.*; but the house is worth eight times the furniture. What is the value of each?

2. Divide 3*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* between two persons so that one shall receive half as much again as the other.

[*Answers at page* 410.]

A FORTUNATE MISADVENTURE.

(*Continued from page* 399.)

HIS authoritative tone seemed to compel me to obey, luckily for me, for the doctor told me afterwards that but for that short rest my overstrained brains must have given way. As it was, when I woke, after a restless sleep of about an hour, I felt decidedly better, though my head still ached and I felt faint and exhausted. No wonder: in the hurry of work and rush to catch the train I had scarcely had any breakfast or dinner, and had had no solid food since. However, my brains were clearer, and I knew where I was and what had happened. I should have no difficulty in proving that I was really what I represented myself to be, and though it was a very disagreeable way of spending Christmas Day, still it might have been worse. Ah! very soon I was to be assured that it might have been indeed much worse.

Somewhat to my surprise I was alone, though I heard voices outside the door, and it struck me that there was an unusual noise on the platform, considering the lateness of the hour. A perpetual tramp of feet, mingled with a rumble of wheels and other sounds, of which I could make nothing. After a few minutes I got up, and instantly Wilson appeared at the door.

'Better now?' he inquired, looking at me keenly.

'Yes, thank you,' I replied, wondering why he looked so strange.

'You can lie down again if you like. I'm afraid we shan't be able to get on to-night.'

Just then Stephens came in, his cheerful face overshadowed by such a gloomy expression, that it flashed across my mind what had happened and what the noise meant.

'Has there been an accident?' I asked.

'Yes, a terrible one,' said Wilson, 'between Thornham and Weybridge; and let me tell you, Harris, or whatever your name is, you have had a narrow escape. It was the train you were in, and the middle part, where you were, is the very part most cut up.'

I sat down again, hardly realising what he meant. Between Thornham and Weybridge—they would hear of it at Weybridge directly. Bessie expected me by that train, and at the thought of her I sprang up and made my way to the door, forgetting everything save Bessie's agony of suspense. But Stephens reached the door first, and stood with his back against it.

'Let me out!' I almost shouted, as I tried to push past him. 'If they hear of it it will kill her. Let me go, I say!' as Wilson laid hold of my collar, without, however, resorting to his former strong measures of repression.

'You know I can't do that,' was all he said. 'Now do be quiet,' as I made an ineffectual effort to get free. 'It is not the slightest use, and you are only doing yourself harm.'

I groaned in despair.

'For pity's sake take me there then, or let me send her a message. She knows I am coming by that train, and she will think——' I broke off with a gasp.

Whether it was my distress touched his heart, or that he had a 'Bessie' of his own, whom he pictured to himself in the same trouble, I know not, but the friendly Bill said hastily, 'Look here, mate, let me send a message for him. It can't do any harm, and it's a shame to keep any one in suspense of this sort.'

'I believe it's all nonsense, but you can if you like,' returned the other, grimly. 'You'll look rather foolish if it's a do!'

'Can't help that,' said Stephens, sturdily. 'She won't know what it means if it is, so there will be no harm done. If you'll write a note I'll send it up by the men who are just going off there.'

I hastily scribbled a few words to Bessie, telling her that I was safe and had missed the train, but would join her as soon as I could. Stephens immediately carried off my note, and Wilson, who had watched the difficulty I had in writing it, and over whose mind some little doubt was evidently stealing, called after him to ask one of the doctors to come in for a minute. I folded my arms on the table, laid my throbbing head down on them and there was a silence, broken only by the tramp of feet outside. Presently I heard some one say, 'You think he is ill? I'll come in a moment, as soon as I have taken this poor fellow into the waiting-room. It is no use taking him to the hospital, and would only increase his sufferings. Gently, men, gently.'

In a few moments Stephens returned, but I paid no attention to what was going on, till Wilson said, 'Come, let the doctor look at you a minute.'

I raised my head mechanically, and—'Jack!' I exclaimed, as I sprang to my feet, 'Jack!' I made a rush towards him, and with an incoherent exclamation of 'Bessie! Jack!' fell headlong into his arms.

'Why, Frank, my dear fellow, what on earth is it?' asked my future brother-in-law, for he it was, in good truth.

For the next two or three minutes a buzzing noise and a hum of confused voices was all I heard, but a glass of some strong stimulant which Jack produced soon brought me round, and I opened my eyes to find him gazing at me in astonishment, while Stephen's good-humoured face beamed with satisfaction. I am bound to state that I felt a malicious pleasure for a moment in perceiving that the strong-minded Wilson looked discomfited.

'Well, now, Frank, old fellow, you are pretty nearly done up,' said Jack, after a few rapid questions and answers, 'and I am going to insist that you have something to eat at once, and leave it to me to unravel the mystery. Do you know this is the second fright you have given me to-night? When I reached that unfortunate train, the first thing I saw was a poor fellow in a greatcoat I could have sworn was yours!'

'You had better swear to *me*,' I interrupted, half laughing, 'for, upon my word, I am beginning to doubt who I am! But I have no doubt it really was my greatcoat.'

'It was that coat you are so fond of,' continued Jack, 'and, knowing you were coming by that train, I declare I could hardly summon up courage to look closer; and the most extraordinary thing was that, when I did go up to him, the fellow was so like you that I had to look twice before I was certain it was not.'

An exclamation from Wilson interrupted us.

'Will you describe your coat?' he said to me.

'It is a dark grey rough coat, with a velvet collar, and lined with a Campbell plaid,' was my reply.

'You can see it if you like,' added Jack, 'for I brought the poor fellow here, and he is in the waiting-room. If you are looking for him,' as the policeman was leaving the room, 'unless it is anything very important, leave him alone. He cannot last another hour, and he has suffered frightfully. He was unconscious when I left him, and though he will most likely come round for a few minutes at the last, it would be an act of mercy not to meddle with him for the short time he has to live.'

'I am afraid I must see him, sir, but I won't disturb him if I can possibly help it.'

'Frank, were you in the same carriage as that poor fellow?' asked Jack, after a pause.

'I was in the next compartment,' I replied; 'at least, if he was in the one where I put my greatcoat.'

'My dear fellow,' said Jack, in a voice choked with emotion, 'that carriage was shattered to atoms. Not a soul in it could possibly have escaped.'

I shuddered, and covered my face with my hands; neither of us spoke, but if ever grateful thanks ascended to Heaven from the heart of man, they did from mine at that moment. And Jack was very much overcome also as he thought of the terrible sorrow which had so nearly been the lot of his beloved sister.

An interruption occurred in the shape of a basin of soup. How it was obtained I cannot imagine; and Jack left me to go to his poor patient, telling Stephens to see that I ate every drop of it. I took the opportunity of thanking the good fellow for his kindness to me that night, but he would not hear of any thanks. By the time I had finished, Jack returned, accompanied by Wilson.

(*Concluded at page* 410.)

EVERY INCH A MAN.

SHE sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street,
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was a blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden
Where, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I know the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong—
One of the hearts to lean on
When we think all things go wrong.



I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look—
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book;
It told of a stedfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will;
A face with a promise in it,
That God grant the years fulfil!

He went up the pathway, singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies:
'Back again, sweetheart-mother,'
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew;
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!

—*Intelligencer.*

ASKING FOR HELP.

ONCE more you find your way to me
To beg for help, not work;
You cringe and whine and promise, while
Employment you will shirk!

Now, James, look here! I would not turn
The humblest man from me
Who wants by honest work to keep
Himself and family.

So now in my wood-yard once more
I offer you a place.
An honest wage I'll also give
So long as no disgrace

Is brought on me and on my men
By idle, careless ways.
Believe me, James, you'll always find
'Tis steadiness that pays!

B. M.

A NASTY LITTLE DOG.

THE smaller and more insignificant a dog is, the more noise he makes, and strives to show his importance by yelping and barking as if he wished to convince people that he was as good as the biggest mastiff, and could do quite as much fighting if he liked. Large dogs are usually very quiet, and look



down with a sort of good-natured contempt on any small dog that attacks them; so the little dogs generally turn their attention to frightening children.

I once knew a very little dog that was the terror of all the infant population in its neighbourhood. It was an ugly little mongrel creature, of a spiteful disposition, and it seemed to take a perfect delight in frightening little girls and boys. It lived at a corner house which had the door at the side up a flight of steps, and here it would lie in ambush till some children passed, when it would suddenly dart out, and poking its head through the railings, yelp fiercely at them, or rush down the steps after them, till they ran screaming away. All the little children lived in fear of the yelping animal, and they would go any distance to avoid it; but sometimes they were obliged to pass its corner. They called it 'The nasty little dog,' and its house 'The nasty little dog house;

and its owner, who was a clergyman, was known, somewhat irreverently, as 'The nasty little dog gentleman;' and if they saw it in the street, accompanying the servant on her errands, they would cry out, 'There is the nasty little dog,' and take to their heels. But as they grew bigger, they lost their fear of it; and as they went by with their books to school, they would stop, amused to see the impotent fury of the little brute, as it yelped as though it would bark its head off; and wondered how they ever could have been afraid of 'that nasty little dog.' A. R.

THE MOOR'S LEGACY.

THE Moors who conquered Spain were a people who believed in magic. When we read the *Arabian Nights*, we find hardly one story of that wonderful book which does not deal more or less with enchantment, and the story we are about to tell (which we owe to Washington Irving) is one of the same sort.

There was a poor water-carrier of Granada named Pedro, who made a slender living by the sale of water. One night, as he was going home, he found an old Moor groaning by the wayside, and looking as if he were about to die. Pedro, being a kind-hearted fellow, could not bear to leave the sick man out of doors all night, and, finding on inquiry that he had no home in Granada, and believing that he would perish if he left him as he was, he placed him tenderly on his mule and took him to his own house. In the course of the night the Moor died; but just before his death, he took a small box of sandal-wood from his bosom and placed it in Pedro's hands, as all the return he could make for his humane behaviour towards him.

When the Moor was dead, Pedro's wife, who was somewhat of a shrew, rated him soundly for his folly in meddling with what did not concern him, and said the Moor's death would bring them all into great trouble, for they would be accused of murdering him. Pedro replied that it need not be known to any but themselves, for as the night was only just ended and no one was about, he could easily carry the Moor's body to some lonely place and bury it. And without more ado he did so; but he did not manage it without being seen by a meddlesome barber who lived exactly opposite, and who happened to be looking out of his window. The barber's curiosity was aroused at the sight of Pedro and his mule, the latter bearing a burden which had a suspicious resemblance to a dead body. He therefore stole out after the water-carrier, and was horrified when he saw him dig a grave by the riverside and bury the corpse. The barber returned to the city without Pedro knowing that he had seen him, and as he shaved the Alcade that morning, he began to talk about the strange doings which were going on in Granada—how there had been murder, robbery, and burial in one night. The Alcade pricked up his ears at this, and insisted on knowing all about it, and when he had been shaved, he and the barber went together to Pedro's house and taxed him with the crime.

Poor Pedro thought his end was come, he felt as if the halter was round his neck; but he fell down at the Alcade's feet, and make a full confession of all that had happened, and bringing forth the box of sandal-wood he offered it to the Alcade, saying his worship was quite welcome to it. The Alcade was a very covetous man, and his eyes sparkled with joy at the sight of the box, which he supposed was full of rare jewels, or something very costly; but when it was opened it was found to contain only two things, one a small roll of parchment on which something was written in a strange language, and the other a small piece of taper. The Alcade was greatly disappointed, but he dismissed the case, and allowed Pedro to carry back the box, while he kept his mule to defray the costs.

The unfortunate water-carrier went home bemoaning his hard lot. Here had he shown kindness to a stranger, and nothing had come of it but trouble. He had been dragged before the judgment seat as a murderer, and then he was robbed of the patient and useful creature whom he loved almost as much as he loved his wife and children. But there was no help for it, and he had not only to bear the loss of his mule but the reproaches of his wife, which nearly drove him wild. In his rage he hurled the sandal-wood box to the other side of the room. It struck the wall, and fell to the floor with the lid broken off by the violence of the blow. The parchment scroll flew out, and the piece of taper, and there they lay until Pedro's fit of anger was over, when he picked them up. It occurred to him that possibly the scroll might be of some value; anyhow, he thought he would show it to a Moor who kept a shop in the city, and ask whether it were worth anything.

'This,' said the Moor, when he saw it, 'is a form of incantation, and very powerful in the discovery of buried treasure, but it is of no use to any one unless he has something else.'

'And what is that?' asked the water-carrier.

'This parchment is of no value unless the possessor has a taper compounded of a peculiar kind of wax and aromatic gum.'

The astonished Pedro replied that the friend who had left him the scroll had also left a small taper with it, but as he died suddenly he had given him no information about its use.

'Bring the taper with you, then, next time you call,' said the Moor, 'and I will soon tell you whether it is the right sort for the purpose.'

Pedro was too impatient to wait until the morrow, but went home and got the taper, and showed it to the Moor that same afternoon. The Moor tasted it, and smelt it, and declared that it was the right thing.

Now, many a time in his journeys to the well, Pedro had heard old people talk about stories of great treasure, which was said to be buried in deep vaults under a certain ruinous tower; but it was also said that those riches were guarded by a mighty enchanter, who would not let them go except to some adventurer who had found out the secret of breaking the charm. All this he related to the Moor, and they agreed to try the effect of the scroll and taper that evening. A little before midnight, therefore, they stood under the great tower, and when the cathedral clock told that the 'witching hour' had come the taper was lighted, and the Moor read in a low, solemn voice the words of the incantation. Suddenly, as he

read, the ground opened at their feet with a great noise and they saw a flight of steps. It was a great trial of their courage to descend those stairs, but they did it, and when they ended, other steps appeared going lower still, and then another flight, and another, until at length they reached a chamber deep down in the bowels of the earth, where the feeble rays of the taper fell on a scene seldom witnessed by the eyes of man. Such glittering heaps of gold! Such sparkling jewels!

'We must make haste,' said the Moor, 'for if the taper goes out we are lost, we shall be buried here for ever.' So without more ado they filled some sacks they had brought, and then hurried up the stairs with them on their shoulders. When they reached the top the taper was put out and the vault closed with a great sound that resembled thunder.

The Moor and Pedro now separated, after a few words of advice from the former. 'Beware your wife knows nothing of this,' said he, 'she has the reputation of being a woman who cannot keep a secret. If she hears about it, and talks of it, we are undone.' Pedro promised to be as silent as the grave, and after leaving the parchment with the Moor, and secreting the taper about his own person, he went home.

His wife met him with bitter words as usual. She taunted him with idleness, and spending his money in bad company. What could poor Pedro do but silence his wife's tongue by taking out a few gold pieces and a gold chain from his store, and handing them to her? When she saw them she changed from anger to terror, and asked him what robbery he had been engaged in. She was so agitated that he could not pacify her without telling her everything about the buried treasure; but he entreated her to say nothing of it, or they would lose their good fortune as easily as they had found it, and get into a terrible scrape as well. She promised to say nothing, but her vanity betrayed her, for when she looked over Pedro's sackful of valuables she found bracelets of pearls and necklaces of diamonds, and she could not resist putting them on and admiring herself in the fragment of looking-glass that hung on the wall. Once she so far forgot herself as to go to the window, and as ill luck would have it, the meddlesome barber saw her dressed out as fine as a duchess. 'Now,' said the barber to himself, 'I have him at last! Did not the rogue tell us the Moor left him nothing but a box of sandal-wood? How the villain lied! No doubt Pedro robbed him of all those jewels I have just seen on his wife. I must go to the Alcade once more.'

In a very short time the Alcade, with an officer of justice and the barber, were at Pedro's house. 'Did you not tell me, you rascal, the Moor left you nothing but a box of sandal.wood? How then is it your wife has been seen this very day wearing the most costly jewels? Prepare to give me those treasures, and you may think yourself lucky indeed if you escape the gallows!'

Once more the unfortunate little Pedro had to drop down on his knees before the Alcade and confess everything. The Moor was sent for, and being closeted with the magistrate in another room, his story was found to tally exactly with that of the water-carrier. But, being a very subtle man, he saw a way of escaping the danger. He convinced the Alcade that it would be foolish to make the thing public. There was an immense treasure still in the vault enough for all, the barber and officer included. 'Let us all share alike,' reasoned he, 'in the good fortune thrown in our way. Promise the enchanted treasure shall be equally divided, and I will help you to get it; if you will not promise that, the vault shall remain shut up for ever and the treasure lost.'

The Alcade considered the advice, and thought he could manage to outwit the Moor and get the whole for himself, so he said, 'This is a strange story, but I am determined to test its truth this very night; so you must come with me to the vault, and if you will deal truly with me we will share the treasure as you suggest, but if you are deceiving me you must expect no mercy at my hands.'

A little while before midnight, therefore, the party stood in the gloomy shadows of the great tower. When the clock struck twelve, the taper was lighted and the incantation read as before, and the earth opened with a great noise. The Alcade and his two friends were far too frightened to descend the steps; wherefore the Moor and Pedro went down and managed to bring forth some huge jars full of gold pieces and precious stones. When they had carried them up with great difficulty, the Alcade asked if there were any more gold and jewels in the vault. The Moor said there was still one great iron-bound coffer, which they could not move.

'Let us have it up by all means,' said the Alcade. 'It would be very foolish to leave it behind, now we have got so far.'

'Then you may go for it yourself,' replied the Moor, 'I have done enough for one night.'

'And so have I,' said Pedro, 'I will go down no more.'

The Alcade then said to his friends, 'Let us go down and get this coffer, and we will share it among ourselves.' So saying he descended, followed by the barber and the officer, who trembled so much that they could hardly walk. When they were out of sight the wily Moor put out the magic taper, and in an instant the earth closed her mouth with a tremendous crash.

'What have you done?' asked the water-carrier. 'The Alcade and the other two are shut up in the vault!'

'It is Allah's will,' replied the Moor.

'And will you not let them out?' asked Pedro.

'Certainly not,' said the Moor; 'let them remain where they are until some one else comes and releases them.' So saying he hurled the piece of taper far away into the wooded glen.

'We had better leave Granada at once,' said the Moor. 'We are now rich enough to go and live where we like. I will away to my native city, and you, if you are wise, will not tarry here.'

Having shared the treasure fairly, each bade the other farewell, the Moor returning to Africa, and the water-carrier directing his steps to Portugal, where, under the teaching of his wife, he became a person of some consequence, and assumed the proud title of Don, to which he thought his immense wealth gave him a good right.

G. S. O.



The Moor and Pedro descending the stairs.



Charged by a Rhinoceros.

CHARGED BY A RHINOCEROS.

A GREAT traveller and sportsman relates that on one occasion while hunting rhinoceros, having wounded one, she charged suddenly, and knocked him down, but fortunately missing her stroke with her horn she went fairly over him, leaving him to struggle out from between her hind legs. Scarcely had she passed when she turned and succeeded in cutting him from knee to hip with her horn and knocking him over with a blow from her foot. She might easily have completed her revenge, but she plunged into a thicket and let her victim escape. Meeting her again on the same day, the sportsman gave her several bullets, and she fell. He walked up and was just going to make sure she was dead when she again leaped to her feet. He hastily fired and rushed away, pursued by the infuriated animal, which, however, fell dead just as he threw himself into a bush for safety. The race was such a close one that as he lay he could touch the rhinoceros with his rifle, so that another moment would have been fatal to him.

Answers to Puzzlers for Wise Heads.

38. Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top, &c.

39.

1	2	3	4
Bear	York	Fowl	Pear
ease	oven	ogre	ebro
asia	rede	wren	arno
ream	knee	lend	root

5	6	7	8
Lamb	Fire	Coat	Lion
area	idol	once	into
melt	ross	acme	otto
bath	else	tees	noon

40.
(1.) Smirke.
(2.) Constable.
(3.) Bourdon.
(4.) Angelo.
(5.) Opie.
(6.) Meyer.
(7.) Vernet.
(8.) Both.
(9.) Steen.
(10.) Kneller.
(11.) Ostade.
(12.) Lely.
(13.) Borgognone.
(14.) Mabuse.
(15.) West.
(16.) Matsys.
(17.) Fuseli.
(18.) Hogarth.
(19.) Sarto.

41. Subjects.—Haste. Speed.

1. Hercule S.
2. A s P.
3. S e in E.
4. T i m E.
5. Edward D.

42. (1.) Value of house 5986*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.* Furniture 748*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.*

(2.) 2*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* and 1*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

THE LAST PIPE.

A MAN in a rural settlement in America, who had been an inveterate smoker for the past twenty years, suddenly and for ever gave up the practice. He knocked the ashes of his pipe into a keg of gunpowder.

A FORTUNATE MISADVENTURE.

(*Concluded from p.* 403.)



BELIEVE we must apologise for having made you spend such a miserable night,' the latter said; 'our only excuse is that the likeness is something extraordinary.'

'Do you feel up to coming to identify your coat?' asked Jack; 'it will save a good deal of trouble.'

The soup had made me a different man, and I agreed.

'How did he become possessed of it?' I inquired. 'He told me my things were in the next carriage.'

'No doubt he noticed the likeness too,' said Wilson, 'and contrived to change carriages and leave you with his things, hoping to throw us off the scent.'

'That was why he sent me off on a wild goose chase for my purse, no doubt. But where was he when you looked in at Thornham?'

'Oh, I suppose he was under the seat! or, perhaps, he slipped out of the window on the other side, and hung on till the train started, trusting to the dark to hide him. He must have seen us on the platform before the train stopped, and he knew we should be deceived long enough to give him a start.'

We proceeded to the waiting-room, and there, stretched on the table, partly covered with a rug, was the unfortunate fellow wrapped in my greatcoat, which was torn in places and saturated with blood. The knowledge that had I retained that coat I should have been in his place almost unnerved me, and it was some minutes before I could reply to the question as to the contents of the pockets.

I described my purse and a letter case with my initials worked on it, but when the policeman handed it to me, with the initials stained and almost obliterated, I could scarcely take it from him. Just then, as Jack was bending over him, the poor fellow opened his eyes, and, after regarding him attentively for a minute, said, in an almost inaudible whisper, 'Am I done for?'

Jack made him swallow a few drops of some restorative before replying, in a tone of compassion, 'Yes, my poor fellow, I am afraid you are.'

The poor lad, for he was little more, closed his eyes again, and for some minutes there was a silence, broken only by his heavy breathing and an occasional groan. Wilson took out a pocket-book, wrote a few words, and handed it to Jack, who nodded assent. Presently there was a restless movement, he opened his eyes and looked round the room. He gave a start as he saw the policeman, who advanced to his side.

'Don't! don't!' he moaned feebly; 'no need now. Let me be.'

'I won't touch you,' said Wilson, gently, as he leant over him; 'but just tell me if you are George Harris; it can't do you any harm now, and it may save other people from trouble.'

'Yes, I am,' was the faint answer; then after a pause, in a succession of gasps, 'I know—what you—want me for—I didn't mean it—I was not quite—hit

harder than I meant—he hit me first'—his voice gradually dying away. 'What did you say?—ah!—doctor, lift me up.'

Jack raised him as gently as possible, and supported his head against his shoulder. 'You are not in pain now, are you?' he asked.

'No—only;' he stopped for an instant, and then went on slowly, 'Don't let any one else get into trouble. I did it—I'm sorry—but I didn't mean it, I tell you—won't you believe me?' and, as no one answered, he went on, 'Ah! you won't!—and if you won't believe I didn't mean it—how shall I make—Him believe it—up there?'

He looked from one to the other as he concluded with an expression of such intense anxiety in his eyes that we each turned away as they rested on us. What could we say? Jack and I knew nothing about it, not even of what he was accused, though we might conjecture from his broken remarks. To Wilson, though he was evidently sorry for him, he was only one more criminal whom he had successfully hunted down, and who was slipping out of his clutches. It was left to the warm-hearted Stephens to give him the comfort he so sorely needed. Stepping forward from the background, where he had remained a silent spectator, he took one of the poor nerveless hands in his own strong grasp, and said, in a tone so full of kindness and compassion that it carried its message of comfort to the heart of the poor fellow, dying so sadly without one friend near him, 'What does it matter, lad, whether they believe or not? Don't trouble about what *we* think. There is no need to tell Him you are speaking the truth. He *knows* you did not mean it.'

The anxious look faded away, a slight smile seemed for a moment to brighten his face. Jack whispered something in his ear, his breath grew fainter and fainter, and as his eyes closed the last thing they rested on in this world was the pitying, friendly face of the kind-hearted 'Bill.'

Jack looked at me, and made a sign to Wilson, who passed his arm through mine, and helped me back to the other room, where in about ten minutes we were joined by the other two, but for some minutes no one spoke.

'Now, Frank,' said Jack at length, 'I am going to take you home with me, and you will have the pleasure of spending the next few days in repose. You have been overworking yourself, and you will have to let me doctor you a bit. I suppose you are satisfied now,' he added, turning to Wilson, and handing him a card; 'if not, will you come up to my house? and we will send for the Winchley superintendent—he has often seen Mr. Ashton with me.'

'Of course, there is no need of that, sir,' was the reply; 'and I can only express my exceeding regret that it should have happened, but I am sure you must have seen the extraordinary resemblance; and that they should both be in the same train was a most singular coincidence.'

'Yes, indeed it was, and I'm sure you don't bear any malice, do you, Frank?'

'Of course not,' I replied. 'Don't vex yourself about it,' as I saw he was really annoyed. 'I am quite sure you did no more than your duty. It was chiefly because I was so unwell that I could not explain clearly at first, and since that little scrimmage I really do not think I knew properly what had happened or where I was till just now.'

'Showed fight, did he?' said Jack, mischievously; 'take him in charge again then for "resisting the police in the execution of their duty."'

'For goodness sake, don't!' I exclaimed, so hastily that the others laughed.

'Mr. Ashton thinks he has had enough of us for the present. But really, sir, the description sent us so exactly agreed with you, that it was almost enough to justify our mistake.'

'We are never mistaken!' I quoted slyly, for in spite of my fatigue, my spirits were rising.

'On the contrary, I said we *always* were!' returned Wilson, laughing; 'but I doubt if we should have been this time, if you had not put on his coat, or had been able to produce your own. Those fellows have so many tricks, one hardly knows what they will be up to, and you were rather confused at first, though I ought to have seen, as Stephens did, that you were really ill.'

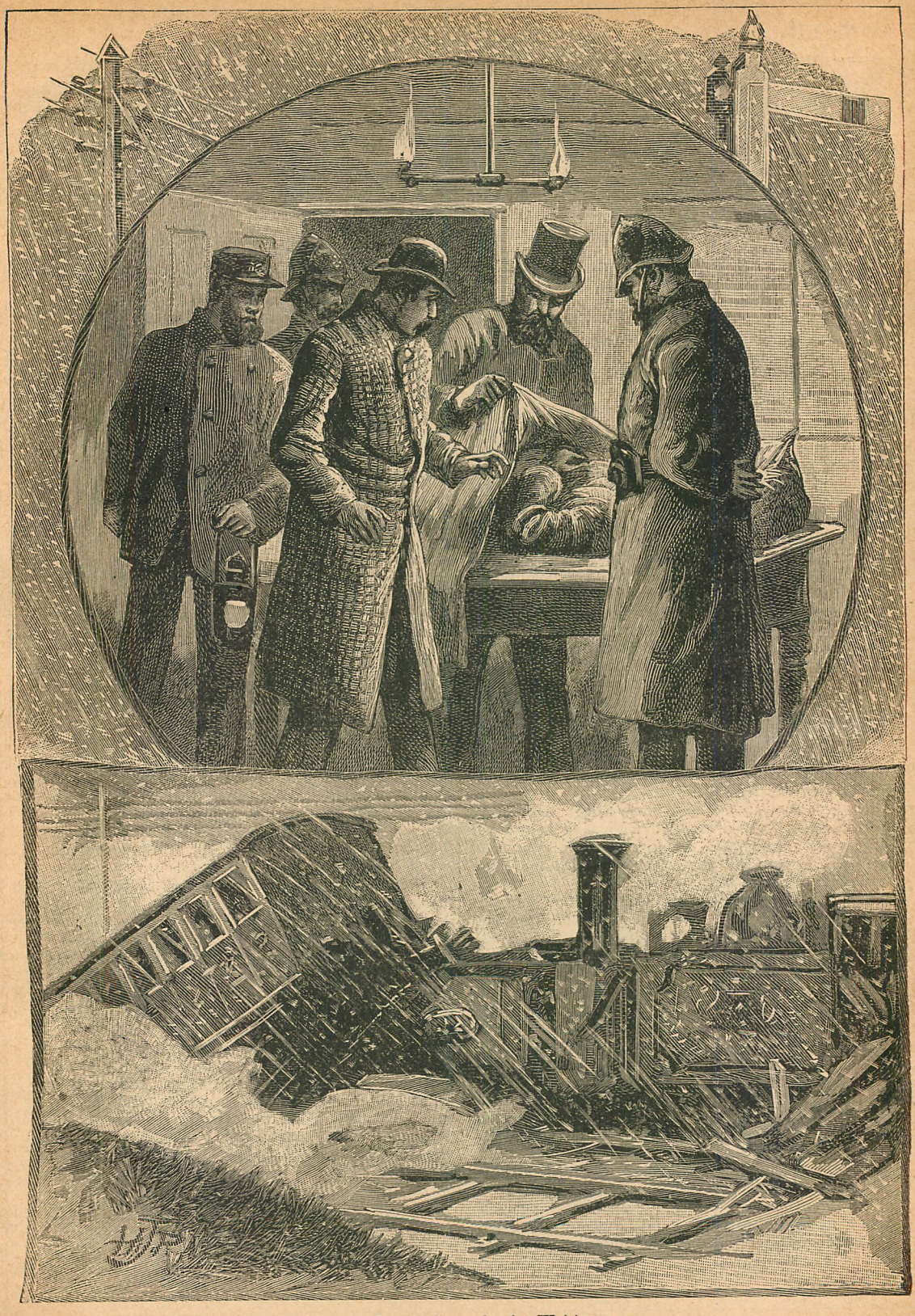
'Don't think any more of it,' I returned: 'I shall always feel grateful to you for having been the means of saving me from such a terrible end. Surely you need not regret it for a moment, for you must see that I am not now in the place of that poor fellow Harris is, under Providence, entirely owing to your fortunate mistake.'

So we parted. Jack took me home and tyrannised over me for some days, after which he allowed me to go to Weybridge, where I spent a happy week. But in the midst of our happiness we did not forget to sympathise with the many sufferers from that terrible accident, or to be grateful for the mercy that had saved us from so terrible a parting.

At Jack's suggestion I applied for extra leave, which was readily granted, my kind friends congratulating me warmly on my wonderful escape. Yet I feel sure that Messrs. Reid & Co. have not the slightest idea that their 'trusted friend,' whom six years afterwards they promoted to one of their highest posts, spent some hours of that Christmas night in custody.

The friendly Stephens never had cause to regret his kindness that evening, and when he started a home of his own (for he had a Bessie), his wife used to declare that it was the best night's work he ever did, for which remark my wife must be held responsible. And I think his family must re-echo the sentiment to judge by the numerous pleasures that are always being devised for 'Bill's children.' There are two things my wife keeps as her greatest treasures and at which we look with warm feelings of gratitude in our hearts. One is the letter-case she worked for me many years ago, the letters almost obliterated by those sad marks, and the other the torn and bespattered coat, stained with the life blood of the poor fellow to whose extraordinary resemblance to me, humanly speaking, I owed my life that eventful Christmas Eve.

E. A. Bennett.



The Accident. — Scene in the Waiting-room.



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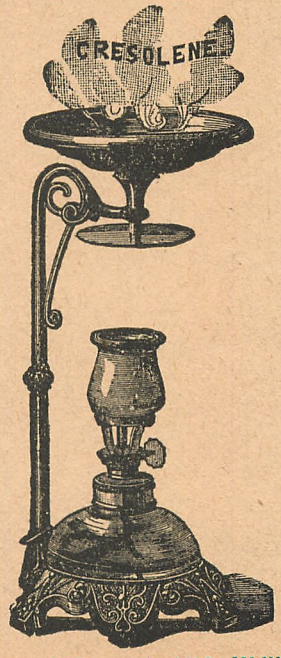
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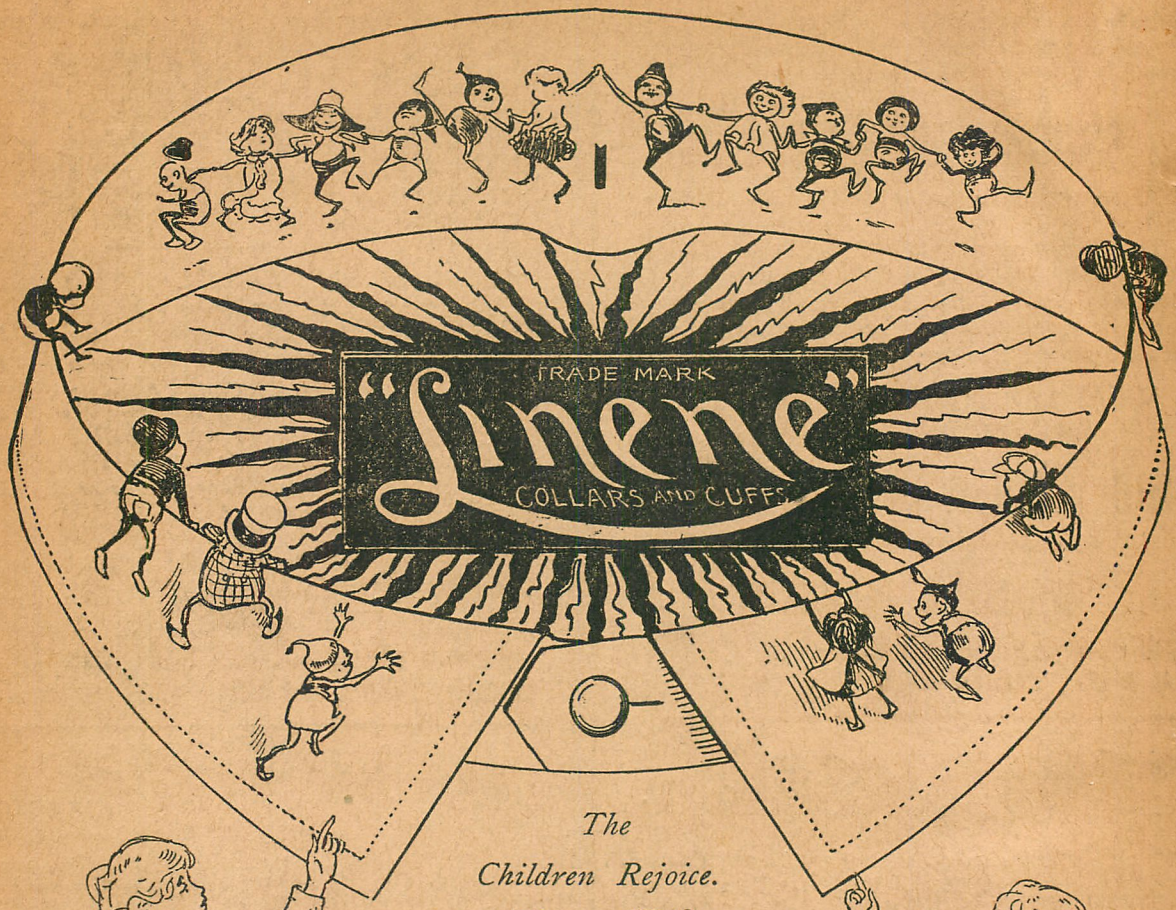
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